

AUGUST, 1898.

NO. 5.

THE MUNSEY



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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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GENERAL SAM HOUSTON AT THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

From a painting by the young Texan artist, S. Seymour Thomas, exhibited at the Paris Salon this year.

The battle of San Jacinto was fought on the San Jacinto River, seventeen miles from the present city of Houston, between 783 Texans under Houston and sixteen hundred Mexican troops under Santa Anna. The Mexicans were routed, Santa Anna was taken prisoner, and the independence of Texas was assured by Houston's brilliant victory.

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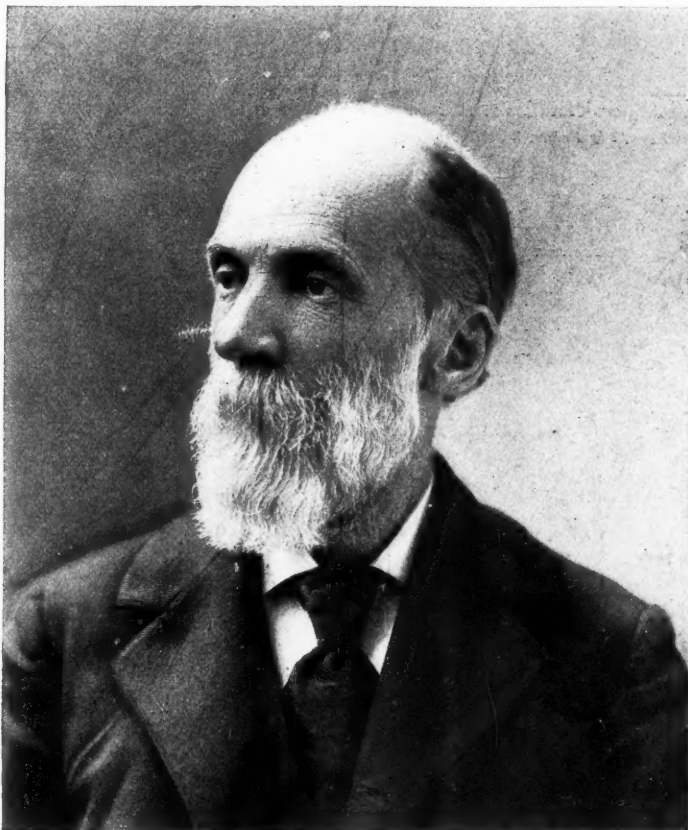
No. 5.

THE LEADERS OF OUR ARMY.

A GROUP OF TYPICAL AMERICAN SOLDIERS—THE COMMANDERS OF THE GREAT ARMY THAT THE UNITED STATES HAS PUT INTO THE FIELD TO FIGHT FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES.

UNSKILLED and halting leadership promises to play no part in the conduct of the American army in the present war with Spain. Himself a soldier,

President McKinley has seen to it that the men selected to plan our campaigns and fight our battles in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the east are officers of long ex-



MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, A FAMOUS SOUTHERN VETERAN, NOW COMMANDING THE CAVALRY DIVISION OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



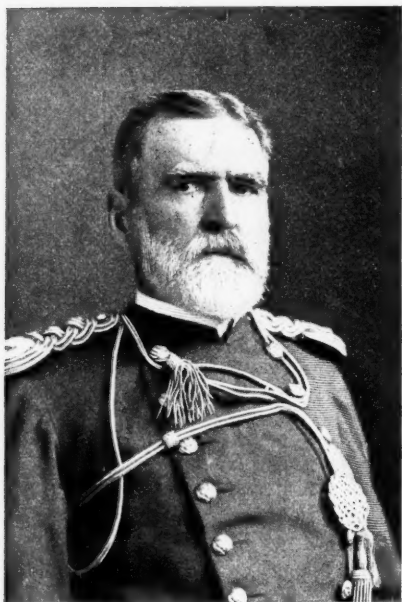
BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES P. EAGAN.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE.

From a photograph by Schumacher, Los Angeles.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN C. BATES.

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.



BRIGADIER GENERAL DANIEL W. FLAGLER.

From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT, ULYSSES S. GRANT'S ELDEST SON.

From a photograph by See & Epler, New York.

perience and proved capacity as disciplinarians and strategists. That each member of the group has the essential quality of bravery goes without saying. No event of the future could be more certain than that the army is to be well drilled, well fought, and well handled by men whose trade is war, and who are masters of their calling.

Miles, Merritt, and Brooke, the ranking generals of the permanent establishment, are typical American soldiers; so, too, is each one of the twelve men named as major generals of volunteers. Of the latter group seven are officers in the

regular army, while five have generally been called "civilians," though three of them are graduates of West Point, and all of them performed distinguished service in the war between the States.

William Montrose Graham, commander of the Second Corps, has been forty three years in the service. "Light Battery Billy" was the nickname by which he was known in the old Army of the Potomac, and nowhere is there his superior as an officer of artillery. James F. Wade, commander of the Third Corps, served in the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers, and now holds the rank of brigadier



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFER, COMMANDING THE FIFTH CORPS, THE FIRST ORDERED TO THE INVASION OF CUBA.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

general in the regular army. He is known in the service as "Sheridan's double," and is, like Little Phil, a cavalryman of the finest type. Joseph C. Breckinridge, a member of the famous Kentucky family of that name, fought in the Civil War as an officer of the Second Artillery, and for the past decade has been inspector general of the army.

John J. Coppinger, commander of the

Fourth Corps, is an Irish soldier of fortune in whom Lever would have found an ideal hero for one of his rattling romances. In his youth he wandered from the Emerald Isle to Italy, and as a member of the Papal Guards fought against Victor Emmanuel. Then he came to America, and, in 1861, was made captain of New York volunteers. During the next four years he took part in thirty



BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANCIS VINTON GREENE.
From a photograph by Anderson, New York.



BRIGADIER GENERAL GUIDO N. LIEBER.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE M. STERNBERG,
SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW, OF THE
CORPS OF ENGINEERS.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



MAJOR GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON, DISTINGUISHED IN THE CIVIL WAR AS A FEDERAL CAVALRY LEADER, NOW COMMANDING THE SIXTH CORPS.

From a photograph by Bucher, Wilmington, Delaware.

one battles, and was twice wounded, the last time on the day that Lee surrendered. His service on the frontier since 1865 has again and again proved him a dashing soldier, fully capable of high command. When the present war opened he commanded the department of the Platte.

William R. Shafter, whose corps, the Fifth, was the first to invade Cuba, and Henry C. Merriam and Elwell S. Otis, who have gone with Merritt to Manila,

all served as officers of volunteers in the Civil War, entering the permanent establishment upon its reorganization in 1866. Shafter is gruff, sturdy, and warm hearted. Those serving under him will have plenty of hard fighting to do, but they will also know that their commander is a man who wages battles in order to win them, and who would not needlessly risk the life of a single soldier. Merriam is a man of brains, resolute of will and purpose,

and Otis is an accomplished soldier, specially fitted for the delicate and perilous work ahead of him.

soldiers of wide experience, two of them having made a brilliant record in the Federal service, and the others having



BRIGADIER GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, NICKNAMED "FIGHTING GUY," A WELL KNOWN CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

The five civilians named for major generals—James H. Wilson, commander of the Sixth Corps; Fitzhugh Lee, commander of the Seventh Corps; Joseph Wheeler, chief of the cavalry division operating with Shafter; Matthew C. Butler, and J. Warren Keifer—are all

been eminent Confederate commanders. Wilson won his double star within three years from leaving West Point, and there was no incident of the Civil War better worth remembering than the great raid in 1865 of his cavalry corps of twelve thousand sabers, which formed a brilliant



BRIGADIER GENERAL JACOB FORD KENT. RECENTLY PROMOTED FROM THE COLONELCY OF THE TWENTY FOURTH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

ending to the Union operations in the West. General Wilson left the regular army in 1870, and has since been engaged

his State" when the Civil War broke out, and rose swiftly to the rank of major general, with command, when his famous



MAJOR GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, NOW SERVING WITH THE MANILA EXPEDITION.

From a photograph by Hofstetter, Vancouver.

in railroad and engineering operations. He is still in full physical and mental vigor, and has lost none of the spirit and enthusiasm of his youth.

Fitzhugh Lee, like Wilson, was a dashing leader of cavalry. A lieutenant of dragoons in the old army, he "went with

kinsman surrendered to Grant, of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was under thirty years of age when the war ended, and has since served in Congress, as Governor of Virginia, and as consul general at Havana. General Lee is white haired, blunt, and



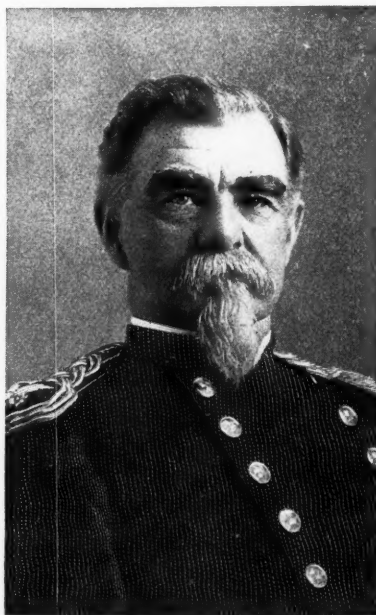
BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANCIS L. GUENTHER.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



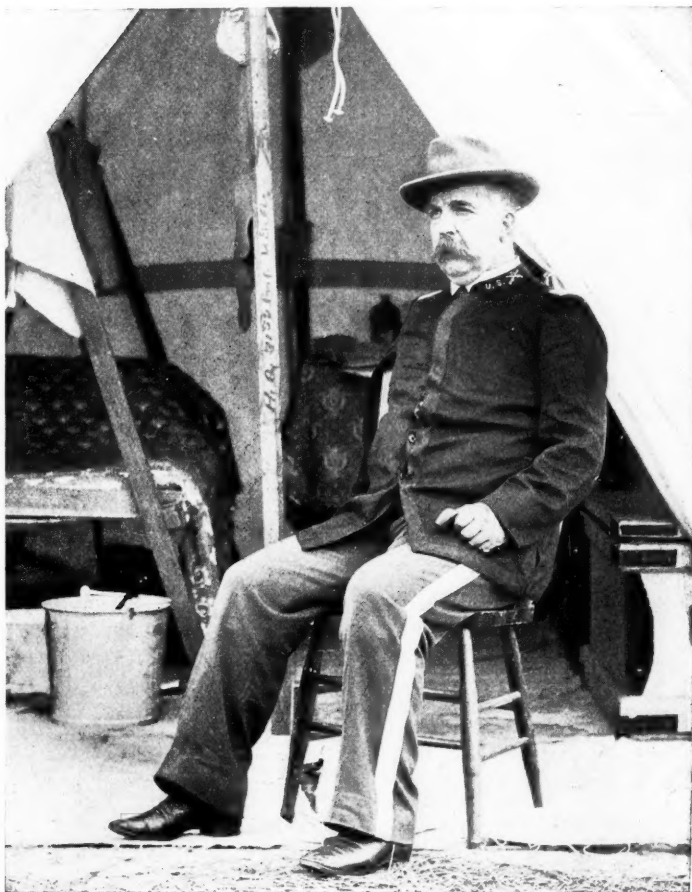
BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY C. HASBROUCK.
From a photograph by Cheyne, Hampton, Virginia.



BRIGADIER GENERAL M. V. SHERIDAN, BROTHER
 OF THE LATE GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN M. WILSON, CHIEF
 OF THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS.
From a photograph by Patch, New York.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JACOB KLINE, RECENTLY PROMOTED FROM THE COLONELCY OF THE TWENTY FIRST REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

From a photograph by the Electro Photographic Company, Tampa.

kindly, with a fullness of habit which betokens a man on good terms with himself and with the world.

Joseph Wheeler, on the other hand, is a first class brand of fighting material done up in a small sized package. He is short of stature, does not weigh more than a hundred pounds, and looks more like a country schoolmaster than the splendid soldier he proved himself to be a generation ago. Wheeler entered the Confederate service in 1861, as colonel, and when the war ended held the rank of lieutenant general, with command of all the cavalry under Johnston. For a dozen years past he has been a member of the popular branch of Congress.

Matthew C. Butler, the former South Carolina Senator, is not a graduate of West Point, but he lost a leg in the Civil War, during which he rose from captain to major general, with command, at its close, of a division of cavalry under Johnston; and as he has since maintained his interest in military affairs by active connection with the National Guard of his State, his soldierly qualities are not merely a reminiscence.

General Keifer was long a member of the House of Representatives from Ohio, and served as speaker of the Forty Seventh Congress. He has a notable Civil War record, having gone to the front as a major of Ohio volunteers, and

having risen to a brevet major generalship. He saw plenty of hard fighting, and was severely wounded at the battle of the Wilderness.

Forty of the three score officers named

Guenther, Pennington, and Rodgers have more than forty years' service apiece to their credit. Prior to his present commission, General Frank was for ten years commandant of the artillery school at



MAJOR GENERAL MATTHEW C. BUTLER, FORMERLY A CONFEDERATE MAJOR GENERAL AND UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

as brigadier generals of volunteers have been chosen from among the fighting veterans of the regular army, and nine of this number—Royal T. Frank, Francis L. Guenther, Alexander C. M. Pennington, John I. Rodgers, Edward B. Williston, Marcus P. Miller, Henry C. Hasbrouck, Wallace F. Randolph, and Joseph P. Sanger—belong now, or have been identified in the past, with the artillery arm of the service. Generals Frank,

Fort Monroe. General Guenther took part in the suppression of John Brown's raid, and served with distinction from the opening to the close of the Civil War. General Pennington, an officer of exceptional ability, rose to the command of a brigade between 1861 and 1865; while General Rodgers has a notable war record, and has been selected as chief of artillery on the staff of General Miles.

General Williston entered the army



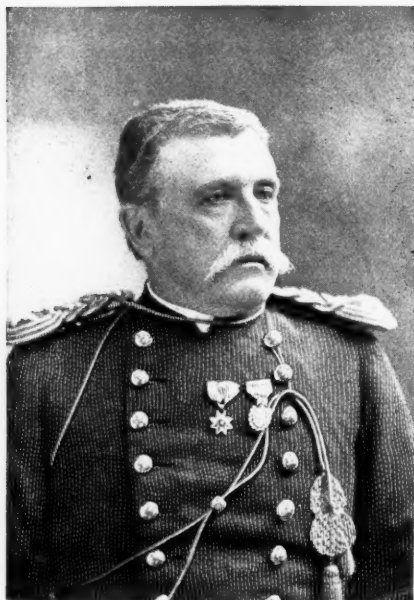
MAJOR GENERAL JOSEPH C. BRECKINRIDGE, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN, WHO HAS BEEN FOR TEN YEARS INSPECTOR GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.

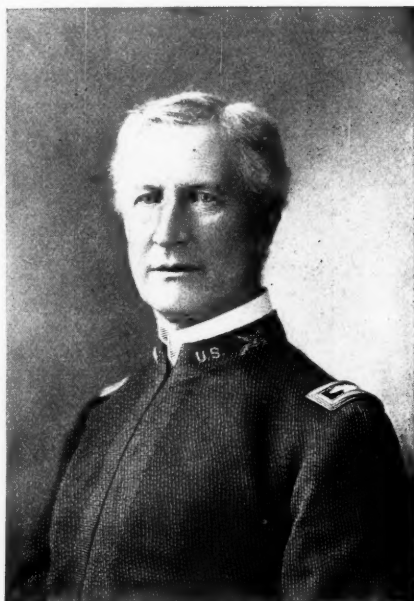
from civil life in 1861, was continuously in service during the Civil War, and ranks among the foremost artillerymen of the time. General Marcus P. Miller is another sturdy and clear headed veteran, with a record as an artillerist which dates from 1858. General Hasbrouck has served with the Fourth Artillery ever since he was graduated at West Point in 1861. General Randolph entered the Fifth Artillery as a second lieutenant in the opening months of the Civil War, made a record as a hard fighter before it was

over, and is one of the surviving heroes of the tunnel escape from Libby. General Sanger served with the First Artillery from 1861 to 1888, and is an honor graduate of the artillery school. Since 1889 he has served as assistant inspector general.

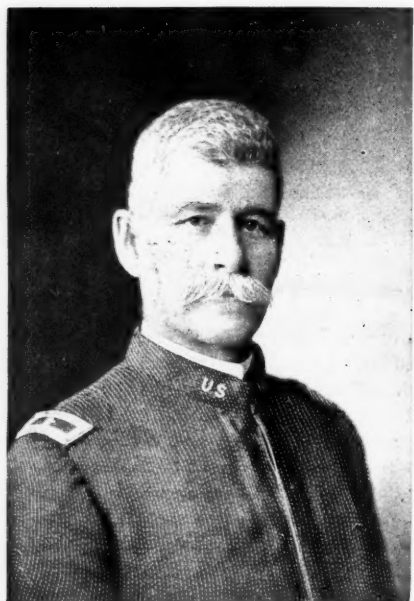
Twelve of the brigadier generals of volunteers—Abraham K. Arnold, Guy V. Henry, Samuel S. and Edwin V. Sumner, Charles E. Compton, Louis H. Carpenter, Samuel M. B. Young, Henry W. Lawton, Adna R. Chaffee, John M. Bacon, Alfred



BRIGADIER GENERAL ROYAL T. FRANK.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN I. RODGERS.
From a photograph by Pach, New York.



BRIGADIER GENERAL H. W. LAWTON.
From a photograph by Havens, Jacksonville.



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM MONTROSE GRAHAM,
COMMANDER OF THE SECOND CORPS.

BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARD
B. WILLISTON.BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES
RUSH LINCOLN.BRIGADIER GENERAL J. P. S.
GOBIN.

E. Bates, and Michael V. Sheridan—won their spurs as captains of cavalry. General Arnold served with the Fifth Cavalry during the Civil War, and has been colonel of the First since 1891. He is an officer of wide experience and signally skilled in the handling of troops. General Henry—"Fighting Guy," as he well deserves to be called—is perhaps the best known officer of his rank in the army. He commanded a brigade in the Civil War, and has since had a hundred hard knocks in active service. Both Arnold and Henry hold the medal of honor given by Congress for bravery in battle.

The two Sumners are brothers, sons of the Major General Sumner who won distinction in the Mexican and Civil Wars. During the latter struggle General Samuel S. Sumner served with the Fifth Cavalry, receiving three brevets for

gallantry, and he has been colonel of the Sixth Cavalry since 1896. General Edwin V. Sumner got his training as a trooper under the dashing Stoneman, and since 1865 has had a hand in half a dozen hard fought Indian campaigns. He attained his colonelcy, with command of the Seventh Cavalry, Custer's old regiment, four years ago. Generals Compton, Carpenter, and Young each fought their way from the ranks to a colonelcy of volunteers in the Civil War, and Young, before it was ended, commanded a brigade. All three are capable and active minded officers.

General Lawton went to the front in 1861 as a sergeant of Indiana volunteers. The close of the war found him commanding a regiment. Between 1871 and 1888, while lieutenant and captain in the Fourth Cavalry, he made a record as a redoubt-



COLONEL ALFRED T. SMITH.



COLONEL EVAN MILES.



COLONEL WILLIAM H. POWELL.



BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES KING.
From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia.



BRIGADIER GENERAL LOUIS H. CARPENTER.
From a photograph by Pennell, Junction City, Kansas.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN A. WILEY.
From a photograph by Jackson, Franklin, Pennsylvania.



BRIGADIER GENERAL ABRAHAM K. ARNOLD.
From a photograph by Pennell, Junction City, Kansas.

able Indian fighter—a record which fills many pages in the annual reports of the war department. Since 1889 he has served as assistant inspector general. General Lawton, unless all signs fail, will be one of the heroes of the present war.

General Chaffee may be another. This officer served through the Civil War in the Sixth Cavalry, and by stout fighting before and since 1865 made his way from the ranks to a colonel's uniform. He is a born soldier, in love with his calling, and master of its every detail. The same may be said of Generals Bacon and Bates, both of whom are commanders of proven bravery and capability. General Bacon has been an officer of cavalry since 1862, and General Bates made a brilliant reputation as an Indian fighter before his transfer to the pay department in 1875.

General Sheridan is a younger brother of "Little Phil," whose aide he was during the Civil War, and is known in the service as a thorough soldier.

The infantry arm and the staff



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN C. GILMORE, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL MILES.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL SIMON SNYDER, PROMOTED FROM THE COLONELCY OF THE NINETEENTH INFANTRY.

From a photograph by Huffman, Miles City, Montana.

of the permanent establishment have furnished no less than fifteen brigadier generals of volunteers—John S. Poland, Simon Snyder, Jacob F. Kent, Thomas S. Anderson, Hamilton S. Hawkins, John C. Bates, Andrew S. Burt, George M. Randall, George W. Davis, Theodore Schwan, Robert H. Hall, Jacob Kline, Loyd Wheaton, Arthur MacArthur, and John C. Gilmore. Only four members of this group, Generals Poland, Kent, Hawkins, and Hall, are graduates of West Point, but the others had effective training in the Civil War, and Generals Wheaton, MacArthur, and Gilmore wear the medal of honor as token of the part they played in that great conflict.

Generals Snyder, Bates,



COLONEL ALFRED S. FROST, FIRST
SOUTH DAKOTA VOLUNTEERS.



BRIGADIER GENERAL OSWALD
H. ERNST.

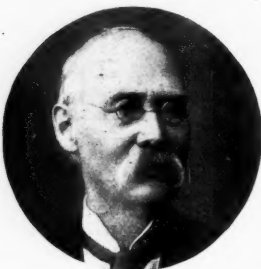


COLONEL J. H. WHOLLEY, FIRST
WASHINGTON VOLUNTEERS.

Burt, Randall, Schwan, and Kline have since seen much and hard frontier service, and the first named holds a brevet for gallantry at Bear Paw Mountain, Montana, in 1877. General Anderson, leader of the advance guard of the army sent to Manila, has been colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry since 1886, and is an admirable mixture of brains and bravery, while General Davis is a firm, vigilant officer, well equipped for important command.

as literary men than as soldiers—by having them assigned to service under him in the Philippines.

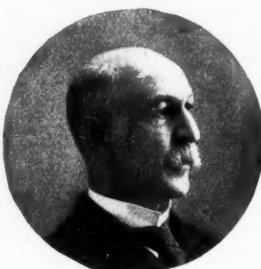
Among the other civilian brigadiers, Generals Harrison Gray Otis, John A. Wiley, and Joseph K. Hudson are fighting veterans of '61—Otis served with President McKinley in the Twenty Third Ohio volunteers—and Generals William C. Oates and James Rush Lincoln are Confederate soldiers. Oates, who lost



COLONEL C. R. GREENLEAF, CHIEF
SURGEON OF TROOPS IN FIELD.



COLONEL G. G. HUNT, SECOND
UNITED STATES CAVALRY.



COLONEL E. P. PEARSON, TENTH
UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

Four of the remaining brigadier generals of volunteers—William Ludlow, Peter C. Hains, George L. Gillespie, and Oswald H. Ernst—have records as brilliant and efficient members of the corps of engineers, dating back to 1861. Three of the brigade commanders named from civil life—Frederick D. Grant, Francis V. Greene, and Charles King—are graduates of West Point, each of whom has served a dozen years or more in the regular army. Those best fitted to judge have entire confidence in General Grant's soldierly qualities, and General Merritt, who knows a good officer if ever a man did, has borne speaking testimony to the ability of Generals Greene and King—both better known, hitherto,

an arm at the siege of Richmond, won a colonel's commission by his gallantry on the field of battle.

Moreover, among the colonels and junior line officers of the regular army are any number of men of natural aptitude and thorough training, who for years have been making ready for the work that now confronts them. Officers, to name but a few of them, like John H. Page, Evan Miles, Daniel W. Benham, William H. Powell, Edward P. Pearson, Alfred T. Smith, Charles A. Wikoff, and George G. Hunt, the career of each of whom shows a steady advance from the lowest grade—in some cases from the ranks—to a colonel's commission, only wait an



BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES F. ROE, LATE COMMANDER OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK STATE.

From a photograph by Anderson, New York.

emergency to prove themselves equal to its demands.

As in 1861, so in 1898, the younger officers of the permanent establishment have found in the making and conduct of a volunteer army a rare and welcome opportunity for advancement and quick promotion. Captain Edward E. Hardin, Seventh Infantry, has been made colonel of the Second New York volunteers; Captain Cornelius Gardener, Nineteenth Infantry, of the Thirty First Michigan;

First Lieutenant Alfred S. Frost, Twenty Fifth Infantry, who has risen from the ranks since he entered the army in 1881, of the First South Dakota; First Lieutenant Charles W. Abbot, Twelfth Infantry, of the First Rhode Island; First Lieutenant Elias Chandler, Sixteenth Infantry, of the First Arkansas, and First Lieutenant John B. McDonald, Tenth Cavalry, of the First Alabama, while command of the First Washington, now in the Philippines, has fallen to Lieutenant



BRIGADIER GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG.
From a photograph by Gilbert, Washington.



BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN S. POLAND.
From a photograph by Walker, Cheyenne.



BRIGADIER GENERAL LOYD WHEATON.
From a photograph by Henry, Leavenworth, Kansas.



BRIGADIER GENERAL A. C. M. PENNINGTON.
From a photograph by Prince, Washington.



MAJOR GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, CONFEDERATE MAJOR GENERAL, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA,
AND CONSUL AT HAVANA.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by C. Parker, Washington.

John H. Wholley, Twenty Fourth Infantry, who was graduated at West Point less than ten years ago, and who is one of the youngest colonels, if not quite the youngest, in the volunteer service.

The recruiting, movement, equipment, feeding, payment, and medical care of an army of a quarter of a million men is a task calling for abilities of a highly trained and very special order, and it is reassuring in a time like this to study the names of the several chiefs of staff of the war department, and to learn the sort of

service for which those names stand. Quartermaster General Marshall I. Ludington served during the Civil War as chief quartermaster of various divisions of the Army of the Potomac, and has since been attached in the same capacity to almost every department of the permanent establishment. During actual hostilities between 1861 and 1865 General Ludington was actively engaged as a volunteer officer, and made a record of which any fighter might well be proud.

So did General John M. Wilson, chief



MAJOR GENERAL J. WARREN KEIFER, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN AND FORMER SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From a photograph by Baumgardner, Springfield, Ohio.

of engineers, who won the medal of honor by his gallantry at Malvern Hill. General Daniel W. Flagler, chief of ordnance, received three brevets for gallant and meritorious services under Sherman. General Charles P. Eagan, chief of the subsistence department, is one of the heroes of the war against the Modocs. General George M. Sternberg, head of the medical department, was continuously in service from beginning to end of the Civil War, and so was Colonel George R. Greenleaf,

now chief surgeon of the army in the field, while General G. N. Lieber, judge advocate general, has served in his branch of the army for more than a generation.

And finally there is Adjutant General Henry Clark Corbin, whose duties make him practically chief of staff to the President. Entering the volunteer service as a private in 1861, General Corbin rose to be a colonel of the line. He knows the army from top to bottom, and is, moreover, a natural organizer and leader of men.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

THE WEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY JOHN ALDEN ADAMS.

THE RICH OPPORTUNITIES THAT WILL BE OFFERED TO FORTUNE SEEKERS WHEN THE GREAT TROPICAL ISLAND GROUP, WHOSE PROGRESS HAS SO LONG BEEN RETARDED BY THE MILLSTONE OF SPANISH MISRULE, SHALL BE OPENED AS A NEW FIELD FOR AMERICAN ENTERPRISE—WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF TYPICAL SCENES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

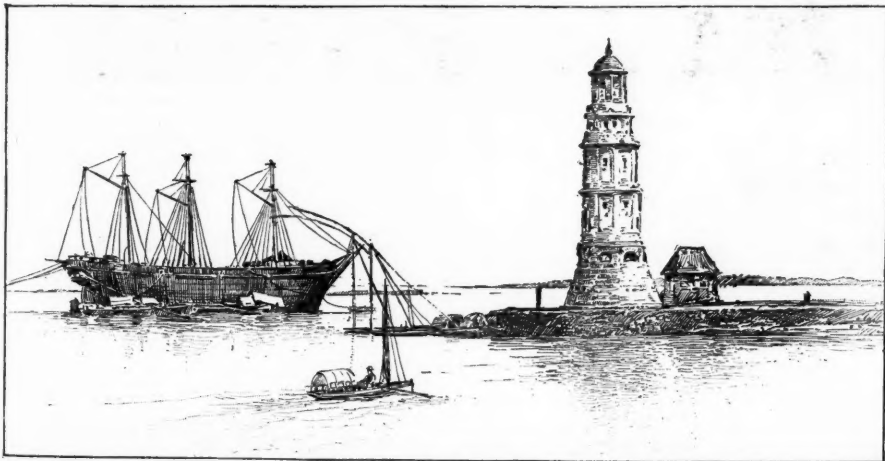
THE great island group named after King Philip II of Spain—the Philip of the Armada—seems likely to have more history in the next few years than it has had in the last three centuries. Nowhere else on the earth's surface, perhaps, have the forces of civilization moved so slowly as in this remote Spanish colony. Nowhere else, probably, is there so rich a storehouse of undeveloped wealth, waiting to yield its treasures to the grasp of the strong hand of modern enterprise.

To see how extraordinarily slow the development of these islands has been, it is worth while to recall a little history. It was in 1519 that Fernao de Magalhaes, better known as Magellan, sailed from Spain on his last and most famous voyage. For him that voyage ended with

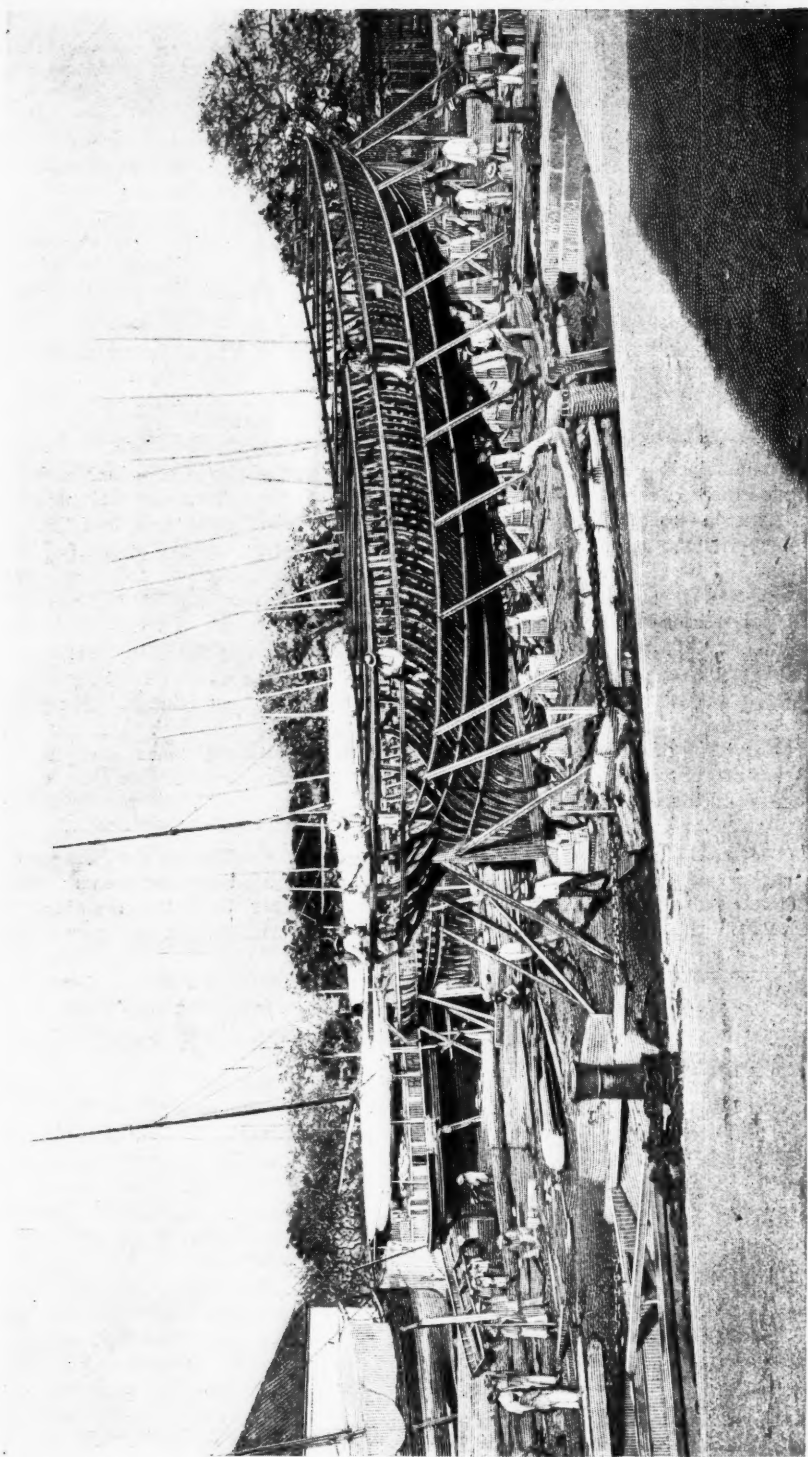
the discovery of the Philippines, and his death in battle with hostile natives; only one of his five ships was to return to Spain, bringing back eighteen of the two hundred and sixty five men who started with the expedition, and winning the historical renown of the first circumnavigation of the globe. In 1565, Spaniards crossed the Pacific from Mexico to settle in the eastern islands. Six years later Manila was founded, to be for more than three hundred years a capital of Spain's colonial empire.

A HISTORICAL COMPARISON.

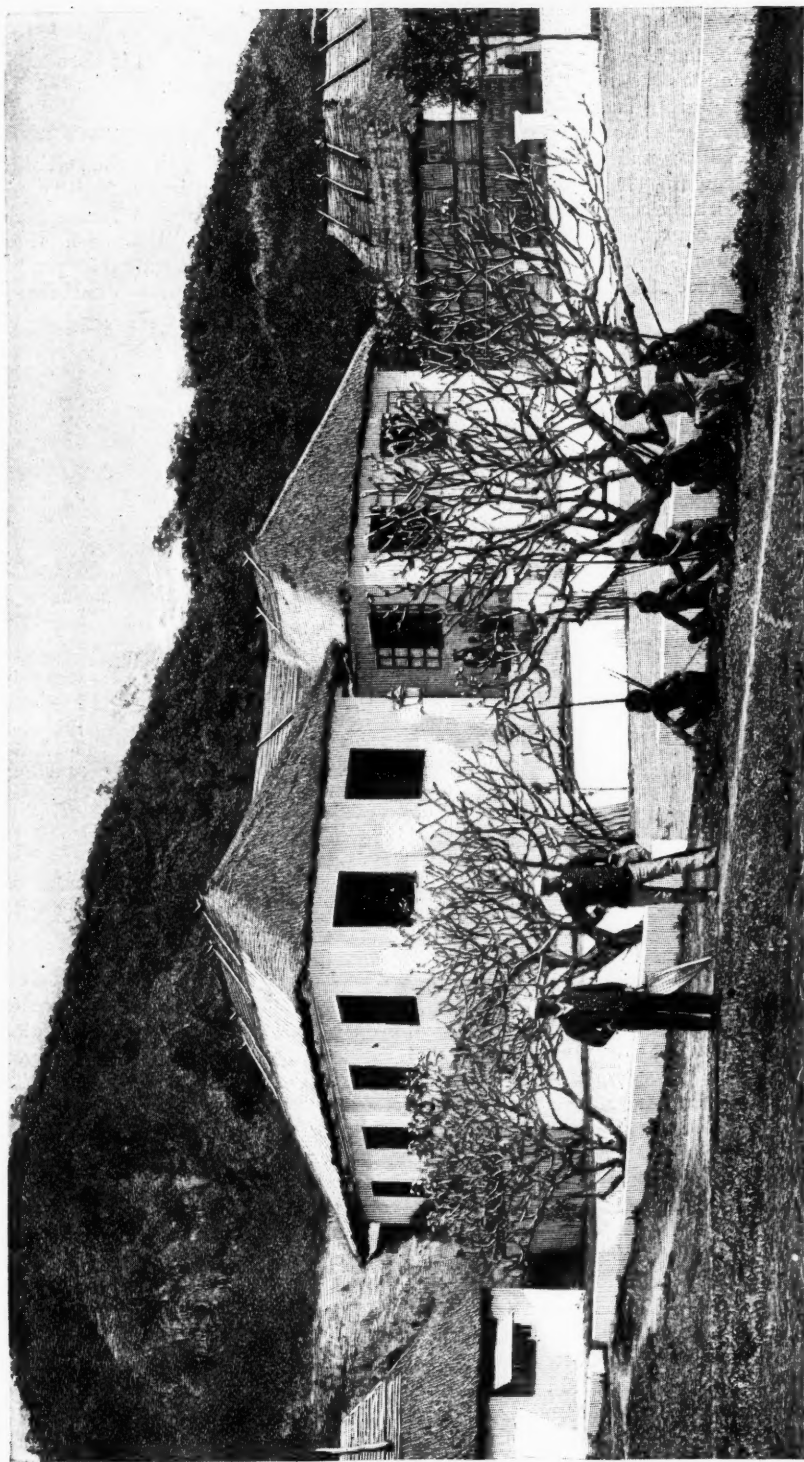
In other words, though the Philippines were first sighted by Europeans twenty four years later than the mainland of North America, the earliest permanent



MANILA HARBOR, AND THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER. THIS DRAWING, MADE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE LOW LYING SHORE OF MANILA BAY.



THE SHIP YARD AND NAVAL ARSENAL AT CAVITE. CAVITE IS SITUATED UPON A SMALL PENINSULA PROJECTING INTO MANILA BAY ABOUT A DOZEN MILES BELOW THE CAPITAL. IT WAS CAPTURED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY IN HIS FIRST ATTACK UPON MANILA.



THE SPANISH MILITARY STATION AT CORREGIDOR. CORREGIDOR IS AN ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF MANILA BAY, WITH A LIGHTHOUSE, AND WITH GUNS THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO COMMAND THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR, BUT WHICH SIGNALLY FAILED TO KEEP OUT DEWEY'S SHIPS ON THE MORNING OF MAY 1, 1898.

settlement was made in the same year in both, and Manila was nearly fifty years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. If the comparison thus suggested be rejected as an unfair one, compare what the Spaniards have done in the Philippines with the advance of the Anglo Saxon race in Australia, whose colonization began in 1788, or in South Africa, British only since 1806; or with the de-

much of them remains, as it does today, almost a *terra incognita*.

PHILIPPINE HEMP AND SUGAR.

All observers testify that the soil of the islands is of extraordinary fertility, and that almost every tropical tree or plant, fruit or vegetable, will flourish there. There is at least one valuable product peculiar to the Philippines—Manila hemp,



A MODERN SPANISH CHURCH AT CAVITE. THE ROMAN CATHOLIC IS THE ONLY CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES; IT POSSESSES MANY CHURCH BUILDINGS AND MONASTERIES, AND EXERCISES GREAT INFLUENCE AMONG THE NATIVES.

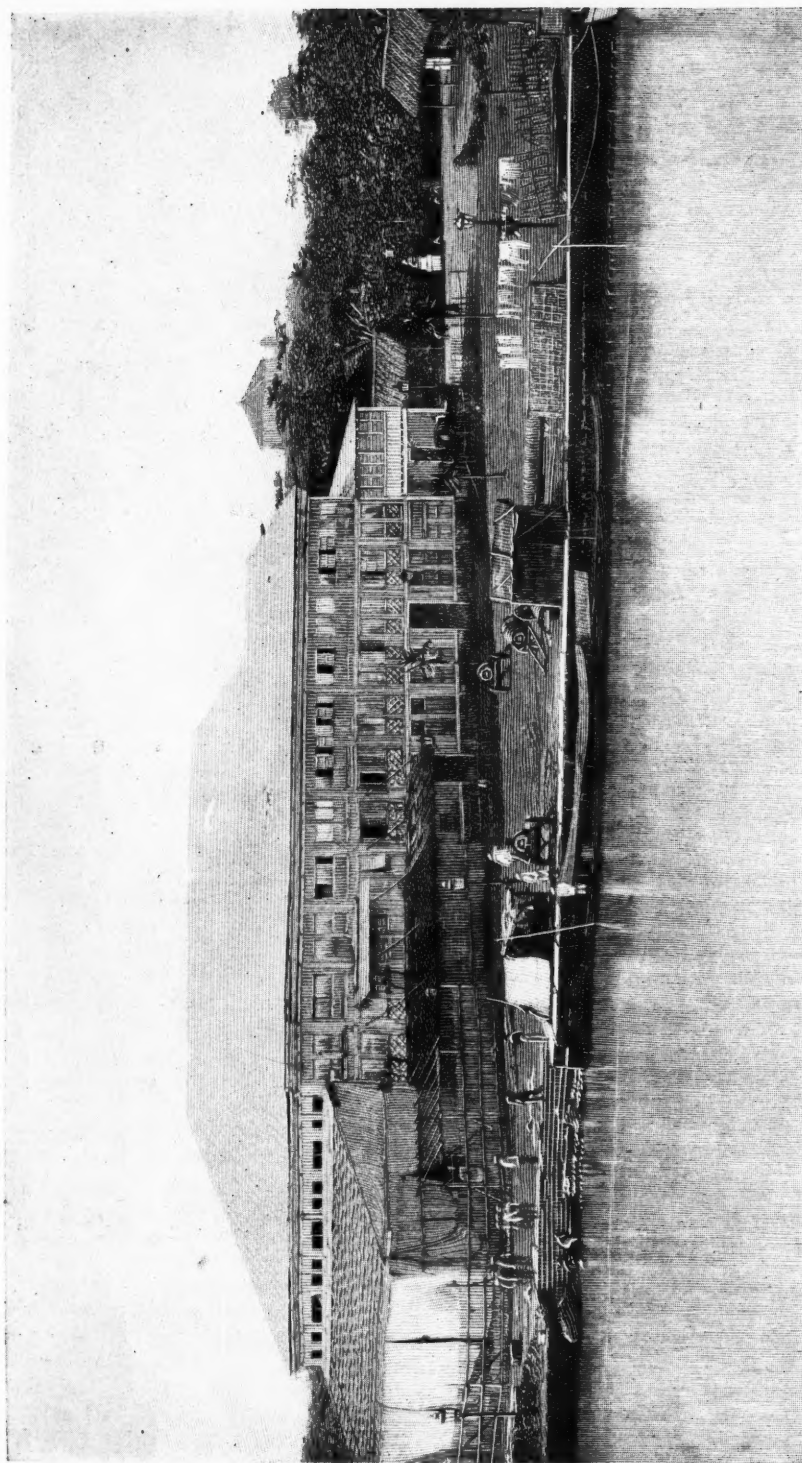
velopment of India under its present rulers, whose power dates from Clive's victory at Plassey in 1757.

While civilization has fought its battles and won its triumphs in America, in Asia, in Africa, and in the islands of the sea, the Philippines are little changed from the days when the King of Cebu came down to meet Magellan and to be baptized into the Christian church. Among the many discreditable facts of Spain's history as an imperial power, this is one of the least creditable.

She cannot make the excuse that the islands are not worth developing. Their natural resources are undoubtedly great—probably are scarcely equaled by those of any other territory of the same size. It is only through the paralyzing influence of the Spanish colonial policy that so

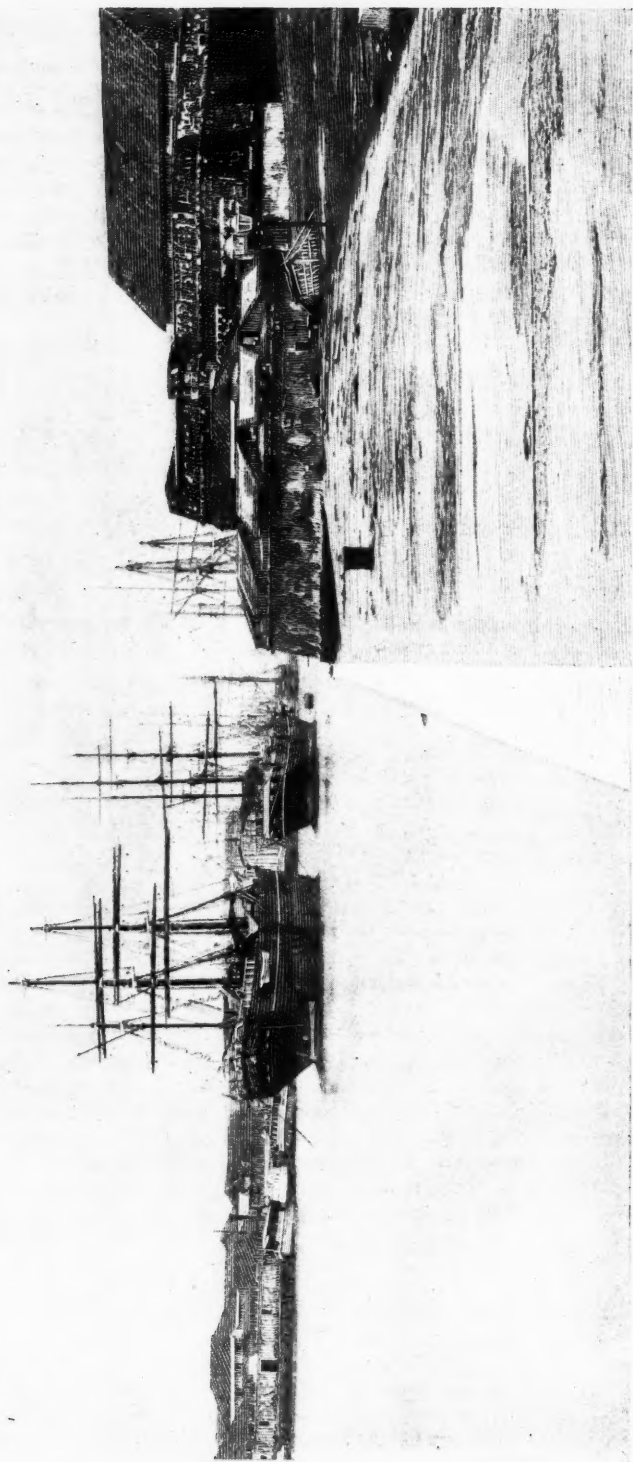
the fiber of a species of banana. Of this about a hundred thousand tons are exported annually, the United States alone taking nearly half of that quantity, to make it into ropes and cables. The present methods of cultivating and preparing the hemp are described as exceedingly primitive. It sells for about sixty dollars a ton, and its use might be greatly extended if its production could be cheapened. There is a chance here for some enterprising and inventive American; and when the chance arises, the enterprising and inventive American is pretty sure to be on the spot.

Besides hemp, the products that have made the export trade of the three Philippine commercial ports—Manila, Ilo Ilo, and Cebu—are sugar and tobacco. The sugar cane industry, all over the world,

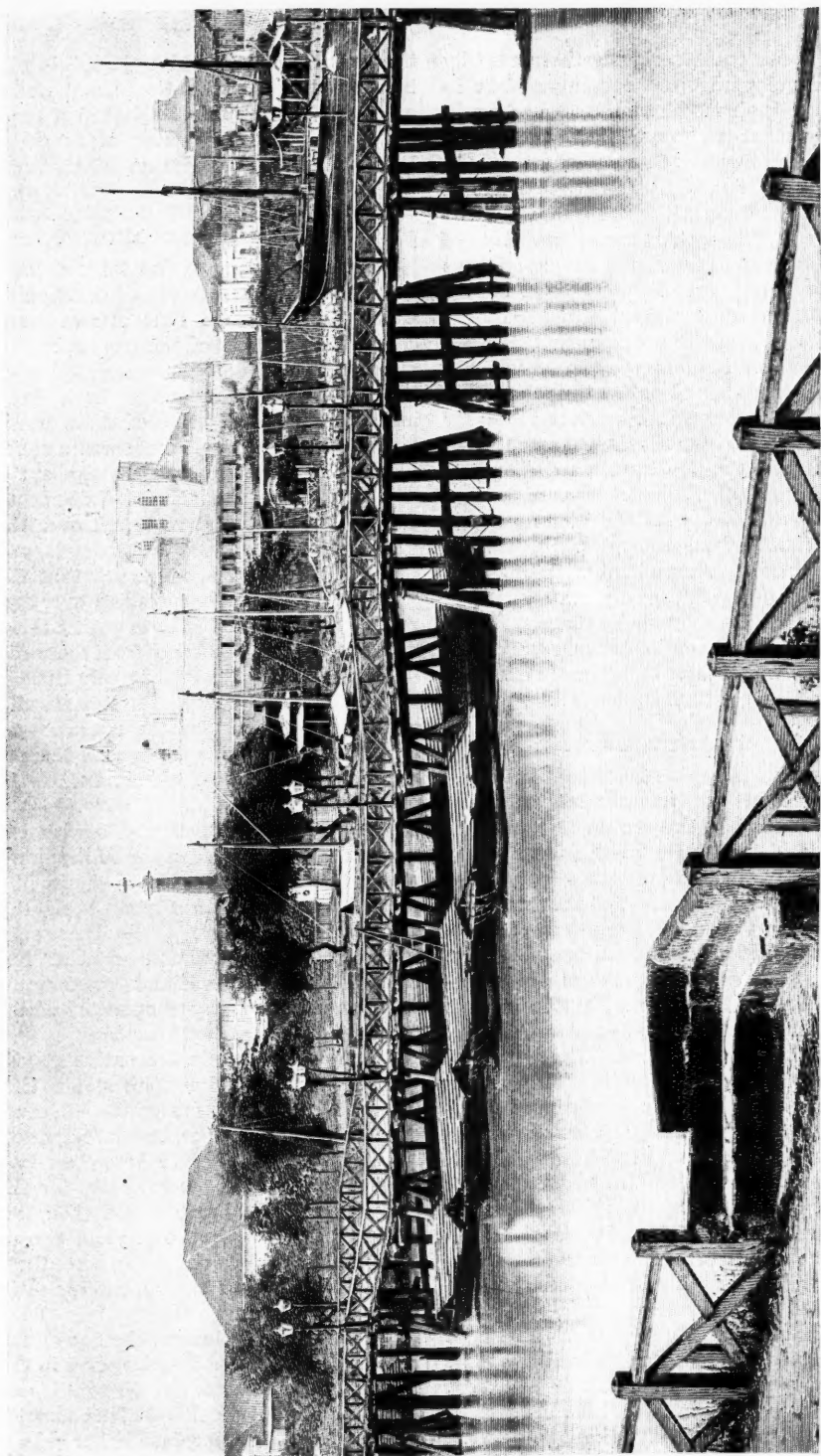


THE THEATER OF AROCEROS, JUST OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF MANILA. THERE ARE SEVERAL THEATERS IN MANILA, AND OPERATIC OR THEATRICAL COMPANIES SOMETIMES JOURNEY THERE FROM PARIS AND MADRID. PERFORMANCES ARE GIVEN SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK, AND THE AUDIENCES—WHICH

SMOKE INCESSENTLY—ARE OFTEN SO ENTHUSIASTIC THAT WHOLE SCENES ARE REPEATED AS AN ENCORE.



THE OLD SEA WALL OF MANILA AND SHIPPING AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER. THE STREAM IS DEEP ENOUGH TO ADMIT SHIPS OF LIGHT AND MEDIUM DRAFT TO THE QUAYS AND WAREHOUSES OF THE CITY.



MANILA—A WOODEN BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER, WITH THE CHURCH OF SAN DOMINGO IN THE BACKGROUND. THE COLUMN AMONG THE TREES, ON THE RIVER BANK, IS MAGELLAN'S MONUMENT.

now seems to be seriously threatened by the development of beet sugar; but in the Philippines, where the cane grows in phenomenal richness, immense profits have been made by Spanish planters, and may still be made. "On the islands of Luzon and Samar," says Manley R. Sherman, a former American resident of Manila, who has narrated his experiences in the *New York Sun*, "I have known plantations that cleared three hundred dollars per acre in one year. Negrito laborers get from five to ten cents a day for cultivation, and nature does the rest." Here, too, there is abundant room for improvement in methods and machinery. "Philippine agriculture," Mr. Sherman adds, "is three hundred years behind the times. Ox carts are used for transportation, and oxen for plowing. I have seen planters using a bent stick or a prod with an iron point for a plow. Think of having the cane crushed by several hundred men with clubs, when simple machinery would do it better, more cheaply, and a hundred times quicker!"

MANILA TOBACCO.

For the Philippine tobacco it is claimed that its excellence has not hitherto been fully realized by the world at large. It is most widely known in the form of the Manila cheroot, which is made from the cheaper grades of leaf—"of the first thing that comes handy," one traveler declares—chiefly for the sailors of foreign ships. Cigars and cigarettes are everywhere in the Philippines, in the mouths of men and women alike—and of children, when they can get them. They are phenomenally cheap; a couple of tiny copper coins will buy a package of thirty cigarettes, and the ordinary cigars cost from thirty cents to about \$1.30 a hundred. A five cent cigar is a rare and expensive luxury, indulged in only by the very rich, and never seen outside of the capital.

The manufacture of cigars and cigarettes is the chief industry of Manila, and here again the methods in vogue are said to be very imperfect. The Spaniards have kept the business entirely in their own hands, allowing no one to embark in it except those who have the political influence to secure the necessary licenses. About eight years ago, when Weyler was cap-

tain general of the Philippines, his two brothers came out from Spain, and, under a special concession, established a large cigar factory in the suburb of Binondo. It is said to have made them millionaires.

POSSIBLE FORTUNES IN COFFEE, RICE, INDIGO, AND COCOANUTS.

While hemp, sugar, and tobacco have hitherto been the staples of Philippine trade, it is probable that almost every commercial product of the tropics can be raised advantageously in one or other of the islands. Experiments have been made that indicate some of these possibilities. For instance, there was a coffee plantation, a good many years ago, at the northern end of the island of Luzon. A few of the seeds were scattered over the surrounding hills by birds or animals, and the soil proved so congenial that the plants have gradually spread all over that part of Luzon. The natives gather thousands of pounds of berries from these self sown bushes; but comparatively little is being done in the way of systematically cultivating coffee for the market—although it is a product for which there is a constantly increasing demand throughout the civilized world.

Rice is a crop that yields with extraordinary abundance in the Philippines, where it has been introduced—again in a primitive way and on a small scale—by the Chinese. Indigo is another very profitable product, and cocoa another, but in both of these the islands are far outdone, as producers, by competitors whose natural advantages are less.

The cocoanut tree is the native's most valued possession, almost his staff of life, furnishing him with food, wine, oil, vinegar, fuel, vessels, ropes, and fishing lines, as well as with fiber to be woven into cloth. But it takes several years for the trees to come into bearing, and though a properly planted grove will yield two, or even three hundred dollars an acre, there has been a marked lack of enterprise in raising cocoanuts commercially. Other fruits—the orange, lemon, the guava, the pineapple, the banana—grow wild in the Philippine woods; so, too, do vanilla and pepper, laboriously cultivated in countries where nature is less profuse in her gifts.

Mindanao, the southernmost of the

larger Philippine islands—Luzon being the northernmost—is precisely in the latitude of Ceylon, and it is just as far north of the equator as Java is south of it. British capital and enterprise have made Ceylon a tropical garden, prosperous and peaceful, thickly dotted with profitable plantations of tea, coffee, quinine, cocoa, and cinnamon. The Dutch have been

These alone, could the problems of transportation be solved, would represent tens of millions of dollars. There is also a great abundance of cedar and other cheaper woods, suitable for building, or for use in railway construction and mining—factors that may soon begin to figure in the commercial prospects of the Philippines.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT CAVITE, A CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMEN OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

equally successful in developing the commercial wealth of Java, which produces, besides tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco, valuable crops of indigo, rice, and spices. With a far better climate than that of Java, and with a soil much more fertile than Ceylon's, the Philippines ought to surpass both those islands as a field for tropical agriculture.

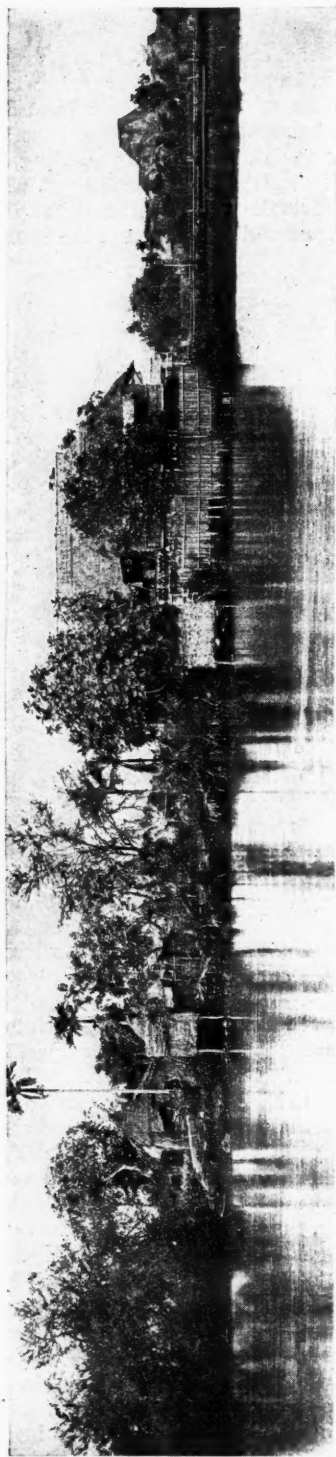
WEALTH IN PHILIPPINE LUMBER AND MINING.

But agriculture is by no means the only source of possible wealth in these eastern islands. There are vast areas of almost virgin forest, full of thousands of trees of the most valuable species—ebony, mahogany, logwood, and ironwood.

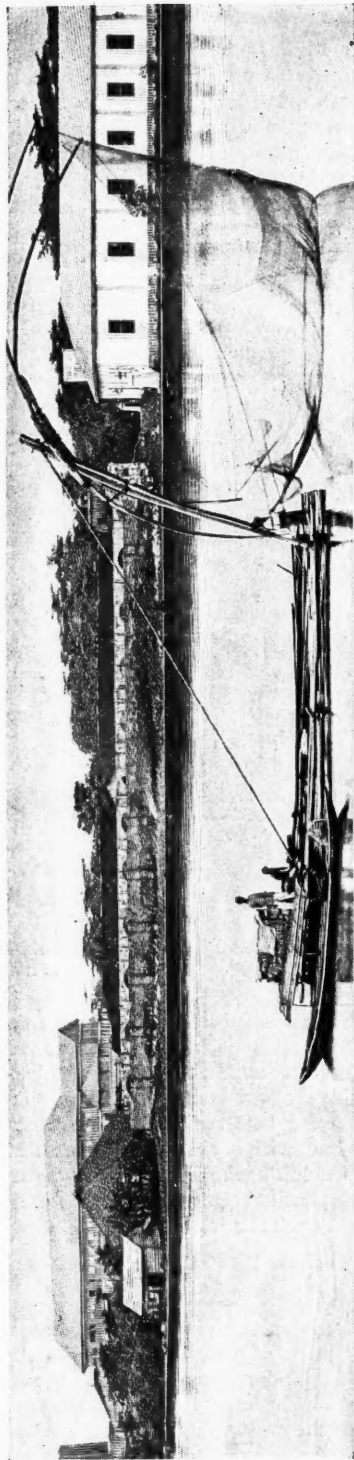
As for mining, its possible future development is an interesting subject for speculation. Gold, copper, and coal are certainly to be found in the islands, and probably there are other metals and minerals there. We are still making strikes in the Rocky Mountains, and are only just beginning to discover the riches hidden in the rocks of Alaska; it may be generations before the forest clad peaks of the Philippines have been thoroughly explored.

"GOLD IS THE WORLD'S DESIRE."

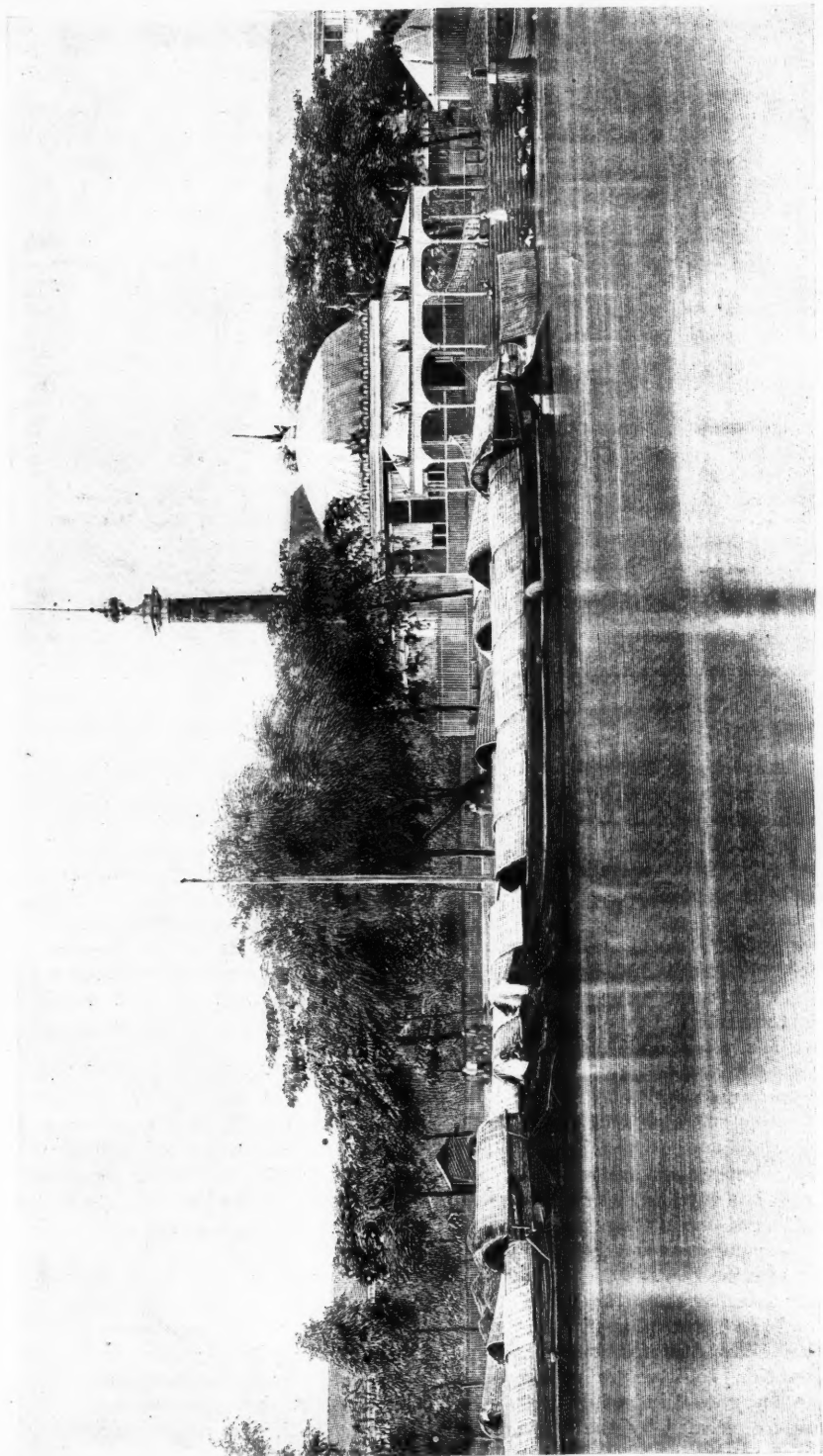
Meanwhile, though the Spaniards, in the three centuries of their rule, have done nothing to develop the mineral wealth of the islands, it is undoubtedly



THE PASIG RIVER ABOVE MANILA. THE PASIG FLOWS THROUGH A WIDE VALLEY, LEVEL AND FERTILE, AND FULL OF NATIVE VILLAGES AND PLANTATIONS. IT SUPPLIES MANILA WITH DRINKING WATER, WHICH IS PIPED TO THE CITY FROM SANTALAN, ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES UP THE RIVER.



NATIVE FISHERMEN ON THE PASIG, IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA. THEIR METHOD OF FISHING WITH A LARGE SQUARE NET, LET DOWN INTO THE WATER BY ITS CORNERS, AND RAISED WITH A RUDE CRANE, IS ONE THAT IS COMMON TO MANY PRIMITIVE REGIONS.



THE PAVILION ON THE PASIG RIVER BUILT FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF COBURG (THEN DUKE OF EDINBURGH) WHEN HE VISITED MANILA AS AN ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH NAVY.



TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES—TWO PORTRAITS OF A TAGAL GIRL, A NATIVE OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON.

From photographs by Honiss, Manila.

great. It is known that gold was found in Luzon, and exported to China, long before Magellan landed. Frank Karuth, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, says that "there is not a brook that finds its way into the Pacific Ocean whose sand and gravel do not pan the color of gold." An English company, the Philippines Mineral Syndicate, has been at work, more or less experimentally, on the eastern coast of Luzon during the last few years, and has found quantities of alluvial gold and large deposits of low grade ore; but Mr. Karuth reports that "only the fringe of the auriferous formation has been touched." In a country where roads are practically unknown, it has been regarded as useless to prospect for the veins that probably crop out in the mountains from which the gold bearing streams flow.

Along these streams the Malayan natives and the Chinese have been washing out the yellow dust for centuries. The extent of this primitive production of gold is quite unknown; indeed, it has generally been concealed by the workers, for obvious reasons. Most of it has gone in

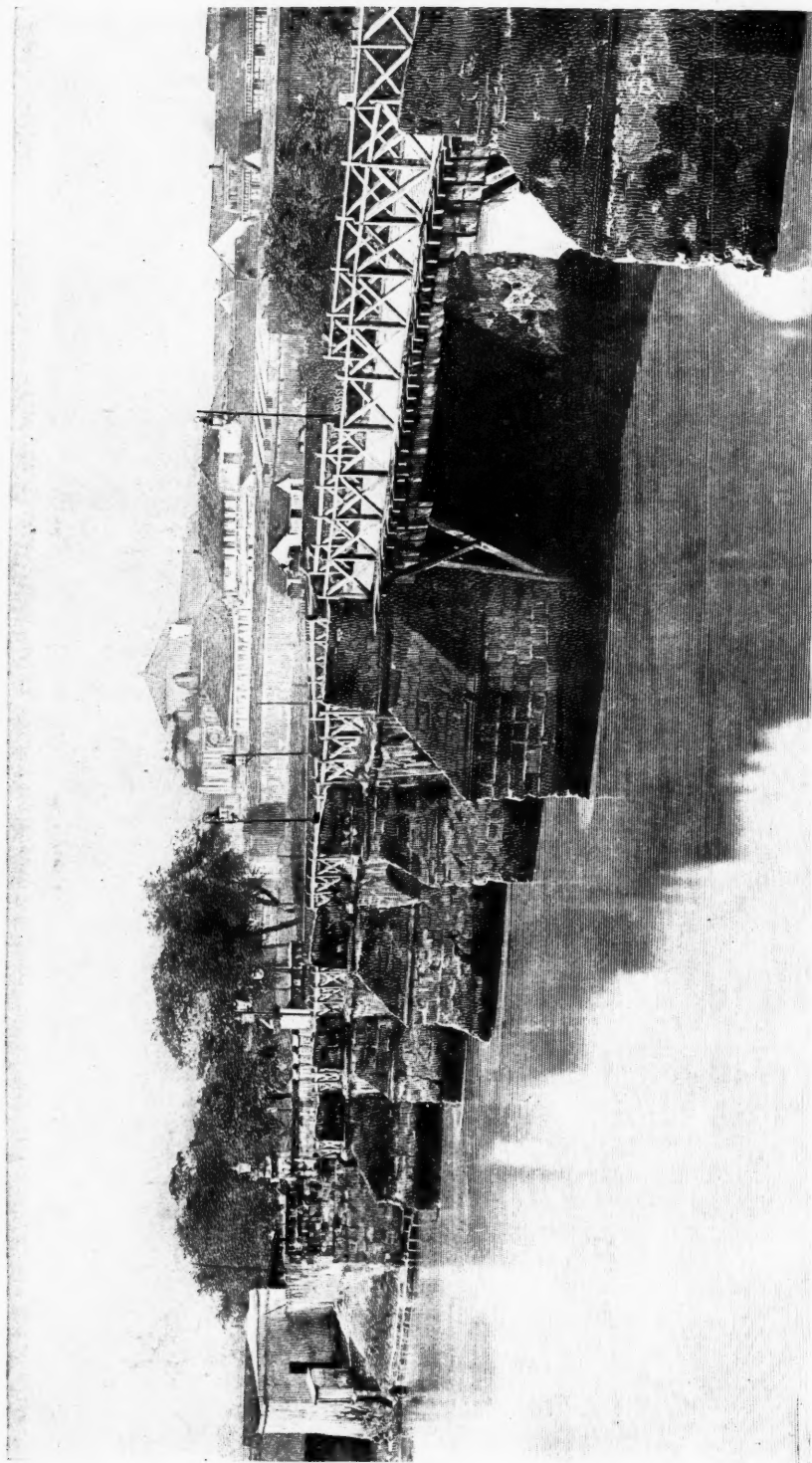
trade to Chinese merchants and peddlers, who have sent it to Hong Kong and Amoy. Luzon has not been the only source of this traffic; alluvial gold is exported from Cebu, from Mindoro, and from Mindanao. Specimens brought from the last named island—the least settled and least known in the group—are said to prove that somewhere in its mountain ranges there must be rich veins of quartz.

COAL MINING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

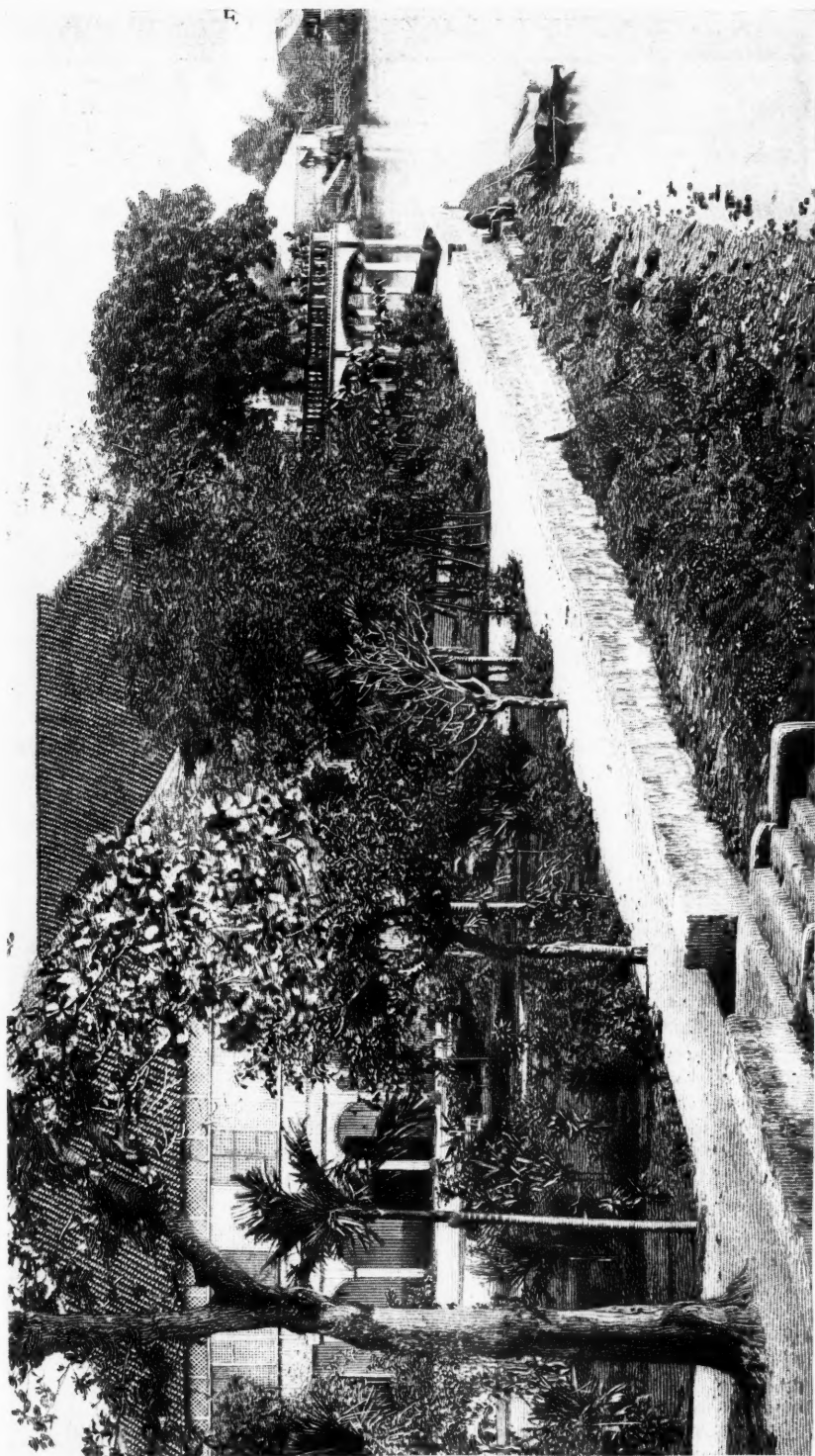
Coal is a less romantic and attractive mineral than gold, but as a means of wealth it is less risky and scarcely less potent. In Japan, whose geological formation is similar to that of the Philippines, coal mining has been developed, in recent years, into an important industry; and it may very possibly become so in the other island group. Up to the present time, work has been done only in two or three places where the mineral crops out upon the surface; and mineralogists assert that these surface beds are not true coal, but a superior grade of lignite. At any rate, they have furnished



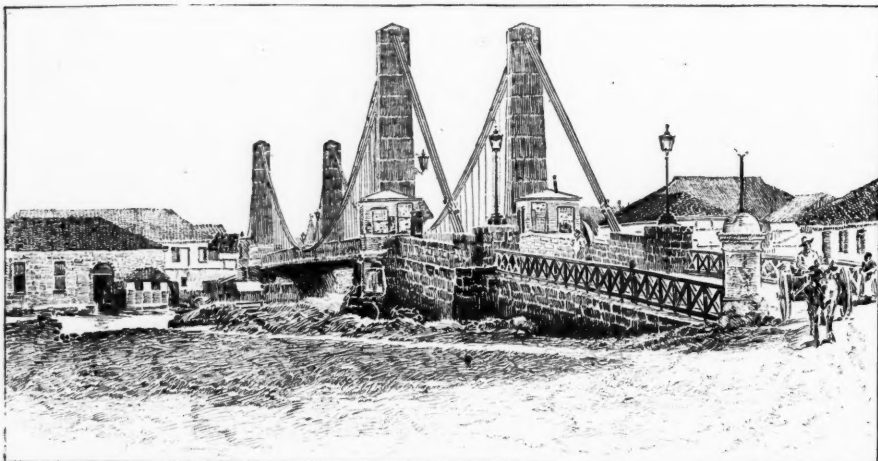
RUINS OF SHOPS AND DWELLING HOUSES IN THE CHINESE QUARTER OF MANILA AFTER A FIRE. THERE ARE MORE THAN SIXTY THOUSAND CHINESE AND CHINESE HALF BREEDS IN MANILA, AND THEY FORM A LARGE PART OF THE COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CLASS.



THE OLD STONE BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. THIS BRIDGE HAS BEEN SEVERAL TIMES INJURED BY EARTHQUAKES, AND THE PICTURE SHOWS THE FIRST ARCH ON THE RIGHT REPLACED WITH A WOODEN TRESTLE.



THE PALACE OF THE CAPTAIN GENERAL, ON THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. THE TWO GREAT MEN OF MANILA ARE THE CAPTAIN GENERAL, WHO REPRESENTS THE CIVIL AND MILITARY POWER OF SPAIN, AND THE ARCHBISHOP, THE LOCAL HEAD OF THE CHURCH; AND THE PALACE OF THE FORMER IS ONE OF THE FINEST RESIDENCES IN THE PHILIPPINES.



THE IRON SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA. THE STREET LIGHTS SHOWN IN THIS AND OTHER VIEWS OF MANILA ARE OIL LAMPS. ELECTRIC LIGHTS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PUT UP IN SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS AND BUSINESS HOUSES.

fuel of commercial value. In Masbate, one of the smaller islands, a local steamship owner discovered coal or lignite, and set native laborers to break it out with crowbars. As long as his men could reach the vein, he supplied his boats with it; then, presumably, rather than install mining machinery, he went elsewhere for fuel. An Englishman who visited the place reported that there were six hundred thousand tons of available coal left in the deposit, and probably very much more than that in the immediate neighborhood.

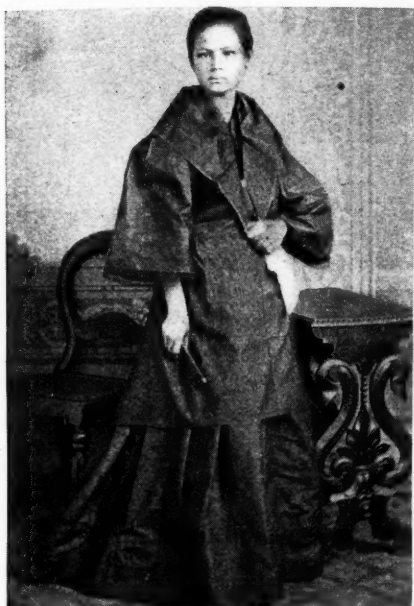
Great beds of copper ore are known to exist in Luzon, but they have not been worked because they are in a spot not readily accessible. There is also lead ore, which Mr. Karuth examined and found to contain zinc blends and traces of both silver and gold. Here our knowledge of the Philippine's mineral resources ends, but it is very unlikely that those resources end at the same point.

THE PHILIPPINE CLIMATE AND HEALTH.

It may naturally be asked why, if this eastern archipelago offers such a variety of opportunities for the creation of wealth, so little has been done to develop it. With the earth so thoroughly exploited as it is today, how is it that in a group of islands known to Europeans for nearly

four centuries nature's invitation to the fortune seeker has been so strangely disregarded? Is there no dark side to the picture—dark enough to neutralize its bright spots and spoil its attractiveness?

The explanation does not lie in the climate. Some tropical islands are fair to look upon, and rich in resources, but deadly to the stranger who pitches his tent upon them. Not so the Philippines; they are not one of the spots that nature has marked as a white man's grave. They have their fierce suns and their drenching rains, like other lands near the equator; but they are not unhealthy—indeed, there are few healthier places between the tropics. No exact figures of the death rate are obtainable, but the testimony of travelers as to the general salubrity of the islands is unanimous, though some of them complain rather loudly of such almost inevitable discomforts of tropical life as the bloodthirsty mosquito and the intrusive ant. There is malaria in some districts—but less severe, apparently, than in many low lying places in the United States. Beri-beri is the only disease endemic in the islands, and it is one of the least formidable of tropical fevers. The plague that has wrought such havoc along the Asiatic coast from Canton to Bombay during the last few years has not been reported from Manila. Yellow fever, the scourge of



TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES—A MESTIZO (HALF BREED) GIRL IN SPANISH DRESS AND ANOTHER IN A NATIVE COSTUME OF PINA CLOTH.

From photographs by Honiss, Manila.

South America and the West Indies, is unknown there.

MANILA'S TROPICAL SUMMER.

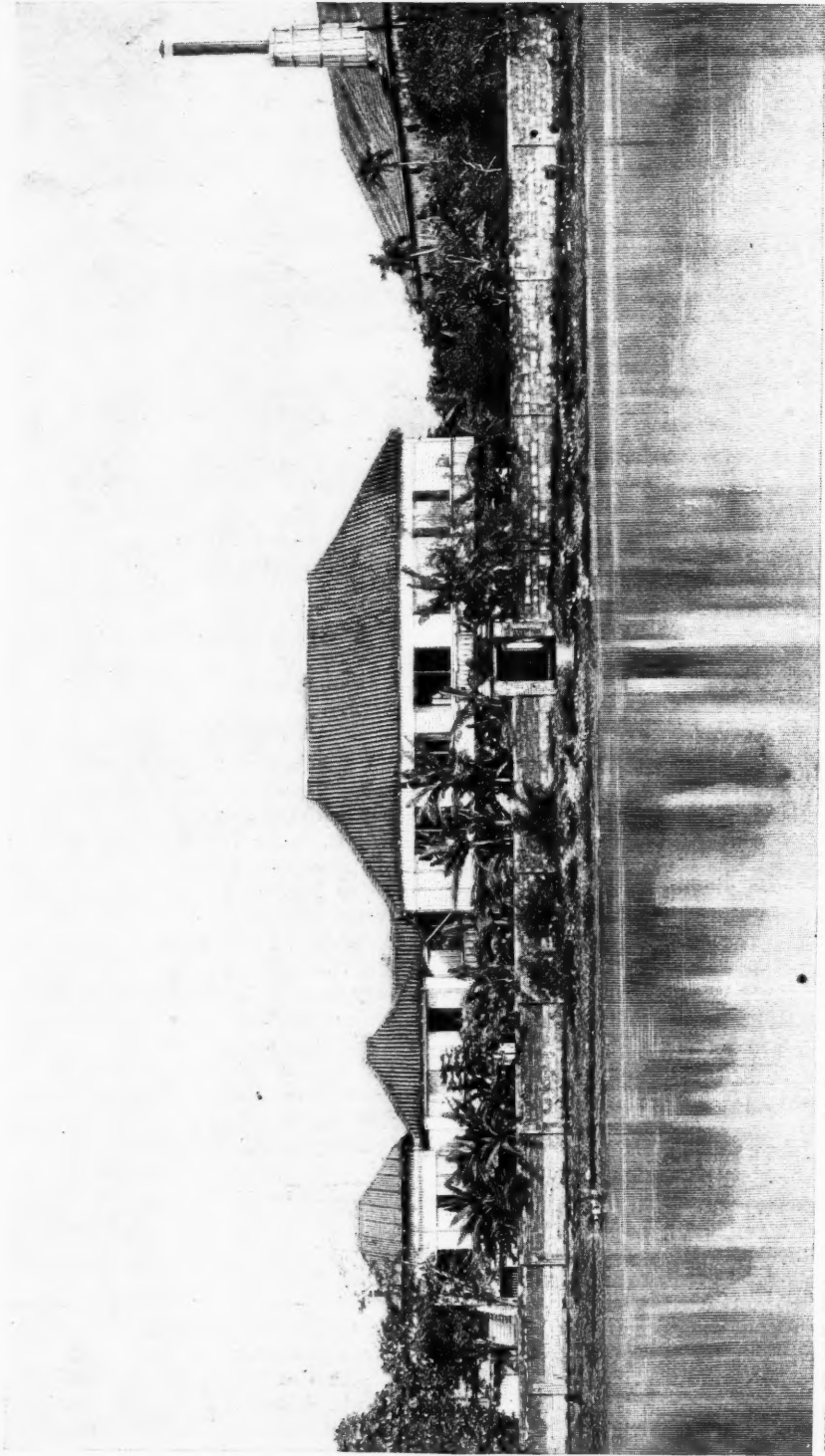
Detailed descriptions of the Philippine climate are apt to be misleading, as there is a great diversity of weather conditions in an archipelago stretching north and south for nearly a thousand miles. Regions that face the southwest monsoon, which blows from August to December, have their wet season during those months, while on the other side of the mountain ranges the dry season prevails. In Manila, there are five months of pleasant temperature—from November to March. April is hot, May and June still hotter, the mercury rising above ninety degrees every day; but in the evening the atmosphere is almost always tempered by a sea breeze, which makes sleep possible. In August begin the rains, which are not as heavy as in many tropical countries, the total fall for the year being from eighty to a hundred and ten inches.

It is probably true that the long hot season in Manila causes less discomfort

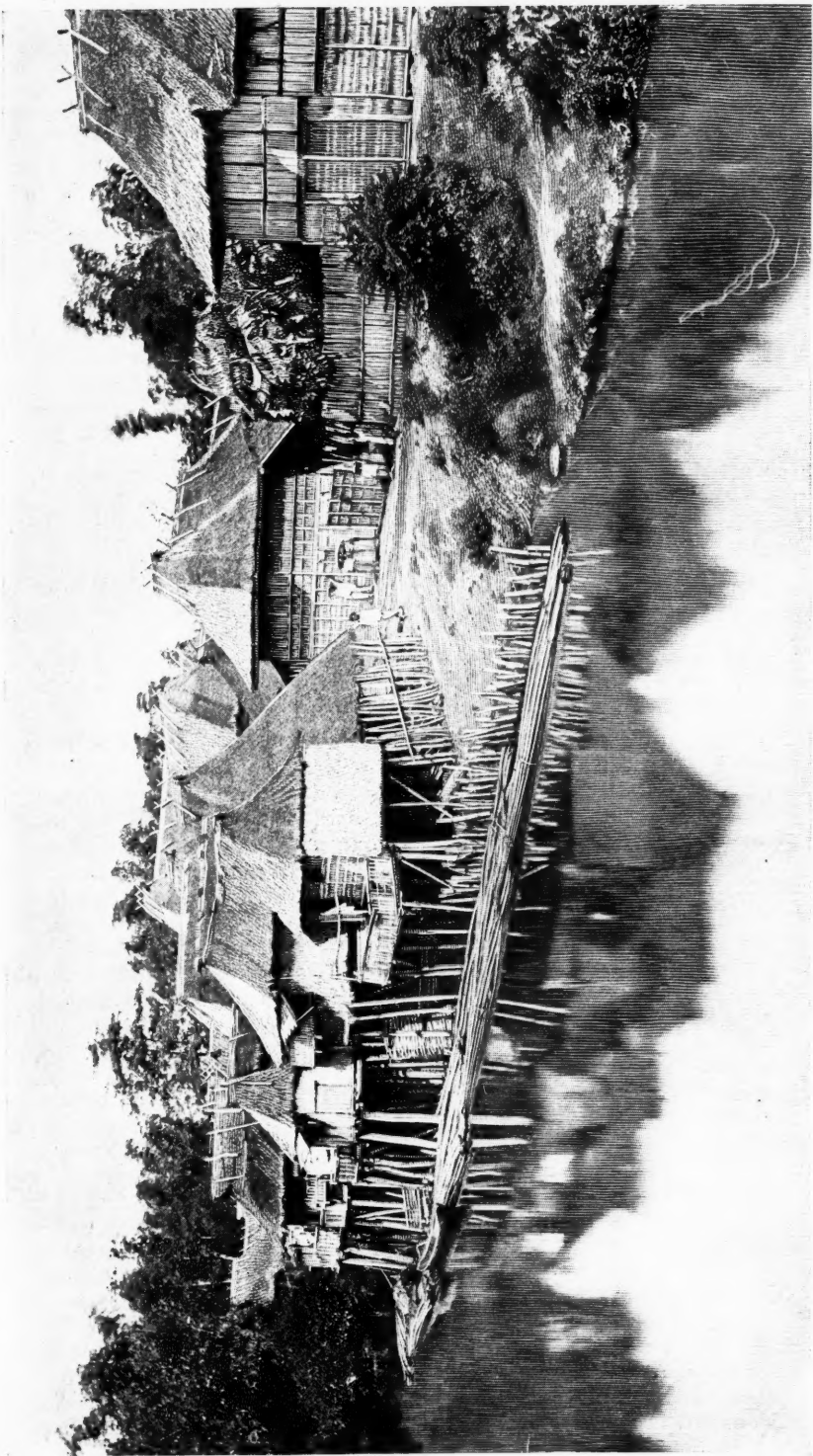
than the brief and fiery summer of New York or Chicago, because the Filipinos know their climate and adapt their daily lives to it, as the Americans of the temperate zone cannot, or at any rate do not. The day begins at four o'clock in the morning, and most of its work is done before eight. From noon to four or five o'clock the town is like a city of the dead, nobody stirring abroad except under absolute compulsion. At six it reawakens; the principal meal of the day is served, and then the whole population drives or walks in the cool of the evening, thronging the Luneta, the fashionable promenade along the Pasig River.

THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD OF THE SULUS.

If the Philippine climate is not such as to repel Americans or Europeans, neither is the character of the inhabitants. All authorities—except the Spanish officials—agree that of the several tribes of the archipelago all are peaceable and tractable, with one exception, the people of the Sulu islands, at the southwestern extremity of the group. The Sulus, whose native Mahometan sultan still maintains



VIEW IN SAN MIGUEL, THE FASHIONABLE RESIDENTIAL SUBURB OF MANILA, IN WHICH MOST OF THE CITY'S WEALTHY MERCHANTS AND THE SPANISH OFFICIALS HAVE THEIR HOUSES.



NATIVE HOUSES IN SANTA ANA, A SUBURB OF MANILA. THESE TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF PHILIPPINE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE ARE LIGHTLY BUILT OF BAMBOO, TO MINIMIZE THE DANGER OF EARTHQUAKES; THEY ARE FAIRLY LARGE, AND HAVE THICK, HIGH PITCHED ROOFS AS A PROTECTION AGAINST HEAT.



TYPES OF THE PHILIPPINE NATIVES—TWO TAGALS FROM A "BACK DISTRICT" OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON, AND A MESTIZO GIRL OF MANILA.

From photographs by Honiss, Manila.

his barbaric court, with a merely nominal submission to a vague Spanish suzerainty, were the *orang laut* ("men of the sea") whose pirate ships were for centuries the terror of navigators of the China Sea. They made a desperate resistance to the punitive raids of Spanish gunboats, the struggle in this most eastern stronghold of Islam being a curious reminder of a long past chapter of history—the battle for Mahomet's westernmost province, when the ancient gates of Granada opened to the conquering banners of Castile in the great days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Nominally, at least, Sulu piracy is now finally suppressed, and there is no doubt that it will never attempt to raise its black flag again when a strong and stable government shall be established at Manila.

TAGALS, VISAYAS, AND CHINESE.

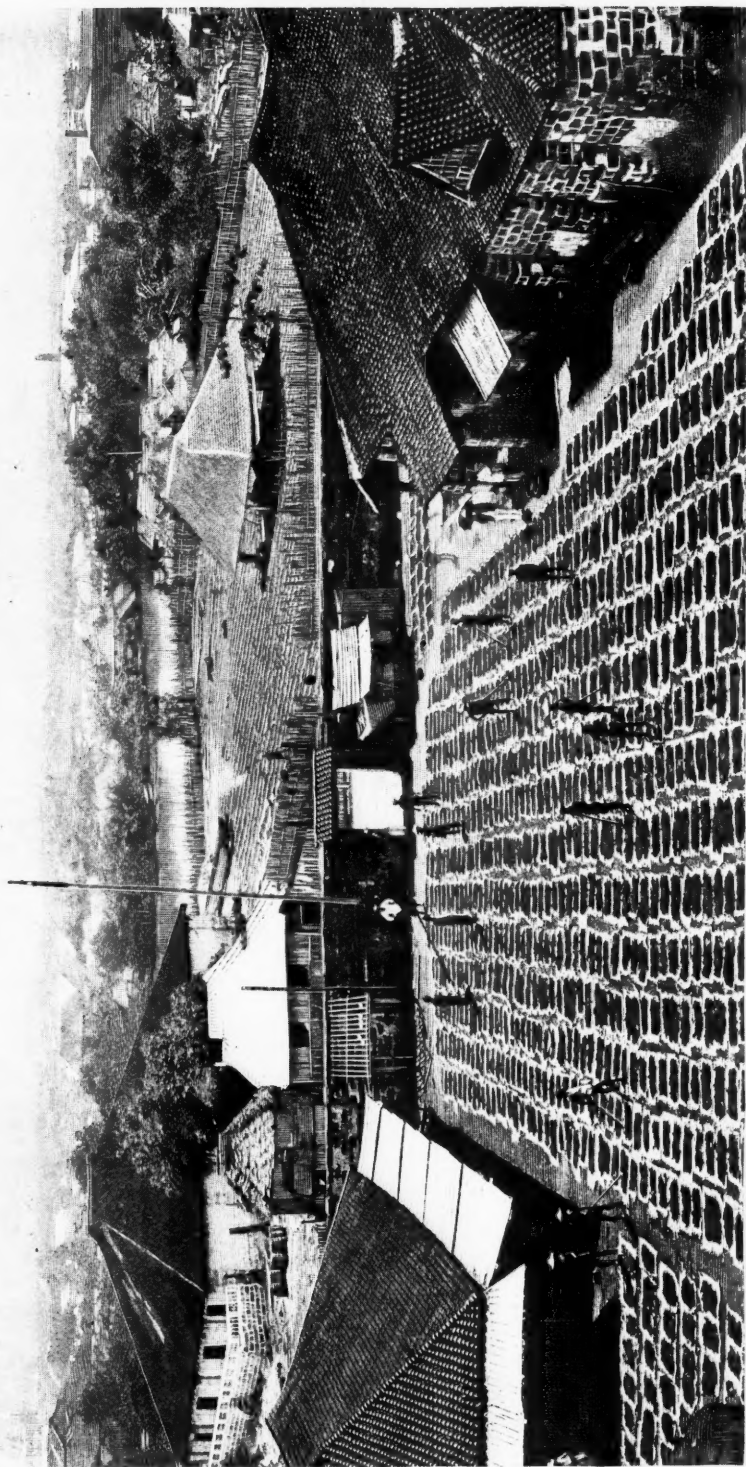
It is characteristic of the scarcity of accurate information about the Philippines that their population should be estimated at figures so far apart as seven millions and seventeen millions. The natives are of mixed blood and of several tribes, the principal ones being the Tagals of Luzon

and the northern islands, and the Bisayas or Visayas of Mindanao and the southern part of the group. They are classified as belonging to the Malay division of the great human family, their near kinsmen being the people of the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Java, and their more distant relatives the Siamese, Chinese, and Japanese.

The principal foreign element in the islands is due to the immigration of Chinamen, of whom—of pure or mixed blood—there are more than sixty thousand in Manila alone. The Chinese are not a universally popular people, but they do much more than their share of the work in the Philippines, and would be invaluable as a labor supply in any industrial development. The native islanders are less apt, perhaps, but teachable and willing, and have more energy than most dwellers in the tropics.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

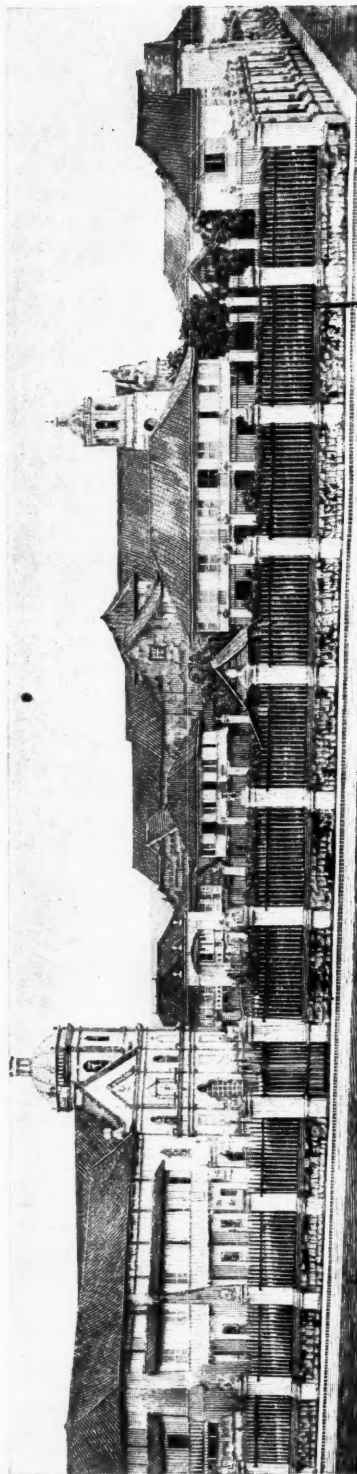
Much has been said of earthquakes and volcanoes in the Philippines, and some alarming pictures have been painted of the terrors of the earth's subterranean fires in that quarter of the globe, but upon



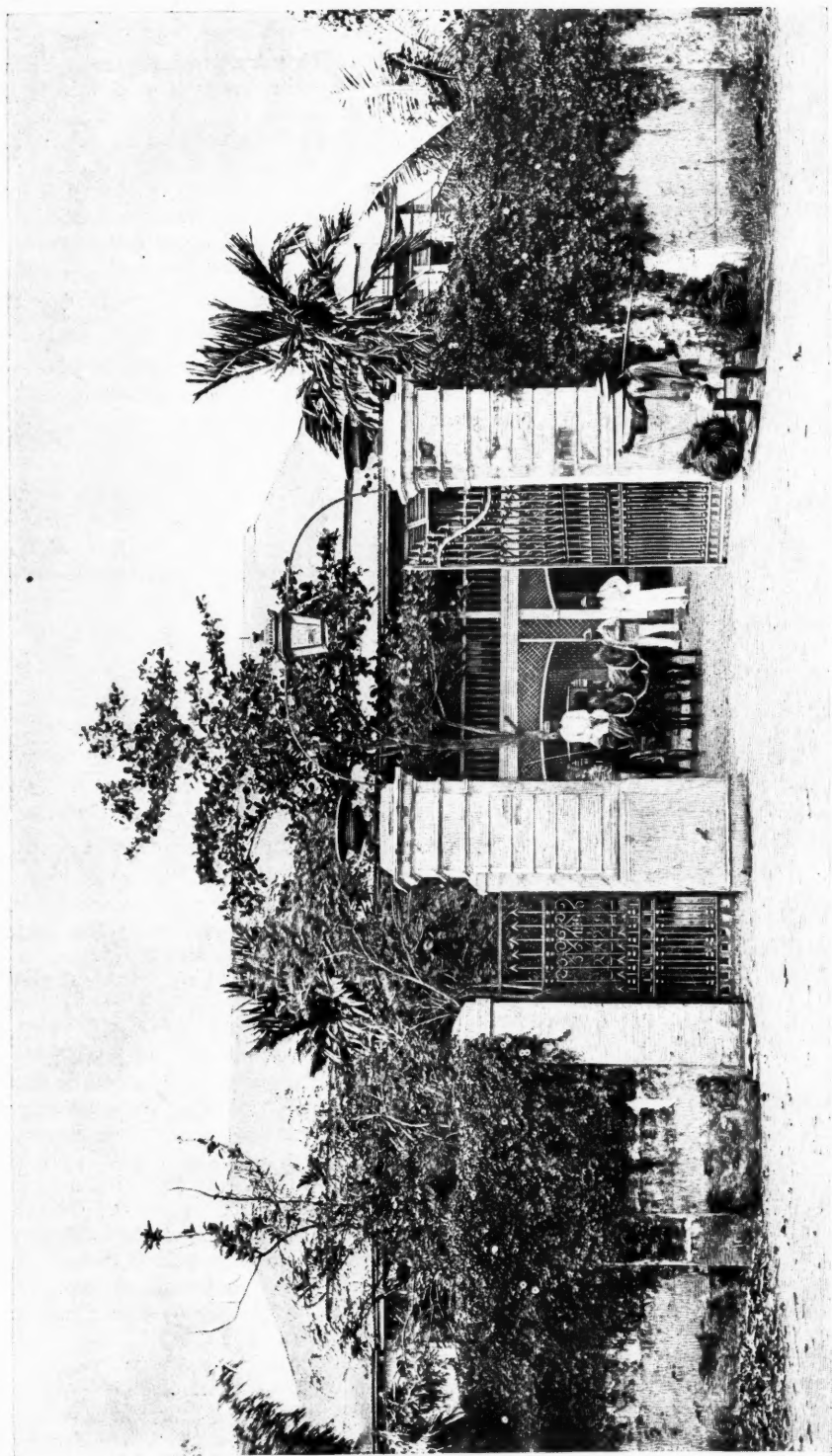
SUGAR DRYING ON A PLANTATION IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA. RAW SUGAR IS ONE OF THE CHIEF EXPORTS OF THE PHILIPPINES, AND THE METHODS USED IN ITS PRODUCTION ARE VERY PRIMITIVE. INSTEAD OF CRUSHING MACHINERY, NATIVES ARE EMPLOYED TO CRUSH THE CANE BY HAND.



A MANILA CIGAR FACTORY. THE MAKING OF CIGARS, CIGARETTES, AND CHEROOTS IS THE CHIEF MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY OF MANILA, AND THE LONG, LOW TOBACCO FACTORIES, CROWDED WITH NATIVE WORKERS, ARE A PROMINENT FEATURE OF THE CITY AND ITS SUBURBS.



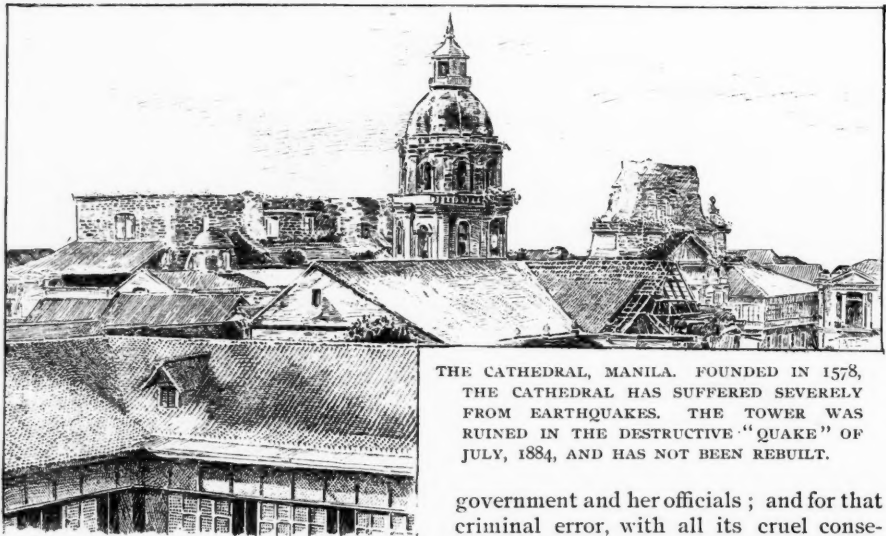
THE CATHEDRAL OF CEBU. CEBU, ON THE ISLAND OF THE SAME NAME, ABOUT THREE HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF MANILA, IS AN OLD SPANISH SETTLEMENT, AND RANKS AS THE THIRD PORT OF THE PHILIPPINES, WITH A CONSIDERABLE EXPORT TRADE IN HEMP AND SUGAR.



THE GATEWAY OF THE RESIDENCE OF ONE OF THE RICH MERCHANTS OF MANILA, WHO KEEPS HIS CARRIAGE AND FOLLOWS THE EUROPEAN FASHIONS.

a calm consideration of the facts they do not seem to constitute a menace to would be immigrants. Far more damage has been done, in the last ten or twenty years, by the tornadoes of our Western plains than by the Philippine earthquakes. The Johnstown flood wrought greater destruction of life and property than the worst of them. We were warned that California was an earthquake country, when we annexed it; yet it has become a great State.

kept in their primitive darkness and barbarism by the power that should have lifted them into the light of civilization and set them in the flowing stream of modern life. Her treatment of them is but one count in the long and terrible indictment that history brings against Spain for the opportunities she has neglected and the trusts she has betrayed. She has regarded her subject peoples in no other light than as sources of revenue for her



THE CATHEDRAL, MANILA. FOUNDED IN 1578, THE CATHEDRAL HAS SUFFERED SEVERELY FROM EARTHQUAKES. THE TOWER WAS RUINED IN THE DESTRUCTIVE "QUAKE" OF JULY, 1884, AND HAS NOT BEEN REBUILT.

We have heard all the more of volcanic action in the Philippines, no doubt, for the reason that Manila seems to be the center of its greatest energy. There is a volcano—one of the few active ones in the islands—within sight of the city, and slight "quakes" are frequent. The finest edifice in the town, the cathedral, stands with a ruined tower—shattered in the earthquake of 1884, and never repaired. This may be enough to alarm the newly arrived traveler—just as a stranger in St. Louis might be unfavorably impressed if the buildings injured by the great tornado of May, 1896, still stood as the storm left them.

THE TYRANNY OF THE TAX COLLECTOR.

It is no natural or physical disadvantage that accounts for the waste and neglect of the rich resources of the Philippines. These richly endowed islands have been

government and her officials; and for that criminal error, with all its cruel consequences, she is paying the penalty today.

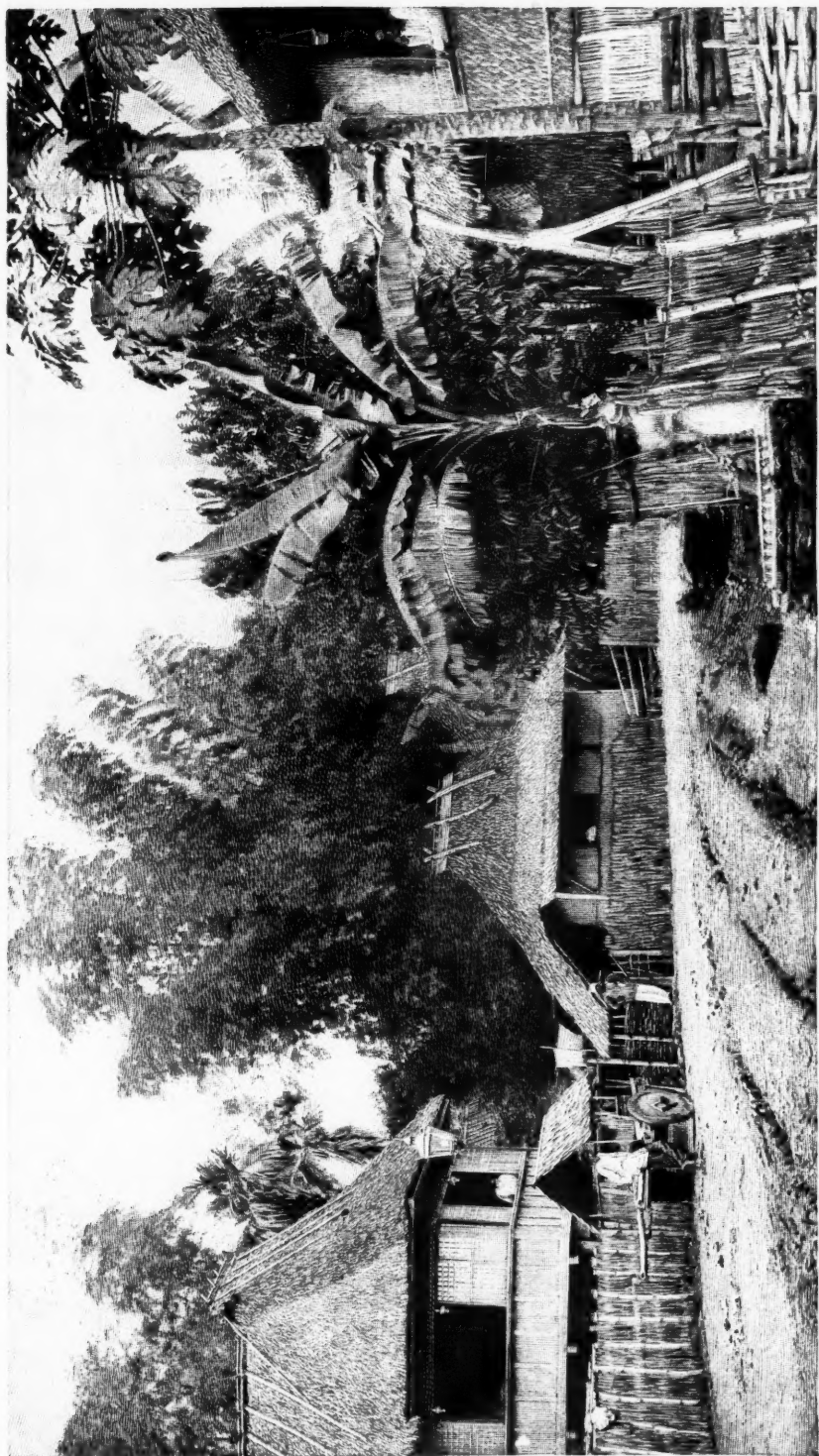
In the Philippines, the representative of Spanish rule has been the tax collector. The system that ruined the Roman Empire was revived there, a *gobernadorcillo* being appointed for each district, and held personally responsible for the taxes. If the receipts fell below the estimate, he had to make up the deficiency; if they exceeded it, he pocketed the surplus—the result being that the last peseta was relentlessly wrung from the luckless inhabitants. There were poll taxes, taxes on every form of property, taxes on all mercantile transactions, taxes on every kind of amusement. There were taxes on marriages and taxes on funerals. In some provinces the native must carry his tax receipts constantly with him; if found without them, he was liable to arrest and punishment. For non payment, the penalties—after confiscation of property—were whipping and imprisonment.



A STREET OF NATIVE DWELLINGS IN LEGASPI, PROVINCE OF ALBAY. ALBAY IS THE SOUTHERNMOST PENINSULA OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON, AND CONTAINS THE FAMOUS VOLCANO OF MAYON, WHICH IS CONSTANTLY IN ERUPTION.



VIEW ON A CREEK RUNNING INTO THE PASIG RIVER. MANILA AND ITS SUBURBS, LYING ON LOW, FLAT GROUND ALONG THE PASIG, ARE INTERSECTED BY A NETWORK OF RIVERS AND CREEKS, AND IN TIME OF FLOOD THEY BECOME AN EASTERN VENICE, WHERE STREETS ARE REPLACED BY WATERWAYS.



A COUNTRY ROAD AND PLANTATION BUILDINGS IN THE PROVINCE OF PAMPANGA, ISLAND OF LUZON PAMPANGA, WHICH IS NOT FAR FROM MANILA, IS A,
RICH SUGAR PRODUCING DISTRICT.

It is no wonder that a peaceable and inoffensive people were driven to desperation, and that rebellion has been smoldering or blazing in the Philippines almost constantly. The result has always been disastrous to the natives, who have lacked arms, organization, and leadership. The Spaniards have kept them down—or tried

all commerce other than their own. Mr. Sherman, who has been quoted already, tells of "a young Englishman who spent five thousand dollars in starting a cocoa-nut grove near Cavite. The Spanish were so much afraid that he would induce other enterprising foreigners to come and do likewise, that they ruined him by



A SPANISH CHURCH AND MONASTERY AT ANTIPOL, FIFTEEN MILES FROM MANILA. THE SMALLER PHILIPPINE TOWNS USUALLY HAVE A CHURCH FOR THEIR MOST PROMINENT BUILDING.

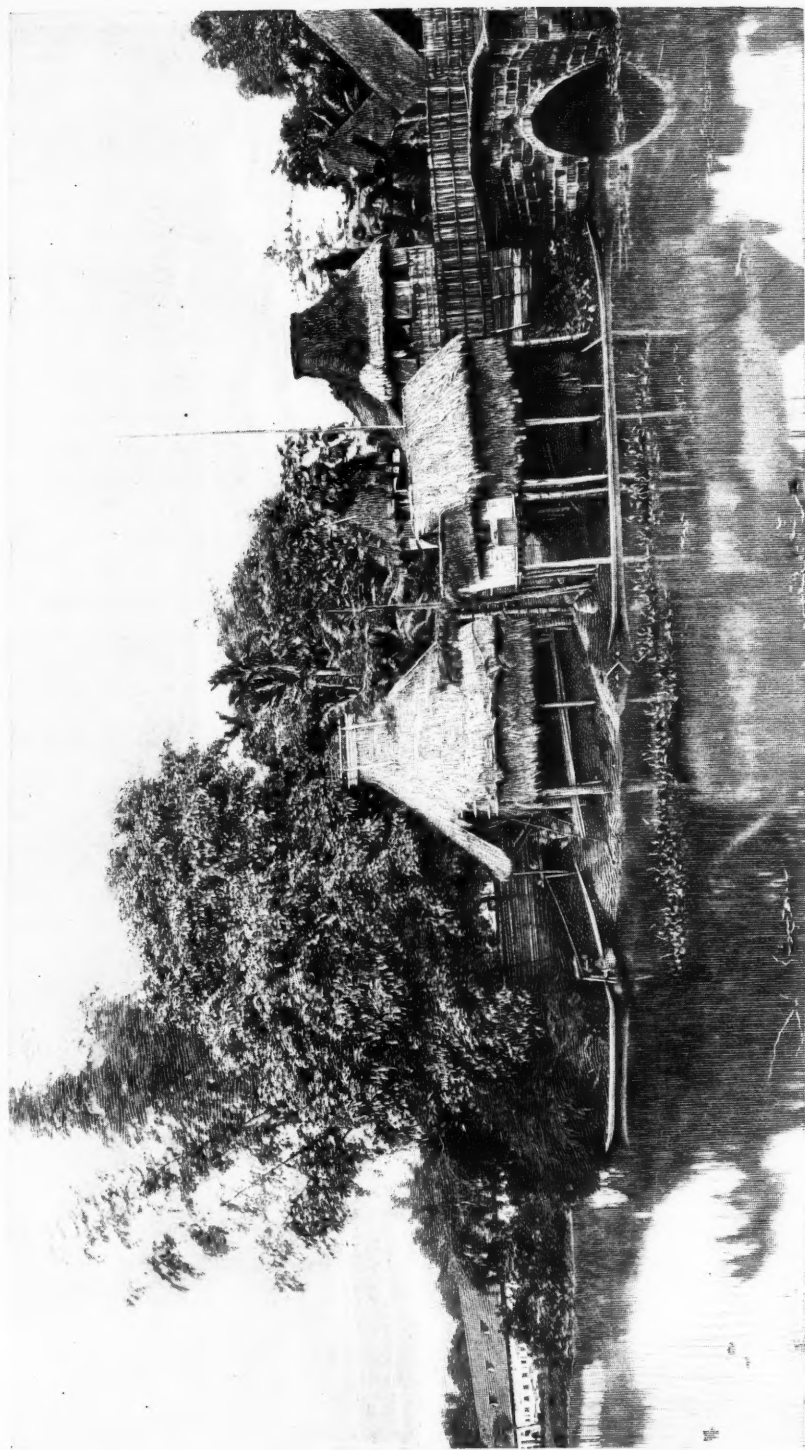
to do so—with merciless severity. Thousands have been arrested and shot on suspicion. An American resident in Manila at the time testifies that in the month of November, 1896, there were eight hundred executions in the city. And the cost of all military operations is charged upon the colonial treasury, making the taxes continually heavier and harder to bear.

NO FOREIGNERS WANTED.

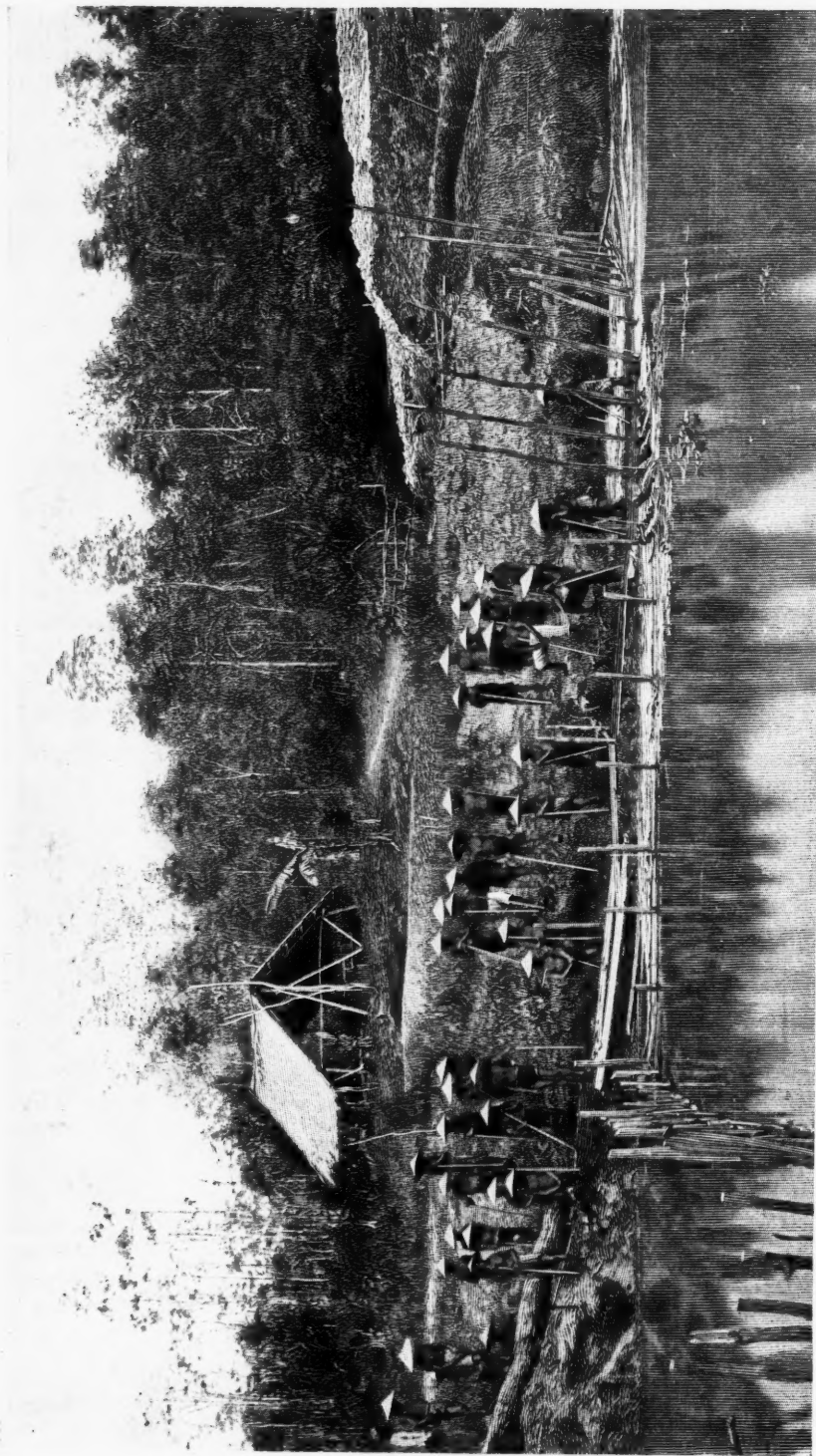
With this outrageous fiscal system, which has rendered peace and public order an impossibility, the Spaniards have pretty well excluded from the Philippines

all manner of imposts and exactions. For instance, he had to pay a hundred dollars before he picked his first crop, and he had to pay an export duty of ten per cent extra because he was not a native." In the same way, he says, attempts at coffee raising have been prevented by the requisition of heavy licenses for planting the beans and by prohibitive duties on the machinery necessary to prepare them for market.

A story is told of two Americans who attempted to sell some improved machinery, made in the United States, to one of the tobacco factories. In spite of several anonymous missives warning them to



THE BUILDINGS OF A SUGAR PLANTATION IN PAMPANGA. HOUSES BUILT UPON STAKES ALONG THE BANKS OF A STREAM ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE PHILIPPINES, WHERE THE RIVERS TO A GREAT EXTENT TAKE THE PLACE OF ROADS.



A GROUP OF PHILIPPINE NATIVES (TAGALS) EMPLOYED BY A MINING COMPANY. THE PYRAMIDAL STRAW HATS, WHICH FORM THE MOST STRIKING FEATURE OF THEIR COSTUME, ARE CURIOUSLY SIMILAR TO THE FAVORITE HEADGEAR OF THE CHINESE COOLIES IN CALIFORNIA.



A CHARACTERISTIC RURAL SCENE IN THE PHILIPPINES—A TORRENT IN THE MAJAYJAY DISTRICT, WITH A BRICK BRIDGE BUILT BY THE SPANIARDS, AND A NATIVE FOOT BRIDGE CONSISTING OF THE UNTRIMMED TRUNK OF A TREE.

leave Manila, they erected their machinery for a semi public trial ; but it had not been running for many minutes when the delicate mechanism mysteriously broke in several places at once, and was hopelessly wrecked. It had evidently been tampered with.

Another characteristic story—vouched for by the same authority, Mr. Joseph Earle Stevens, another former American resident, whose reminiscences have been published in the New York *Evening Post*—tells of a ship captain who brought some thousands of paving stones from China. The eagle eyes of the Manila port officials discovered that the cargo contained seven more stones than the precise number given in the manifest, and a fine of seven hundred dollars was promptly levied on the ship.

To this Mr. Stevens adds the experience of the skipper with whom he himself sailed from Hong Kong to Manila. Among his fellow passengers were some sheep, and one of them died as the steamer came to her dock, leaving the captain to choose between a fifty dollar fine for not burying the dead animal at once, and a hundred

dollar fine for being one sheep short at the custom house next morning.

THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA.

The régime of stupid red tape, of the deliberate repression of enterprise, and of greed, oppression, and corruption, will die with the death of Spanish rule at Manila ; and under the auspices of a free and enlightened government a new field will be open to fortune seekers in the Philippines. It is certain that the spirit of adventure which has contributed so much to the rapid development of our Western States, which led the argonauts of '49 to California and has sent thousands of gold hunters to the snowy valleys of the Yukon, will impel not a few Americans to these rich islands of the tropic seas. And just as Claus Spreckels reaped his millions from the cane fields of Hawaii, or as John North turned the nitrate beds of Peru to gold, so will the next decade see great fortunes made in the archipelago for which a new chapter of history began with Admiral Dewey's victory in the bay of Manila on the 1st of last May.

WAR.

I AM that ancient one called War,
A liege insatiate and lone ;
O'er conquered and o'er conqueror
Is reared my sanguine throne.

Mine are the tumults deep and dire
That shake the earth with thunderous sway ;
And mine the cordons of red fire
That gird the gory fray.

The heights and depths of soul are mine,
Base cowardice in brave disguise,
And that which touches the divine—
Sublime self sacrifice.

Mine are the roadways to renown,
The paths of peril and of pain,
Mine is the victor's laurel crown,
And mine the myriads slain.

I am a tyrant hoar as time,
And though men pray to win release,
Long years must lapse before shall chime
The silvery bells of peace !

Clinton Scollard.

THE PENSION PROBLEM.

BY HENRY CLAY EVANS,

United States Commissioner of Pensions.

How the cost of the pension system has grown to more than a hundred and forty two million dollars a year, with the prospect of a still further increase—Interesting facts about the pension rolls, and a plea for their publication.

THERE are now more war pensioners on the rolls than ever before, and it is probable that the number may be slightly increased during the present year. But high water mark has been nearly attained, and it can be predicted with safety that we shall never have a million pensioners on the rolls of the Pension Bureau.

In this statement I am in no sense endeavoring to prophesy what future legislation regarding pensions may be. We have practically a service pension law now on the statute books in the Act of Congress passed in 1890; almost any one under the provisions of that Act can obtain a pension by proving service in the Federal forces during the Civil War, so that the bars could not be let down much lower by future legislation. If I were to hazard an opinion on the subject, it would be that future legislation by Congress would restrict, rather than facilitate, the granting of pensions.

It is apparent that we are approaching the beginning of the decline in numbers of pensioners. And when this decreasing process starts, it will be very rapid.

During the fiscal year 1897, an army of nearly thirty five thousand pensioners passed from life's battle to the bourn that knows no returning. Three fourths of these, approximately speaking, were veterans of the army and navy. It is estimated that fifty thousand more will pass away this year, and that the number of deaths will steadily increase for several years to come. There will also continue to be a diminution of the pension list from other causes, such as remarriages of widows, expiration of minori-

ties, and failures to claim pensions within stated periods.

Notwithstanding a reduction of the pension rolls in 1897, which amounted in the aggregate to 41,122 names, there was no actual declension in the total number of pensioners. There were enough new pensions, reissues of certificates, and restorations of names previously dropped, to make a net increase of 5,336, bringing the total up to 976,014, the largest recorded.

The inquiry is often made whether our annual pension appropriations have yet reached their maximum figure. President Garfield, while a Member of Congress, more than twenty years ago, declared that at that time, when we were paying something like thirty millions annually in pensions, they had already nearly attained their highest total. But this was long before the passage of the Act of 1890, under which more than forty five millions of dollars were paid during the last fiscal year to half a million pensioners. The total expenditure for the year, for pensions and expenses of the department, was a few thousand dollars less than one hundred and forty two millions.

From the operation of the pension laws and the work of the Bureau of Pensions since they came within my closer observation, I am inclined to the belief that while the number of pensioners has nearly reached the highest possible limit, considerably larger appropriations will yet be made before the maximum of annual expenditure will be attained. This will be due to the heavy arrearages carried with many of the new claims

allowed. The depletion of the rolls by death, or by dropping of names for other causes, only carries with it a stoppage of annual pensions, while new claims often carry many years' arrears. In fact, we may for two or three years witness the apparently anomalous condition of steady reductions in the number of pensioners, and increases in the annual expenditures for pensions. And yet it is improbable that the total annual appropriations will rise above one hundred and fifty million in their highest year.

This estimate, of course, does not consider the possibility of future legislation dealing with the veterans of the Civil War, or possibly with the soldiers of the present war with Spain. Speculation on that subject is not profitable. Some of the estimates that have been made by experts indicate that some of the additional legislation that has been proposed would swell the appropriations beyond the two hundred million point. It has been estimated that it would take sixty million dollars a year to meet the lowest of the service pensions which have been projected and discussed.

Of the pensioners now living, 733, 527 are war veterans. The remainder are widows, minor children, and other dependents. Among the veterans are six soldier patriarchs who are now the only survivors of the quarter of a million men who were engaged on land and sea in the young republic's second war with Great Britain.

Three of these aged warriors are more than a hundred years old. The venerable Hosea Brown, of Oregon, who is the eldest of these antique heroes, was of age when the war began, and was able to cast his first vote for President James Madison during the very dawning of the struggle. One of the younger of the six is James Hooper,* of Baltimore, the last survivor of the brave sailor lads who humbled the mistress of the seas on the very waters over which she claimed

dominion. Senator George F. Hoar in a recent speech called attention to the fact that, except for the brilliant exploit at New Orleans—achieved after the conclusion of peace—the land operations of the American army in the war of 1812 were generally characterized by failure, while the naval engagements in which American vessels were victorious were so brilliant that eighteen of them are still considered to be worthy of appearing in standard British books on naval warfare as examples of tactics in battle on the high seas that British sailors can well afford to study.

The last sailor of the war of 1812 and the five surviving soldiers of that struggle draw from the Treasury, altogether, only \$1,080 a year. There are about eleven thousand survivors of the war with Mexico on the rolls, and 2,373 survivors of the old Indian wars.

It is an interesting fact that there are pensioners of the United States living under nearly every foreign flag, and in the most unfrequented byways of the earth. It will surprise no one to learn that Canada, Germany, and Ireland, in the order named, lead in the number of foreign pensioners. But some of the six hundred and twenty thousand dollars which we pay to pensioners abroad finds its way to the very ends of the earth. Vouchers go alike to the Land of the White Elephant and the lone rock of Saint Helena; to the plains of the Transvaal and the steppes of Siberia; to every continent as well as to the isles of the sea. There are pensioners of the United States in Malta and Cyprus, Madeira and Mauritius, New Zealand and Tahiti, and many other remote islands. Although so widely scattered, the pensioners who reside abroad are not numerous. There are something like four thousand in all, one half of them in Canada.

It has been noted by some of my predecessors, and it has also come to my attention, that the longevity of these self expatriated pensioners is quite remarkable. The difficulties attending access to information from some of these distant places may be responsible for some of this persistent adherence to life on their part. I shall at an early date take steps to have the foreign pension

* James Hooper, a soldier of the War of 1812, made an application for pension on February 21, 1874, at which time he was 69 years of age and residing at Baltimore, Maryland, and his pension was allowed for 63 days' actual service as a boy on board the United States Ship *Comet*, under the command of Captain Boyle. He enlisted at Baltimore, Maryland, on July 4, 1813, and was discharged at the same place September 4, 1813.

rolls overhauled and verified. This can be done, I think, through our consular agents.

There are still living and drawing pensions seven aged ladies who are the widows of soldiers of the Revolution. These draw pensions under the general act covering all Revolutionary soldiers and widows. The oldest of these ladies is Nancy Aldrich,* long a resident of Michigan, but now of Los Angeles, California. She is the relict of Caleb Aldrich, who saw service in the New Hampshire and Rhode Island line in the Revolution. She is of even age with the nineteenth century, and may live to see the early twilight of the twentieth. The youngest Revolutionary war widow is Mary Snead, of Parksley, Virginia, whose husband served in the Old Dominion's troops under Washington. She is now eighty one years old. If she were to live to the present age of Mrs. Aldrich, the United States will still be paying Revolutionary pensions one hundred and thirty four years after the surrender of Cornwallis.

If women are to be pensioned who marry soldiers of the Civil War forty or sixty years after that struggle closed, as these venerable ladies married their husbands many years after the Revolution, the United States may be paying Civil War pensions well into the distant twenty first century. It was with no wish to disturb aged widows who now draw pensions that I officially recommended the passage of a law to the end that no pension shall be granted to the widow of any soldier who shall marry hereafter. As I said in that recommendation, there should be no discrimination, and a woman that marries a soldier now (nearly thirty three years after peace was declared) takes him for better or for worse. She was not his wife during the war; she experienced none of the hardships, deprivations, and anxieties incident to the life of the wife of a soldier, and should not be placed on

the roll as such. If there should in the far future arise specially needful cases of such widows who have reached extreme old age, their pensions could well be left to special acts of Congress in individual cases, as has been done with the several daughters of Revolutionary soldiers whose names now appear on the pension rolls.

As for the venerable survivors of the old wars themselves, "Hands off these best beloved of our household!" It is these we should most delight to care for and honor. The last survivor of the Revolution, Daniel F. Bakeman,† of New York, died on the 5th of April, 1869, eighty eight years after Yorktown, aged one hundred and nine years. The survivors of the war of 1812 now borne on the rolls have only to live five years longer to have survived the battle of New Orleans for the same period. If the same relative longevity can be counted on in the cases of the venerable men who will be the last survivors of the Boys in Blue, there will be a handful of the lads who followed the Stars and Stripes into the great American conflict still on the pension rolls in 1953.

It is an interesting fact that at least one pension for actual service in the Revolutionary War was drawn by a woman.‡

As to my recent suggestion that the names on the pension rolls should be published to the world, I believe their publi-

* Daniel Frederick Bakeman, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, made an application for pension on the 17th day of June, 1867, at which time he was 107 years of age and residing at Freedom, Cattaraugus County, New York. In his application for pension he alleged that he enlisted and served in the Revolutionary War in a company commanded by Captain Varnum, in the regiment commanded by Colonel Willett; but owing to impaired memory he was not positive as to length of service, though knew he served at least four years. His pension was granted, under a special act of Congress, at the rate of \$500 per annum. This soldier has the distinction of being the last survivor of the Revolutionary War. He died April 5, 1869, aged 109 years.

‡ Deborah Gannett, a woman who served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War under the name of Robert Shurtleff, made an application for pension on September 14, 1818, at which time she was 59 years of age and residing at Sharon, Massachusetts, and her pension was allowed for two years' actual service as a private in the Massachusetts troops, Revolutionary War. It appears that she enlisted in the month of April, 1781, and served in Captain George Webb's company, in the Massachusetts regiment commanded by Colonel Shepherd, afterwards by Colonel Jackson, until about the month of November, 1783, when she was honorably discharged. During the time of her service she was wounded at Tarrytown (probably in the second battle of that place), and was also present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

* Nancy Aldrich, widow of Nathan Aldrich, who was a soldier in the War of 1812, made an application for pension on July 9, 1874, at which time she was 84 years of age and residing in Williamson County, Tennessee. Her pension was allowed for the actual service of her husband as a private in Captain Gault's Company, Tennessee Militia, War of 1812, for a period of 182 days. He enlisted November 13, 1814, and was discharged May 13, 1815. The widow's maiden name was Nancy Plummer.

cation would lead to the dropping of a number of pensioners from the rolls. Whether the saving by this means would be sufficient to offset the expense of the publication of the lists is not easy to estimate.

Sentiment has in the past figured largely in preventing the publication of the names of pensioners. It has been assumed that the worthy pensioner would object to having the fact that he was drawing a pension from the government paraded before the world.

Personally I do not sympathize with this sentiment. The pension roll ought to be a roll of honor. No man need be ashamed to have his name on it if he is entitled to have it there. It is highly important to eliminate the frauds, if there be any, from the pension rolls, but it is equally important, if not more so, to prevent the dropping of worthy and deserving men who are actually dependent on their pensions for their sustenance. Let us all wish long life still lengthened to the veterans.

THE SHELL.

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

Silent in the belted breech,
Peering thro' the rifled reach,
Waiting, while I scan the sea,
For a word to set me free.

As my eager eyes I strain,
Heaves in view a ship of Spain.
Hark! the wild alarms ring,
As the men to quarters spring;

Then the word of sharp command,
On the lanyard rests a hand.
"Fire!" From out the rifled core,
On the cannon's breath I soar.

Twice five hundred pounds of steel,
Where on high the eagles reel,
For my mark the nearing foe,
Messenger of death I go!

Hark! the shriek of unleashed hell!
'Tis the speech of shell to shell:
Brother, shall I kill or spare?
"Mark the faces blanching there!"

Brother, shall I strike or swerve?
"Death to them that death deserve!"
Mark the vessel onward come!"
Mark the thirteen inch strike home.

Crash! I feel the steel clad ship
Split and stagger, rend and rip;
Then a shriek and then a hush,
As the dark'ning waters rush

Thro' the torn and gaping side
Of the foeman's hope and pride.
To the bottom of the sea
Go a thousand lives with me!

* * * *

I'm the shell, the thirteen inch,
Of the kind that never flinch,
Never slacken, never sway,
When the quarry blocks the way.

Gustav Kobbé.

AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

BY ANNA LEACH.

The American marriage that her aunt the duchess arranged for Mlle. Berthe de Berneville, and the American marriage that she arranged for herself.

CULBERTSON saw her first at a garden party near Paris.

It was at one of those charming old places into which the tourist never peeps—of which, indeed, he never so much as hears except in the vaguest way. The American of the "colony" knows that there is a society in Paris into which he or she never penetrates, but that class is rather inclined to consider the old *noblesse* stupid. Complacent French counts and princes, who accept invitations to the tents of the "colony" to meet American heiresses, tell the residents there that they admire American so much more than French ways; that there is a lack of conventionality, a domesticity, about the American ménage which is quite unknown to the French. "It can be expressed," one of these said, "by the way in which the chairs are placed. In the old houses here they are in a row against the wall. In the American houses they—stand about anywhere." He added, "It is delightful."

When by chance—by the rarest chance—an American found herself near one of these exclusives whose chairs were formally placed, she was chilled, and not much inclined to seek the privilege a second time.

But Culbertson was different. He went everywhere. It began with his father, who went to Europe at the time of the American Civil War. He was a delightful gentleman, who saw no earthly reason why he should stay at home and fight on either side. He was a man from the western part of Virginia, whose own father had had an idea that slave holding was degrading to the owner, and who had freed all the blacks he owned. His son considered that the family had done their part before the war, settled their attitude toward the question forever, and might leave the rest of the world to fight over what they had given up for reasons of taste. It had left the Culbertsons with a hampered income, for lavish living Southerners, and Europe was the place in which most could be obtained for the money that was left. So to Europe he went with

his own son, still in the nursery governess stage.

When Culbertson, Jr., was fifteen he performed the feat of going blindfolded through the Pitti Gallery in Florence and putting his hand on every picture he was asked to touch. For seven years he had passed through it four times a day on his way to and from his school.

His father died when he was twenty two, and left him with a crowd of good acquaintances, a Latin education, and, fortunately, some of the economical habits of the Latins he had grown up among; for the income had become even smaller. However, Culbertson knew princes who were not so well off.

He was thirty eight now, and he knew everything—and went everywhere. His manners were the most beautiful in the world, having the frank sweetness of the American gentleman grafted upon all that is best to know in the ways of a diplomatic and punctilious society.

It was nothing strange to him to find himself in the ancient walled estate where the marchioness was entertaining her friends in the beautiful spring weather of France.

He had been talking to his hostess when he saw that beautiful girl. His eyes lighted and dwelt lovingly upon her with the same expression he gave to the Mona Lisa in the Louvre, although she was not at all like that inscrutable lady. When Culbertson looked at her he felt something stir in him which he must have inherited from the old Virginia patriarchs—heads of great families of children and dependents—who were his forebears. She was so tall and lilylike and young. He felt his knowledge of everything; that she was embodied innocence and to be protected.

"She is lovely," his hostess said, in answer to his unspoken admiration. "A pity, isn't it?"

"A pity? A pity to be the most exquisite human being on earth?" He lifted his brows, but his voice (Culbertson's gentle

baritone voice had been called "liquid velvet" by one of the young American heiresses) was still full of deference to the opinion of his hostess.

"But the de Berneilles haven't a sou." The marchioness threw out her hands. "Nobody in our class has any money. She certainly cannot marry out of it. There is nothing left for her but the convent. She is no longer a child. It is inevitable."

"May I be presented?" Culbertson asked, after a moment.

She lost some of the tender look of early youth when he came closer. She was a white rose, not a bud. Culbertson had a fancy that she was a rose which kept its freshness from refrigeration, like those blossoms which the florists keep in the ice box.

She was quiet and had a delightful manner, but she was not shy. She could talk if she chose, he was sure. She did not recognize that he was an American. She was evidently accustomed to the cosmopolitan, and the man whose taste was that of a connoisseur found her interesting as well as beautiful. All the conversational straws swayed gently in the right direction.

"She has tremendous reserve," he said to himself admiringly. "She has the temper of her race."

He thought of her in a convent, and then—he thought of other things. All the American spirit was not out of Culbertson. He was inventive, and, having been brought up without his American birthright of an occupation, he was still like that captive baby beaver which dammed a leak in a bucket, having never seen a stream.

He looked about for the girl's mother presently, and he found that she had only an aunt, who looked as though she was breaking under the burden of her chaperonage.

"A beautiful idea!" Culbertson said softly to himself, as he sat by the window of his little apartment that night and smoked his cigar. He could only afford one a day, but that was exquisite of flavor and blended perfectly with the perfume of the linden bloom which came from the garden across the street.

A long residence out of Anglo Saxon atmosphere is not to be desired for a man who is not of Latin blood and nerves. It plays some queer tricks with the conscience. The Latin has his standard, and the Englishman or American has his. When the boundaries of either are lost there is a wide field to play in.

The next day saw Culbertson at the most fashionable hotel in Paris, making a call upon a man whose name had been in every American paper every day for six months,

and who had left his native land slapped on the back by his whole country. The farmers in Nebraska and Wyoming knew him by his Christian name. He was "Bob" Massey to everybody, the man who at twenty seven had gone into the speculative field with the shrewdest heads in the nation, and had bested them at their own game. He had bought, actually bought and stored, all the wheat in the country until he had brought the price up step by step, letting a little go to foreign countries now and then, then holding tight again, until wheat had "gone out of sight," and he had made so many millions that it made the head dizzy to think of it. The farmers called him a "smart fellow," and laughed. They had sold their wheat at a good price. It was nothing to them (they thought) if flour was higher. The brokers said, "Clever chap!" and the American lovers of shrewdness told each other anecdotes about him.

Culbertson had met Massey's sister in Rome one year, but it was only today that he thought of calling upon him. When he came into the room the expatriated American was most agreeably surprised, and he put forth more of that subtle charm of his, which he himself thought of as a part of his earthly capital, than he had expected. Bob Massey was a handsome, fresh faced, manly young fellow, with a hand clasp in which you could feel the red blood under his skin. He was frankly glad to see Culbertson, of whom all Americans with social aspirations had heard. Here was the one man in Europe who could show him around, and Massey wanted to see the best of everything. He wanted to buy some good pictures, to know where they were, to meet some of the men who made history in Europe as the men he knew made it in America. He thought it uncommonly kind of Culbertson to look him up, and he told him so.

It was two weeks later that Culbertson gave a dinner. It was the height of the Paris spring season, and he always gave a dinner every year at this time. This year it was a little smaller than usual, and one of the guests was an American—which was unusual. Whenever Culbertson looked back on that year (and as years went by he often went lingeringly back to some of its incidents—while to some he went back to be sure they were buried forever out of sight) he thought that the fortnight between the garden party of the marchioness and that dinner was the busiest of his life. It was the fullest of diplomacy, and it was crammed with a factor in diplomacy which is often ignored—boldness.

He had made his way into the very

sanctum of a great French family, and he had passed the portals of the mind of a French girl of the old régime, and his heart beat with exultation at his daring when he thought of it.

There had been letters from the archbishop in Rome, who had been his father's friend, to the old Duchesse de Berneville. He had told the story frankly to the archbishop—at least, the gist of it—and the archbishop had agreed with him that there were many nuns in the church, but few wives of great millionaires.

He had even been asked to dine in the dilapidated de Berneville *hôtel*, where raisins and nuts made the dessert. But afterward, he had heard Mlle. Berthe sing, and had seen her sitting before the piano in her thin, white gown, the candle light making an aureole around her flaxen head. And then after her voice ceased and her hands began playing tender, broken chords they two had talked.

It had not been sentimental conversation either. Her voice was low and sweet, and his was tender, but what she had said was: "I hate the thought of the church. That unspeakable slavery! It may have been all very well a hundred years ago, when there was faith; but who has faith nowadays? A vocation? I have more of a vocation for death. You can at least pass the time in the grave with less ennui."

"I wonder—sometimes," Culbertson had said—he was past fear now that he had brought her so far; he saw possibilities looming which he had so little expected that they were like the substantiation of air castles—"I wonder," he said, "why you Frenchwomen do not follow the example of your men and marry fortunes—American fortunes."

"An excellent reason: we have not the opportunity."

"But suppose you had?"

She turned her lovely face, and some of the mask of ingenuousness had fallen away. She looked into his eyes with a glance in hers which was almost shrewd, and there was humor, too, in the turned up corners of her flowerlike mouth, which parted to show sharp, even teeth.

"You are the only American I ever met; the only one I am likely to meet. You have no fortune. You have been inquired about."

Culbertson laughed back at her in sympathy. He thought that she was the one woman whom he had ever met who altogether delighted him. "Human nature, you are still alive in France, then!" he said inside his brain.

"But if you were to meet one? A man richer than many kings in Europe have

been; a man with a great, generous heart; a man who would give you the world, who would be glad that you came to him without a penny, who would be anxious to gratify every taste, every whim; who would leave you with your position and add to it; who would make you a queen indeed——"

"Where is he?"

"I know him."

And when she gave him her hand that night they exchanged a look of camaraderie, of understanding, which made the old duchess look startled, and then settle again into her knowledge of her niece and what the wily archbishop had written of the American.

Culbertson's task with Massey had been child's play to this. He had told him of a lovely French girl, "good family, but very poor, tremendously pretty, clever and well educated." Massey was in the state of social formation when he liked to hear that a pretty woman was well educated. He had known those who were not, and he was young enough, healthy enough, to be unable to hear of a pretty girl of whom another man spoke with gentle respect without being more than a little interested.

And when Culbertson had casually mentioned his annual dinner and asked him to come, he had found the information that Mlle. de Berneville was to be there the chief event in his near future.

Culbertson was almost frightened at the success of his plan. He had known it would succeed, he told himself. He had known, he said, that when fire and tow were brought together a conflagration was the inevitable result. But as he saw Massey's face when he was presented to Mlle. de Berneville, he had the feeling of one who had started an avalanche, and to save his life he could not rid himself of the vague idea that he was under it.

"It is a beautiful plan," he said over and over again. "She will be the veritable queen of American society. She will make him the happiest man on earth, and he will make her the happiest woman, for he is as good as gold—according to his lights," he could but add.

By this time he and the archbishop together had primed the duchess. She had been in an agony for days. She had despised and spurned the thought to begin with, and then an old friend, a distant cousin, whose son had married a rich American, had come to see her, and they had wept over past glories—and concluded that nothing could be done but make the best of the evil times.

"These Americans are not really like the vulgar rich of other countries," the mother in law of the American millions had said.

"They are very docile. They take advice and follow your leading quite blindly, and they become presentable presently. And I understand this M. Massey has billions. Does Berthe rebel?"

"She knows nothing," her aunt said, quite scandalized. "It is the thought of the archbishop. One of the Americans, a man who has been brought up quite like a gentleman, is the—the means."

"My son rebelled," the other sighed.

For a moment only, Culbertson saw Berthe before she left his dinner. He had taken a suite in which to give it, and there was a balcony which overlooked the Champs Elysées, banked tonight with roses.

All the evening, Massey had been beside her, looking at her, speaking to her with his heart in his eyes and trembling on his tongue. He was full of the poetry of an unspoiled American boy—for all his wheat; and she was like every ideal which had ever been precious to him.

But for an instant she eluded him and passed through the draped window on to the balcony, and Culbertson followed her. The rows of lights with the dark lines of trees between led up to the Arc de Triomphe, which loomed high against the sky in that city of low houses. Fiacres, carriages, people who laughed, went by. It was gay Paris. Even in the dim light Culbertson could see that her cheeks were red, that there was a something in her face which does not belong in the face of a young French girl. He started to speak, and then he put his hand on the railing near hers, and they stood facing each other. The rose trees were around, behind her. Her beauty, and the spiritual vibration of her exquisite femininity struck his senses almost like a pain. The perfume of the roses seemed to be part of her. She laughed.

"Have you come to see if I think he will do?" she said.

Culbertson turned his head and looked away to where the moon hung over a distant towered mount.

"You are singular for a French girl, after all," he said.

"You must have realized that when you came to me with your—proposition."

"Yes, I think I did. If you had not been singular, if I had not felt that you were one to seize an opportunity, one to whom great things should come, one who would understand, who could use tools, I should never have come to you."

"Do you think it a great thing for me to marry that—boy?"

"He is a man. Men have found him a man."

"I believe he is all you say. I can see

that he is good. But do you know how old I am? I am not a girl; I am twenty seven years old."

"I must have known—that—too," Culbertson said slowly. All at once he had a sensation that he had been asleep and was waking up to vague trouble.

That night Massey wrung his hand hard when he said good night. Then he hesitated, and clipped the end of a cigar, as though he would like to stay and smoke. He was the last, and Culbertson was anxious for him to go, but he was as charmingly interested as though he were welcoming his first guest instead of speeding his last.

"I think," Massey said deliberately, "that the French way of bringing up girls is right. It is—it must be—delightful for a man to know that the woman he marries has never been alone with another man; that she has read no bad books, has seen no vulgar plays, that her mind is white and sweet, and that it is his task to keep it so. I think it ought to make better men."

"Yes," Culbertson said.

"I suppose you wouldn't like to walk about a bit? It's a fine night."

"Not tonight," Culbertson said again. But after Massey had gone he did walk, away up to the top of that towered mount over which the moon hung.

He did not see her again for several days, and then it was at a great function. All the relatives had accepted Massey almost at once, and his wooing sped. The story of it was not yet in the American papers. The *Paris Herald* had not heard of it. Mlle. de Berneville belonged to the class of Frenchwomen whose friends do not advertise them.

The season was almost over, and people were flying out of Paris as the tourist came in, when one day Culbertson went to the de Berneville *hôtel* to call.

He did not know why. He went because he could not help it. Massey had called twice at his apartment that day, and both times he had sent word he was out.

He was not particularly surprised when Berthe came in to see him alone. She looked very girlish, very young, with her shirt waist and white collar like an American girl.

"Have you come to congratulate me? To make the final arrangements?" she said lightly.

"Has it come to that?"

"Have you not heard? It was yesterday. It is to be announced immediately after we go to the country. M. Massey has not yet spoken to me. It has all been arranged with my aunt. I am to be spoken to in the country. He thinks he will like that."

There was little sunshine in the dingy old room, with its heavy, tarnished gilding, faded silk, and records of past splendors. Culbertson thought she looked white in the gloom.

"That is why I am allowed to see you alone. I am—in my aunt's eyes—betrothed, and you are the—friend."

"I am glad I am that."

"Mr. Massey has been most generous. He and my aunt spoke of settlements at once. They were the important thing—and must be finished before I am spoken to." There was a faint little smile on her lips, but none in her eyes. "His settlements will quite restore the family. They are splendid."

She spoke quite rapidly, with some hesitation now and then; and then, still not looking at him, "My aunt has been without a fortune so long that—that I am afraid she will be a little peculiar just at first." Culbertson wondered why she was telling him this.

"She will, of course, speak to you—and perhaps she will not be so generous. But I want you to know that Mr. Massey is going to give me a great income. I myself, afterward, will make any arrangement you—think proper." She was breathless when she stopped, and Culbertson was on his feet his eyes blazing and his face as white as death.

"Berthe!" he said. "Berthe!" and there was anger and agony in his tone. He had never dared to speak her name aloud before,

but he knew now that he must have said it over to himself thousands of times.

The girl stood, too, and her face also was white, and her teeth held a trembling lower lip.

"Did you think——" He had to stop and swallow that the words might find a way through his dry throat. "Did you think that I was arranging a marriage for the woman I loved—for money?" The last word echoed with scorn.

"Why not?" she said wildly. "Why should I think better of you than you thought of me? What else could I think? You are all—selling me. What is it for except for money? Do you love Mr. Massey so much that you——"

Their eyes were clinging to each other while they spoke. What did words mean? The meaning was there in each other's eyes for each to read. The training of a lifetime fell from Culbertson in his supreme emotion, and he was just a simple American man, with the absolute certainty that he had a right to the woman he loved so long as she loved him and was not the wife of another man. The primal instincts were strong in him, and as for her—a woman is always a woman, and she finished that sentence in an unintelligible murmur in Culbertson's neck. It was not fair to Massey, but it is not always the good whom fortune favors, nor the villain who is disappointed; for life is always life.

SURRENDER.

"Ah, sweet, sweet heart, pray give me a rose
To carry with me today,
A white, white rose, like your own pure heart,
A talisman in the fray."

"I give you a red, red rose, dear heart,
For my heart's true love, deep red;
Not the white rose for surrender, dear;
Farewell!" she softly said.

On a bloody battlefield he lies
With his face turned to his foes,
And the withered rose is stained and dark
Where the life blood ebbs and flows.

And a maiden murmurs sad and lone
Where the summer roses bloom,
Filling the air with the spicy scent
Of their subtle, sweet perfume:

"The red rose blooms for the noble heart,
Pulseless beneath the sod,
But the white is mine for surrender
Of him I loved best to God!"

Mary F. Nixon.

OUR NATIVE ARISTOCRACY.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

The American millionaire, the "club man," and the "society woman," as pictured in the popular literature of the day, and how these familiar types of fiction differ from those of real life.

IF I could have this country made over to suit myself, I would fit it out with a complete set of titled aristocrats, not because I think that they would be of any public benefit, but simply because I could use them in my business. Whatever we may think about hereditary legislators and noblemen and caste and laws of precedence, there is no doubt that they are of enormous value to the writer of books or plays. Take those elements out of the fiction and dramatic literature of England, and see how much would remain. Then consider the condition of the Israelites who were compelled to make bricks without straw, and you will have an idea of the disadvantages under which American writers have been laboring since colonial days.

Having no recognized aristocracy of our own, we have been compelled to create one; or, to speak more accurately, a sort of nobility has grown up in the popular mind, and now, with the unanimous indorsement of all the society columns, actually seems to stand for something. This nobility consists chiefly of millionaires, club men, and the females of their species who are termed "society" women and belles.

Perhaps the most important of all these personages is the millionaire, who may be said to hold a place in the popular esteem not unlike that enjoyed by dukes and earls in Great Britain, while those within reach of the vast Vanderbilt or Astor inheritances may safely be compared to princes or dukes of the blood royal. A society woman is a woman who rides in a carriage with two men on the box, and does nothing except amuse herself; while a club man is one who is seldom without a silk hat, always has his trousers well creased, is never seen after six except in evening dress, and spends most of his waking hours in the window of his club, conversing with others of his kind. The "society belle" is, according to the popular estimate, always beautiful, generally frivolous, and invariably the possessor of gorgeous apparel and splendid jewels, which she wears at every hour of the day and night.

My objection to our aristocracy is that its different grades are not sufficiently distinct for literary or dramatic use, and that it is difficult for the writer to draw a picture of a man worth two millions that is in any essential particular different from that of the superior aristocrat who is worth twenty millions. This is strange, when we think of the vast gulf that lies between the millionaire and the unfortunate who has been able to accumulate only a paltry hundred thousand dollars or so, and especially when we recall the pitiful attempts that have been made from time to time to create a sort of brummagem aristocracy of "quarter millionaires," "half millionaires," and other equally contemptible persons.

But the lines are becoming more and more strongly marked with each succeeding year and, thanks to the efforts of the society reporter, information concerning our native nobility is so freely disseminated nowadays that it may not be long before native writers will have something tangible to work on in the way of American caste. About half a century ago, according to the chronicles of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, himself a member of one of the most illustrious families in our plutocracy, there was an "upper ten thousand" in New York. A decade ago Mr. McAllister put the number at four hundred, and of late there have been certain abortive attempts to limit the peerage to thirty five. But the term "Four Hundred" has taken such a strong hold on the popular fancy that it will be many a year before any other numerical limitation of social supremacy will be generally accepted.

In the serial fiction which found place in story papers like the *New York Ledger* a quarter of a century ago, Congressmen, Governors of States, judges, and bankers, with their immediate families, were put forward as embodiments of exalted rank. Bronson Howard was thus enabled to bestow upon one of his early dramas of American society the convincing and readily understood title of "The Banker's Daughter." But nowadays statesmen seem to have fallen into disrepute,

and the writer who desires to enchain the fancy of story readers must give them a hero who is either a millionaire three or four times over or else a member of the "Four Hundred." In view of the fact that these millionaires, club men, and "society" women and belles enjoy a distinct place in ephemeral American literature, it is perhaps worth our while to say a few words concerning their counterparts in real life, and to show how these differ in certain essentials from their representatives in fiction.

One of the strangest superstitions about the millionaire is one that is fostered not so much by story writers as by word of mouth. This relates to his prodigality in money matters. How often do people exclaim, "That man must be a millionaire twice over! I saw him pay for four bottles of wine in a Broadway saloon the other night without turning a hair"—when, of course, as a matter of fact, it practically never happens that a veritable plutocrat drinks champagne in a Broadway café. It is well known that half a dozen sanguine racing men will spend more money in that way in one evening than will all the members of the Standard Oil Company in the course of their lives. In short, what is known as "wine opening" is more likely to be a sign of pecuniary desperation than of long inheritance or great accretions.

In the popular mind, the gentleman of wealth and high breeding invariably keeps a valet, whom he talks about and parades before the gaze of his friends and acquaintances with an ostentation similar to that which characterizes a boy with his first silver watch. The *Marquis of Sneyne*, one of the greatest swells as well as one of the most unscrupulous scoundrels in the whole range of modern fiction, and the character who, of all others, conveys to us a vivid and truthful idea of what English caste really is, may or may not have kept a valet, but certainly there is not a single allusion to that servitor to be found between the covers of "Vanity Fair." And nowhere in the whole volume does the real spirit of high station show itself more strongly than in his involuntary ejaculation when *Becky* tells him how much she is obliged to spend on her table in order to maintain her position in society. "Gad! I dined with the king yesterday, and we had boiled neck of mutton and turnips for dinner."

No, the man who talks about his valet among decent people, or anywhere, in fact, except in the literature of modern snobdom, is either voted a bore or else openly ridiculed. Nevertheless, in the minds of the vulgar, the "man" of latter day fiction enjoys a degree of distinction not unlike that which was accorded in Coney Island, some years ago, to

John Y. McKane's coachman, a functionary who received a warm welcome everywhere as befitting one who "rides every day in the same carriage with the chief."

In millionaire society the distinctions of wealth are not as sharply drawn as the writers of *Ledger* serials would have us believe. A great many persons of very limited means enjoy the very best standing in society, and are even eagerly sought by the families of plutocrats because of their superior connection. Nor is there any general disposition to snub poor young men in accordance with one of the most time honored of serial traditions. On the contrary, there is no place in the world where a poor young man can succeed better, provided he possesses any social qualifications whatever, than among these self same millionaires, club men, and society women who constitute our native aristocracy.

A great many story readers would probably be bitterly disappointed, were they to enter the realms of fashion, by the simplicity in matters of dress which prevails there. It would dispel many a cherished dream were they to behold a "belle of Murray Hill" arrayed in a morning gown of gingham, and with no diamond necklace around her neck or emeralds in her ears. It is true that the making of her dress may have cost a great deal, but at least there will be no ostentation in its material. Her lover, who never appears in the pages of the weekly story paper except in a frock coat with long tails, or the conventional broadcloth prescribed for evening wear, and seldom without his high silk hat, goes out to walk with her in rough, well worn clothes, thick soled shoes, and a cloth cap, and looks anything but the popular ideal of what he really is.

The conversation at the breakfast table does not hinge altogether upon the amount of money possessed by the different friends of the family, nor does the mother urge upon her daughters the necessity for marrying money, certain weekly story literature to the contrary notwithstanding. In many old fashioned serials it was customary to represent the purse proud millionaire commanding his daughter to marry a foreign nobleman, pictured in the wood cut as a cross between a bandit and a bunco steerer, while the daughter declares her intention of wedding a mechanic who wears overalls and makes chairs and tables for a living. In real life the daughter will sometimes marry a foreign nobleman, but the millionaire is more than likely to prefer the mechanic for a son in law, because in that case he at least knows what he is getting.

The daughters of wealth and fashion, by the way, are far more particular now than

ever before in regard to alliances with foreign noblemen. Those bearing French, German, or Italian titles are not looked upon with favor, and even the "well connected Englishman," who was once so eagerly sought after, is now expected to give some substantial reason for a butterfly existence before the doors of desirable houses are thrown open to him.

The exalted classes are never "agog"—whatever that may be—when one of their number opens a flower store, or sublets the family name to a dressmaker, or "goes into trade," as the society reporters put it. The fact is, so many of the best of our millionaires are, or have been, in trade of some sort or other themselves that they can endure the spectacle with a fair degree of equanimity.

The stage is largely responsible for the erroneous impressions that prevail concerning the ultra refinement and ivory polish that characterize the highly placed in private life. In what are known as "society plays" the manners of the actors are marked by a degree of flourish and exaggerated courtesy which is never seen in real life outside of a barber's shop. The stage aristocrat will gravely offer his arm to the lady whom he wishes to escort across the room; the actresses assume attitudes that they have seen in fashion plates, and the pretended members of the nobility vie with one another in the haughtiness of their demeanor. The result of all this is a portrayal of millionaire and society life that would awaken the ridicule of any one who had ever seen the inside of a decent house.

The late Dion Boucicault was once rehearsing a play of his which dealt with aristocratic society, when his attention was attracted by the antics of an actress who was assuming the airs and graces which seemed

to her to be a part and parcel of drawing-room manners.

"And what are you doing?" demanded the dramatist, as he fixed his searching eyes upon her. "You're trying to play a lady, aren't you?" he continued.

"Yes, that is my part," she replied, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, aren't you a lady?" he demanded significantly. No further reproof was needed, and when the play was produced there was one woman in the cast, at least, who looked and acted as if she were accustomed to drawingrooms.

No, millionaires and society people are no more elaborate in their courtesy or particular as to their manners than are those who are less fortunately placed. Indeed, some one has said with considerable truth that "only middle class people have good manners; smart people don't need them." But to their credit, be it said, they are not haughty in their treatment of acquaintances who are worth anywhere from forty cents to a hundred thousand dollars, or who do not get their names into the society chronicles of the day.

Nor are they in the habit of talking about their possessions. In fact, they are rather inclined to deplore hard times, and to refer in terms of pointed regret to the various economies that they are compelled to practise. The talk about money, and how much Mr. Oiltrust is worth, and how much Mrs. Oiltrust spends, and how many men in livery serve the guests at one of her dinner parties, is heard chiefly in cheap boarding houses. After a season of conversation of this sort, it is a positive relief, as I can personally testify, to meet people who are devoid of that ostentatious pride of purse of which we hear so much at boarding house dinner tables.

THE OLD DAY DREAM.

THE old day dream! Strive as I may,
I cannot drive its shade away;
For tho' I seek where sunbeams fall,
Their glinting light her smiles recall
Till thoughts of her turn gold to gray.
Ah, vain regret! She was my day
In that far time. The pleasant way
Was where she led me in her thrall—
The old day dream!

Could it one constant pang allay,
Or to the empty heart convey
One thrill of pleasure at its call,
Such joy would recompense for all;
And I would welcome and bid stay
The old day dream.

James King Duffy.

FIVE LETTERS AND A CALL.

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX.

The tangled love affairs, real and imaginary, of John Stockton Morrowby—A businesslike proposition, and an unbusinesslike change of plan.

JOHN MORROWBY sat in his room in Montrose, New Jersey, writing a letter. The room was large and pleasant, and from the two west windows one could look out upon trim lawns, pretty country places, and hard, white roads bordered with elm trees. In the distance was the long, blue green "brow" of the Orange "mountain." John was smoking a brier pipe, and his attitude showed concentration of thought. This is what he wrote:

BROWVIEW, August 3, 1897.

MY DEAR PRENTISS:

I know that, being engaged to Vida Lincoln, you are not supposed to have any secrets from her. Still, there is a matter which I should greatly like to discuss with you, which must be in strict confidence. I do not wish to be the cause of your having any secrets from her, but this case is of such vital interest to me and, I think, to you also, that I feel justified in asking your permission. Think it over and let me know.

How go the mines, and are you investing your savings in mining stock? If so, may they all prove small Klondikes to you and may your path of progress be lined with gold and glory!

Montrose is about as usual. The new Field Club house is popular as ever, and we hope to have some jolly dances there this winter. Am just off for a game at the tennis grounds, so farewell.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN STOCKTON MORROWBY.

Having finished his letter and his pipe at the same time, Mr. Morrowby stamped the one and hung the other up in the leather wall case. Descending to the lawn, he mounted his wheel and rode off for a game of tennis in the beautiful Montrose grounds. As he entered the inclosure he doffed his cap to the fair occupants of a pony cart, two buckboards, and a four in hand coach which had lumbered majestically in for a few moments on the way to Summit for dinner. On the green level in the center of the shaded grounds a dozen young men in white duck trousers and pink and blue outing shirts were playing. Their alertly moving figures contrasted sharply with the dark green background.

As John stood watching the final of a set

of doubles at his end of the grounds, Eliot Lincoln and his sister rode in on their wheels, with their rackets tied to the handle bars.

"Hello, John! Waiting for a chance?" Eliot sang out as he dismounted.

"Hello, Eliot! Good afternoon, Vida," John answered, joining them and stacking his wheel with theirs. "I'm awfully glad you came. Yes, why can't we make up a four? This set is just finished."

"All right, I'll ask Miss Bloodgood over there; she has her racket, I see;" and Eliot went across to one of the pony carts.

"I've just been writing to him," said John, smiling at Miss Lincoln.

"Who is *him*?" she asked.

"There should be but one him to you," John replied banteringly. "To Wilkes Prentiss, of course. He's a friend of mine out at the mines, you know. I've just asked him if I could have a secret with him which you were not to be in."

Miss Lincoln colored a little and laughed happily.

"How very aggravating!" she exclaimed. "Of course, if you don't want to tell me I don't want to know; but you are horrid to tell me about it. I don't see why you can't confide in me, too, John; you have never had cause to regret doing so in the past."

"I know it, Vida," John said, more gravely. "You have always been a mighty nice friend to confide in, but in this case——"

"Shake it up, over there; here's the court!" called out her brother from the net, and in a minute more the quartet had added another picturesque group to the animated scene.

Ten days later, John received the following letter:

CRIPPLE CREEK, August 8, 1897.

DEAR MORROWBY:

Of course you may. Go ahead perfectly frankly. Vida knows all my secrets, but there is no reason why she need know yours—unless you want her to. She and I have a perfect understanding about those things, and you know how sensible she is. Tell me all about it, old man, and I'll do the best I can for you.

Progress here is slow, and I have not made any investments for the simple reason that I have not been able to save anything. A student of mining engineering nowadays does not easily find the golden road to glory, and a comfortable berth in Denver with a modest salary is the best I can hope for for a good many years yet.

Your suggestion of Montrose gaieties makes me realize what a lucky dog you are to be among them. I get a little blue now and then, but what's the use? I know my road, and I'm going to stick in it. Give my regards to the fellows, And believe me,

Yours, pegging away,
WILKES PRENTISS.

In writing his reply to the young engineer, the attitude of Mr. John Stockton Morrowby showed even more concentration of thought than in his first communication. It was rather long, and John meant every word in it.

BROWVIEW, August, 15, 1897.

DEAR PRENTISS:

I am going to write you in absolute frankness, and shall keep nothing back. Whatever your feelings are in regard to what I say, I trust you will express them with equal honesty. I should feel very sorry, indeed, if I thought our regard for each other was to be in the least impaired.

As you know, Vida Lincoln and I are old friends. We have always been much together, and since you went away a year and a half ago, I have been with her neither more nor less than when you were here. We have so many interests in common that we naturally see each other often. When I want to fall back on a girl for a ride or a drive I take her, and when she wants a man to fill a dinner chair at the last moment, or take her to the Country Club, when her brother can't go, she calls on me.

Had I any idea of what was coming from all this, I never should have continued in this beautifully platonic but dangerous manner, but I have recently awakened to the fact that, from my side, the platonic part of it has entirely faded away. I am more in love with Vida than I had ever believed I could be with any one. In fact, I—well, I won't go into harrowing details, when you know me well enough to believe that when I say I am in love, I am *in love*! You also know me well enough to understand that I have not given Vida the faintest suspicion of such a thing. That I am successful in this dissimulation is evident from the fact that she treats me precisely as she always has done. If she thought I was trying to take advantage of your absence, you know how she would recoil from me.

I realize perfectly well that she has promised to marry you, and I have no right to enter the lists, but I believe, Prentiss, old man, that this is a peculiar case, and, knowing your conscientious and analytical trend of mind, I am going to explain what I mean.

Neither your love for a woman nor mine is that selfish, blindly passionate kind that demands possession of its object under any conditions. We love in a way that wishes, first of all things, happiness to the woman, even if oneself has to

be sacrificed. I feel that this is the highest and most honorable kind of love, and the kind a woman such as Vida deserves. Now, if you felt that some one else could make her happier in life than you could, what would you do? Or, in other words, if I feel conscientiously that, should she love me, I could make her happier than you could, ought she to have the opportunity of changing? If she loves you wholly and devotedly, of course that settles it, for with her love is the only thing that is all important. But let us look at it for a moment in the abstract.

You and she were engaged almost before she entered society, and soon after that you went west. You are a scientist and a practical man. You will succeed in life, and are almost sure to do more useful work for the world than ever I shall do. But if Vida marries you, she must leave her home and all her friends, and begin life anew in Denver. You say your hopes are only for a modest salary for a good many years to come. You must be away all day, and she knows nothing about hydraulics or silver mine shafts.

On the other hand, I have plenty of leisure and money. Vida loves music, and I am working at composing and musical criticism. We have everything in common. Should she marry me, she could travel, hear the best music in Europe, study and live where she wished, and my own work would be directly in line with all her interests in life.

Shall I put the case before her? I will tell her that I have written you, and that you have given me permission, simply because you had her best welfare at heart. If you say no, it is needless to say that she shall never know of what has passed between us or within my own heart. You may depend upon my loyalty to you.

This has been a hard letter to write, and I could not imagine myself writing it to any one but your old dear self. Good by, old man, and, for Heaven's sake, write soon to one who is trying to see things in the right way.

Always your friend,
JOHN MORROWBY.

When this letter was completed, the writer sealed and addressed it with elaborate care, then sat back in his chair and consumed three pipefuls of birdseye in solemn procession.

Then he went down, mounted his wheel, and rode over to the Lincolns'.

Two weeks later the following letter came to him.

CRIPPLE CREEK, August 24, 1897.

MY DEAR JOHN:

I have spent the last few days tramping furiously over these hills, trying in vain to calm myself and get into a mood in which a letter to you would be possible. I understand fully every word in your letter, and appreciate the situation absolutely. I honor you for the honorable—yes, noble—way you have met a situation which I can only regard as a catastrophe.

Ever since Vida came into my life, she has been the end and aim of all my ambitions and

hopes. I have had a hard life of it here, John, harder than I should like to admit, and the one thing that has cheered and encouraged me has been the love that girl has given me and the adoration I have for her. Your own life is so rich and so full of happiness—you have home and friends and everything that wealth and culture can give you—that you cannot, perhaps, appreciate and understand just what this means to me. The mere thought of a possibility of Vida going out of my life has completely unnerved me. For two days I was almost ill over it. Then I grew calmer, and tried to realize the question from her standpoint. You say my love for her is unselfish. Of course I wish her to be happy above all things—yes, even at the sacrifice of myself; and yet I fear I have been all too selfish in my love for her, for I find that I had never quite realized all that her marriage to me might mean to her till you put it in—pardon the expression—cold blood on paper before me. What you say may be true, though that thought almost kills me. Heaven knows I want to do what is right for her and for myself and—for you.

As I work here drearily day by day, it is the constant vision of her that inspires me with courage. I feel her spirit always with me and—but, as you say, I will not go into harrowing details.

Yes, John, speak to her. Tell her I told you to put the case before her. I know how she loves music, and how she would delight in travel and opportunity for study, and—God help me!—let me know at once the result. I will not write her again till I hear from you—will say I have a pinched hand or something. Let me know at once, John.

Yours,
WILKES.

This letter came in the morning delivery, and John Morrowby found it at his breakfast table. He read it in the quietness of his room, then read it again, and then finally put it carefully in his pocket. Then he mounted his wheel and rode to Milburn and Short Hills, and after circling among the picturesque stone residences there struck across to the main road and climbed the long hill toward Summit. When he reached Chatham he turned and rode quickly back to Summit, made a detour down to Beechwood, coasted to Milburn, then rode slowly home. He had ridden, perhaps, twenty five miles.

He spent the afternoon in his room, and that evening he wrote the following letter to Cripple Creek, putting on the envelope a special delivery stamp.

BROWVIEW, August 29, 1897.

DEAR WILKES:

It's all right!—for you, I mean, not for me. I have been around there this afternoon, and, without committing myself in any way, found that my case was absolutely hopeless. We talked about you and your work and prospects, and she in her confidential way—heaven bless her!—told me in a

beautifully sweet and simple manner how your love had come into her life and glorified it, and how all her future hopes and plans were with you, and how—but again I will refrain from harrowing details. She little suspected what all that meant to me, and I got away as soon as I could. I hope she didn't think me bored or unsympathetic.

And now, my dear fellow, I feel that this has been a somewhat remarkable correspondence of ours, and I grieve that I should ever have been the cause of putting you to the agony you evidently have suffered. We have both acted up to the light that we could get, and have been honest with ourselves and with each other.

You wrote me a letter that I appreciate with all the feelings of honor and duty within me, and I can only say that all the work and hardship that will ever come to you out there alone among the mines or anywhere else will be more than paid for by the love Vida Lincoln has for you and for you alone.

I am thinking of going away somewhere for a trip.

God bless you both!

Faithfully your friend,

JOHN STOCKTON MORROWBY.

John Morrowby had not been near Miss Lincoln for three days.

The afternoon of the 1st of September was bright and summery. Vida Lincoln, seated in a shady corner of her porch, where honeysuckle vines screened her from the avenue across the wide lawn, was embroidering "sunbursts" upon a white linen cover for her tea table. Skeins of glossy, pale colored silks lay on the table beside her.

Presently John Morrowby walked leisurely across the lawn, wheeling his bicycle, and she rose delightedly to greet him, dropping the scissors which were in her lap. He greeted her in his affectionate, friendly way, picked up the scissors, and seated himself luxuriously in the large wicker chair near her. As has been seen, John was a conscientious fellow, and yet while the last letter he had written to Prentiss, as far as the conversation he had described with Miss Lincoln went, had been pure fiction, his conscience was seemingly not troubling him in the least.

Soon he lighted the kettle for his companion, and while they were sipping their tea he remarked quietly.

"Vida, do you remember that girl I met in the woods last summer? I told you about her the day you drove me to Montclair."

Vida put down her cup and took up her work. She knew he was not expecting any particular response, so she simply waited. She did not remember the girl, but John was always having girls. She must have forgotten, she thought. But the real reason why she did not remember her was because there never had been such a girl.

"I had a letter from her this morning," he continued. "She spoke most affectionately of our friendship, and——"

Vida bit off the pink silk and looked up sympathetically.

"And she said she knew I would rejoice with her in a great happiness that had just come into her life."

Vida put down the tea table cover on her lap and rested her hands quietly upon it.

"They will be married during the holidays," he continued slowly, his imagination now in active working order. "By the way, Vida," he went on, with an air of relief at having finished a somewhat dangerous subject, "I have an uncle out in Denver, a mining expert and capitalist. He wants a young man to help him in his personal affairs, and I have written him about Wilkes. If he likes

him, it will mean simply everything to—to you both."

"John dear!" Vida exclaimed, jumping up impulsively and again dropping her scissors; "that's just like you; you always are doing nice things for people. Oh, I do hope your uncle will like Wilkes!" she added wistfully.

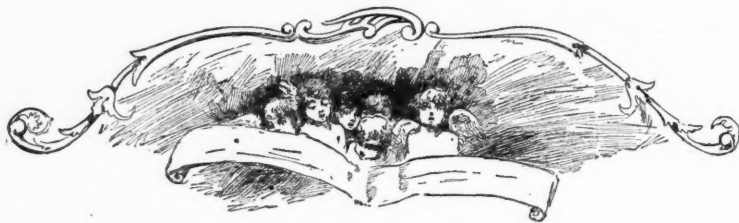
John held her hand for a moment, and then descended the porch steps and picked up his wheel.

"I decided a few days ago to run over to Dresden for the winter," he said. "I want to see if I can't compose something decent."

"Was it a few days ago or this morning?" she asked archly.

John grinned and prepared to mount.

"Vida," he said, "don't presume upon old friendship. You ask too many questions."



CLORINDA'S VIOLIN.

CLORINDA took it from its case,
That stolid thing of wood;
She lifted it anear her face—
How well it understood!—
Then, while I burned with envious ire,
She laid her dimpled chin,
All pink with girlhood's first faint fire,
Upon her violin.

No wonder that it sudden woke
To ecstasy of life.
Such touch from granite might evoke
Love's rapture and love's strife.
No wonder that Clorinda's bow
Drew from each pulsing string,
Such harmony as Heaven must know,
When choired angels sing.

Oh, I am but a stolid thing,
With lips that mutely fail
My heart's pent melodies to sing
In passionate plaint or wail;
But if Clorinda once should rest
That little dimpled chin
Against my stupid wooden breast,
I'd shame her violin!

Lulah Ragsdale.

THE RISE AND FALL OF SPAIN.

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

A GREAT HISTORICAL ROMANCE IN BRIEF—HOW SPAIN SUDDENLY ROSE TO THE FIRST PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS, AND HOW HER DAYS OF GREATNESS AND GLORY HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED BY THREE CENTURIES OF STEADY DECADENCE.

THERE is no more remarkable and romantic chapter in the history of the world than that which tells the story of modern Spain—of her sudden and tremendous expansion, of her rapid and seemingly irremediable decay. It is one of the most tragic of historical dramas, though among its dark passages of blood and crime, of cruelty and treachery, of persecution and oppression, there are bright pages of loyalty, heroism, and enterprise.

Every historian, every poet, every traveler has felt the fascination of the strange land that nature has cut off from the rest of Europe by the encircling sea and by the mighty mountain wall of the Pyrenees. Many another has known the spell that Longfellow voiced :

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore !
What dreams romantic filled my brain
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador !

At the dawning of modern history—usually dated as beginning with the latter half of the fifteenth century—Spain, like Italy, was merely a geographical expression. Carthage had been her mistress, and then Rome. Her days of honor as the foremost province of the Cæsars' empire, the motherland of such great Romans as Trajan and Hadrian, Martial and Lucan, Seneca and Quintilian, had been followed by successive waves of barbaric invasion, by a Gothic kingdom that lasted three hundred years, and by the coming of the



THE GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE. THE ALCAZAR WAS THE PALACE OF THE MOORISH RULERS OF SEVILLE, AND LATER WAS FREQUENTLY THE RESIDENCE OF THE SPANISH KINGS. THE GARDENS WERE LAID OUT BY CHARLES V.



THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. THIS EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF THE GREATEST MONARCH OF HIS AGE—CHARLES V, EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE, KING OF SPAIN AND NAPLES, AND DUKE OF BURGUNDY—IS ESTEEMED BY MANY CRITICS AS THE FINEST PORTRAIT PAINTED BY ANY OF THE OLD MASTERS.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Titian in the Prado, Madrid.

conquering Saracen from Africa. For seven centuries cross and crescent had made the peninsula their battle ground, the bloody frontier between them being pushed now forward and now back, but moving gradually southward as the Moorish power declined. Cordova had had its hour as the first city of medieval Europe, and the center of western civilization. The north and the center of Spain had been divided between the Christian states of Aragon, Navarre, and Castile, which latter had absorbed Leon and Asturias. Facing toward the Atlantic,

Portugal, once overrun by the Moors, and then tributary to Castile, had regained her independence. The followers of Islam still held their own in Andalusia, where they had set their last stronghold and most imperishable monument, the Alhambra, upon the citadel hill of Granada:

THE BIRTH OF A NEW SPAIN.

It was at this historical moment that modern Spain was to be born. From her division and isolation she was suddenly to become a nation, to be brought into

contact with the outer world, and to assert her supremacy over almost half of it—all within a single generation. Almost as quickly she was to be dethroned, to see her power decay and her scepter pass into other hands. The great drama was to

elements of strength and the seeds of decay. The sword was her weapon in the winning of empire. For seven hundred years Spain had been a school for soldiers, and had been breeding a race of them. Her nobles lived in the field, "warring,"



THE PALACE OF SAN TELMO AT SEVILLE. THIS RICHLY DECORATED PALACE, WITH ITS FINE GARDENS AND PICTURE GALLERY, IS NOW THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUC DE MONT-PENSIER, A DISTANT COUSIN OF THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY.

have its heroine—a woman who has a far better title than Elizabeth of England or Catherine of Russia to be called the greatest queen of history; it was to have its villains—only too many of them—and its picturesque and stately figures.

The young nation that grew so suddenly to mighty stature, and whose hands reached out so swiftly for world wide dominion, had within herself both the

as Burke says, "against their Moslem rivals as a constant duty, and against their Christian neighbors as a no less constant pleasure." Her armies, led by the Great Captain, Gonsalvo of Cordova, proved as irresistible in Europe as they were under Cortez and Pizarro in the new world. From the battle of Seminara, in 1503, for more than a century of almost constant fighting, the Spanish infantry



PRINCESS ISABELLA, DAUGHTER OF KING EMMANUEL OF PORTUGAL, AND WIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Titian in the Prado at Madrid.

never suffered a defeat. It was not until Rocroy, in 1648, that their prestige was finally shattered, and they learned that others had outstripped them in the arts of war.

THE WOOING OF A SPANISH PRINCESS.

If Don Pedro Giron, a nobleman of the court of Henry IV of Castile, had lived a few days longer, the later history of Spain

might have been differently written. Henry, the last prince of the ancient house of Trastamara, had insisted that his sister should marry Don Pedro; and although the young Princess Isabella protested, preparations were made for the wedding, which would probably have taken place had not the expectant bridegroom died. Thereupon the princess found refuge in a convent, where she was



"CHARLES V AND FRANCIS I." FRANCIS I OF FRANCE, DEFEATED BY CHARLES AT PAVIA AND BROUGHT AS A CAPTIVE TO MADRID, REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE OFFERED BY HIS CONQUEROR. AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT HE ACCEPTED CHARLES' TERMS, BUT AFTER HIS RELEASE HE REPUDIATED THEM—A CURIOUS SEQUEL TO THE FAMOUS DESPATCH HE SENT FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF PAVIA—
"ALL IS LOST SAVE HONOR."

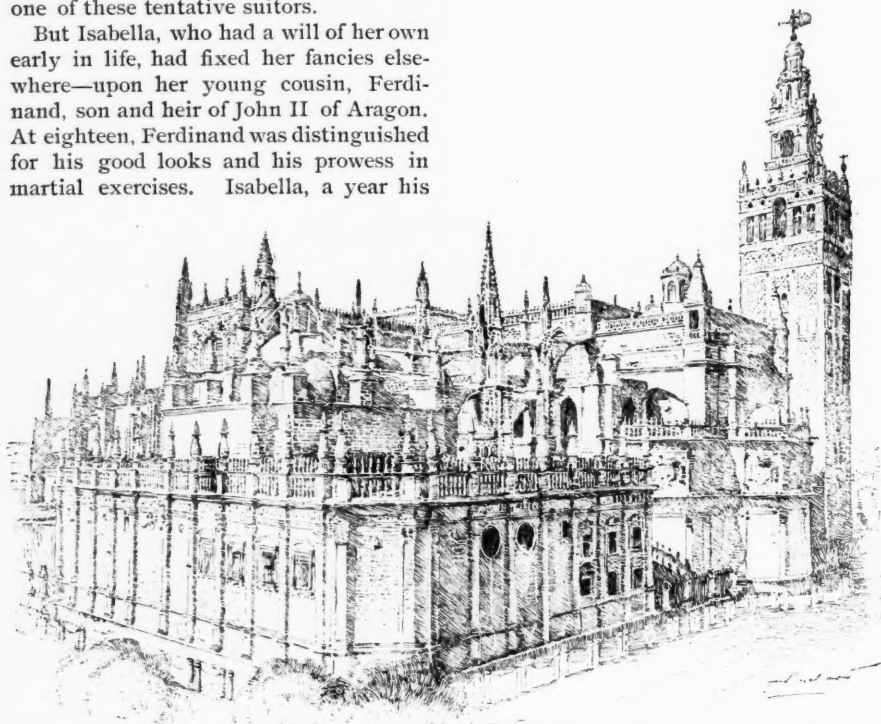
From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Adam Treidler.

not further molested, although, her brother being childless, many foreign princes would gladly have wooed the heiress to the Castilian crown. The Duke of Gloucester, afterwards execrated as the hunchback Richard of England, was one of these tentative suitors.

But Isabella, who had a will of her own early in life, had fixed her fancies elsewhere—upon her young cousin, Ferdinand, son and heir of John II of Aragon. At eighteen, Ferdinand was distinguished for his good looks and his prowess in martial exercises. Isabella, a year his

the battlements before the travelers were recognized. He met the princess at Valladolid, and there, in a private house, with very little of ceremony, they were married.

It is illustrative of the ethics of the



THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, THE GRANDEST MONUMENT OF MEDIEVAL SPAIN. THE CATHEDRAL, ONE OF THE THREE OR FOUR LARGEST AND GRANDEST IN EUROPE, WAS BUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES, FOLLOWING THE BROAD RECTANGULAR PLAN OF AN EARLIER MAHOMETAN MOSQUE. OF THE FINE BELFRY, THE GIRALDA—OF WHICH THE TOWER OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IS A MODIFIED COPY—THE LOWER PART IS MOORISH, THE UPPER PART SPANISH, ADDED IN 1568.

senior, had the blue eyes and golden hair of her English grandmother, a daughter of John of Gaunt, and was described by one of her household as "the handsomest lady I ever saw." The Aragonese king and prince welcomed the match; but they had enemies both in their own country and in Castile, and when Ferdinand set forth to meet his bride he traveled in disguise, with a company of merchants. He arrived at the castle of Burgo de Osma, which was held by adherents of Isabella, in the night, and had a narrow escape from being killed by a stone thrown from

country and the time to learn that there were some scruples about this marriage of cousins, and that, in order to quiet them, the King of Aragon, being on unfriendly terms with the Pope, forged, with the assistance of the Archbishop of Toledo, a papal bull authorizing the union. Years later, when Isabella discovered the forgery, another Pope, Sixtus IV, gave her a genuine document, which he obligingly dated back to the time of the marriage.

Isabella's wedding day was the 19th of October, 1469. Five years later her



PHILIP II OF SPAIN. TITIAN WAS THE FAVORITE PAINTER OF CHARLES V, WHO SUMMONED HIM FROM ITALY TO THE IMPERIAL COURT AT AUGSBURG; AND THIS PATRONAGE WAS CONTINUED BY PHILIP II UNTIL THE GREAT PAINTER'S DEATH IN 1576.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Titian in the Prado at Madrid.



DON CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP II OF SPAIN. THE BEST MONUMENT OF THE SPANISH COURT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY IS THE SPLENDID SERIES OF PORTRAITS OF KINGS AND QUEENS, PRINCES AND PRINCESSES, NOW PRESERVED IN THE ROYAL GALLERY.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Coello in the Prado at Madrid.

brother's death left her Queen of Castile, Leon, and Asturias.

THE GREATEST QUEEN OF SPAIN.

The situation that this young queen of twenty four had to face was not an easy one. Castile had been unlucky in its rulers. The court was traditionally vicious; the treasury was empty; the church was corrupt—as was scarcely

strange when it had been a recognized practice for the king to appoint his cast off mistresses to high places in religious orders. The peasantry were sturdy but undisciplined; the roads swarmed with robbers. A great number of licensed mints, and others that dispensed with any license, were turning out debased money, and commerce was at a standstill.

Isabella undertook nothing less than



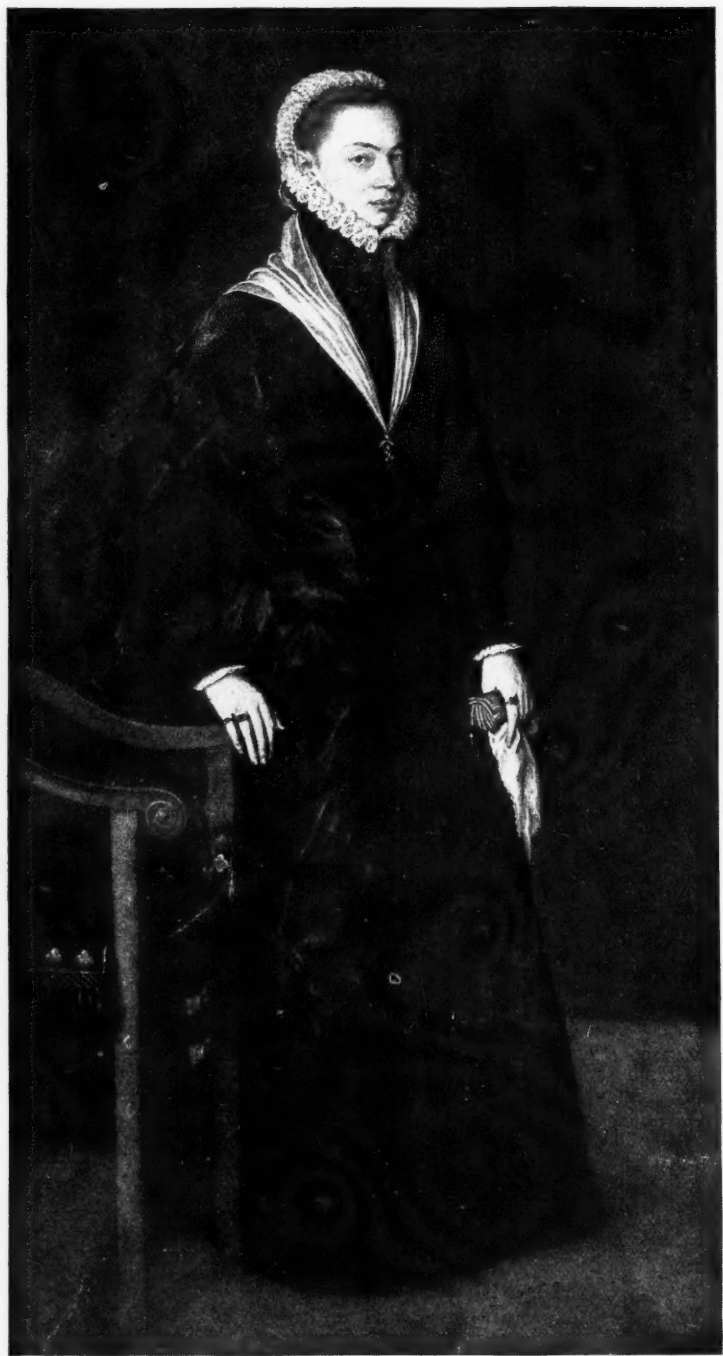
INFANTA ISABELLA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II OF SPAIN. THIS IS A VERY CHARACTERISTIC, BEAUTIFUL, AND DIGNIFIED PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH PRINCESS IN THE GREAT DAYS OF SPAIN.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Coello in the Prado at Madrid.

the entire reorganization of the government. She traveled everywhere and personally investigated every abuse. She instituted the famous police force of the Santa Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, whose value was proved by the fact that at the end of the century turbulent Spain was accounted the most orderly country in Europe. She razed fifty castles of robber knights, and exiled more than a thousand of the marauders. She deprived

many of the Castilian grandees of the privileges and grants of public property bestowed upon them by her spendthrift brother.

A disturbing element had been the prerogatives usurped by the three great military orders of Calatrava, Santiago, and Alcantara. Isabella extinguished their power by a neat stroke of diplomacy. She secured Ferdinand's election to the headship of all three, thus making



THE ARCHDUCHESS JOANNA OF AUSTRIA, DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.
From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Moro in the Prado at Madrid.



THE INFANTA JUANA (ARCHDUCHESS JOANNA), DAUGHTER OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA OF SPAIN. THE SUBJECT OF THIS PAINTING IS NOT POSITIVELY KNOWN, AND IT HAS ALSO BEEN CATALOGUED AS A PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTA ISABELLA, JOANNA'S SISTER.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Rafael in the Louvre.

them mere appanages of the crown. She reformed her court. She made roads and bridges, and abolished the private mints. And all that she did was accomplished without bloodshed or civil disorder.

A new era of prosperity opened for Spain. Industry and commerce flourished; the steel of Toledo, the silverwork of Valladolid, the silk of Granada, the leather of Cordova, and the wool that was the peninsula's choicest product, went across the seas in the ships of Barcelona. And over all was a strong, centralized

government, with an overflowing treasury. When Isabella came to the throne, the public revenue was less than a million reales (\$50,000); in 1504 it had risen to forty two million reales.

THE EXPANSION OF SPAIN.

In 1479, when King John died, Ferdinand and Isabella were rulers of all Spain except the little corner of Navarre, of which Ferdinand's sister was queen, and the Moorish kingdom of Granada. To the conquest of the latter they deliber-

ately set themselves. There were eleven years of war, in which, if Ferdinand was the leader of armies, Isabella was their organizer; years whose detailed story, with the first exploits of the Great Captain, the romance of Boabdil, and the

pared to the tremendous expansion that followed.

On the 2nd of January, 1492, Isabella entered Granada. On the 12th of May, in the same year, Columbus left the old Moorish city with his commission as



PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. THIS PORTRAIT, SHOWING KING PHILIP IN CORSELET AND PLUMED HAT, WITH A BATON OF MILITARY COMMAND IN HIS HAND, IS CONSIDERED TO BE THE FINEST OF VELASQUEZ' PORTRAITS.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

tragedy of the Abencerrages, may be found in the histories; years that end with "the last sigh of the Moor" as he turned, on his journey toward exile, for a farewell look at the white minarets of the Alhambra.

The Spaniards' conquest of their ancient foes echoed through the world. It was celebrated by a "Te Deum" sung in St. Paul's Cathedral by order of Henry VII. But it was a small success com-

"admiral of the ocean," and set forth to win a new world for Spain. This, too, was the queen's doing, for when, after long consideration of his plan, Ferdinand finally dismissed the Italian sailor, Isabella summoned him, and promised the ships and money he needed, assuming the undertaking "for her own crown of Castile," and declaring herself ready to pawn her jewels if her treasury had been emptied by the war with the Moors.



QUEEN ISABELLA, WIFE OF PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. DURING THE LONG REIGN OF PHILIP IV (1621-1665) VELASQUEZ WAS BOTH COURT PAINTER AND QUARTERMASTER GENERAL OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD. HE PAINTED ABOUT FIFTY PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

From a photographure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

When the Italian sailor returned from his first memorable voyage, neither he nor the sovereigns who welcomed him had any conception of the epoch making magnitude of his discovery, or of what it meant to Spain and to civilization. This was gradually unfolded, as Columbus was followed by Vespucci, Magalhaes, Sebastian Cabot, Cabeza da Vaca, and the other navigators who have put Spanish names upon half the great headlands of the eastern and western seas. "Are there no regions yet unclaimed by Spain?" asked an English poet. The question was no idle one, for the Catholic Kings regarded almost the whole extra European world as their domain; and its richest

parts they systematically and unscrupulously drained of treasure.

The result, to Spain, was a sudden and immense increase of the nation's wealth, with a baneful effect upon the national character. Gold and silver were sent across the Atlantic literally in hundreds of tons. The native rulers were mercilessly plundered of their possessions. Their people were enslaved and set to labor in mines that poured forth precious metals to enrich the conquerors. Adventurers went out to America, and in a few years returned as millionaires. Countless stories are told of the wild extravagance of the *nouveaux riches*. A soldier who married the daughter of a nobleman in Barcelona



DON BALTHASAR CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP IV OF SPAIN. THIS YOUNG PRINCE, WHO AFTERWARDS CAME TO THE THRONE AS CHARLES II (1665-1700), WAS THE LAST OF THE HAPSBURG LINE OF SPANISH KINGS.

From a photogravure by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

gave away twelve million reales in alms on his wedding day. Another returned Spaniard stood at a window in Madrid and threw two barrels of coins into the street, to watch the populace scrambling for the money.

THE CHAMPION OF SLAVERY.

But other causes were more directly at work to effect the downfall of Spain. Her

ruin was already beginning when her greatness was new, and both the greatness and the ruin were the work of the same hands. Strong and far sighted empress as she was, Isabella was a typical Spaniard. She belonged to modern history in date, but not in spirit. She represented systems and ideas that had had their day. She had no vision of the dawning of liberty as the light of the world. Her



MARIA CHRISTINA, QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.
From a photograph by Debas, Madrid.

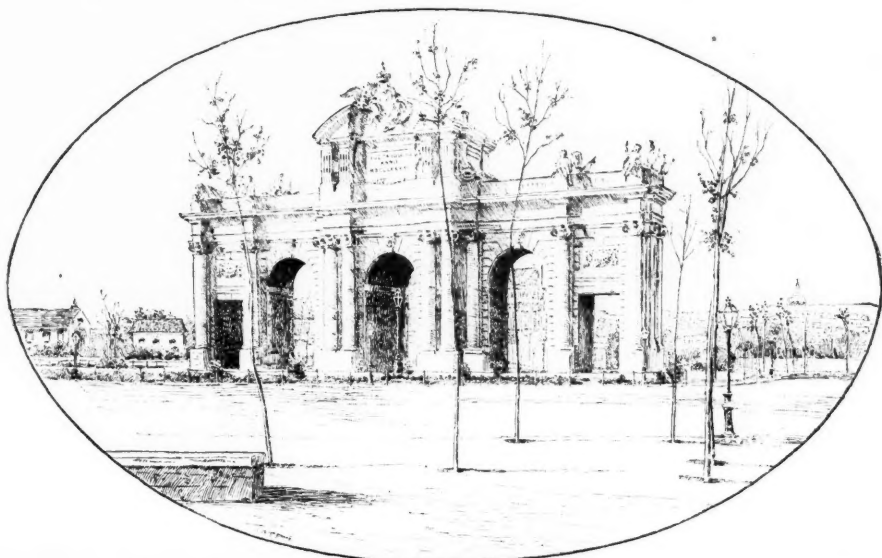


ALFONSO XII, THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.
From a photograph by Debas, Madrid.

eyes were turned to the sunset—to which Spain has been looking ever since.

During the century of her material

greatness and military glory—say from the conquest of Granada to the destruction of the Armada—Spain stood forth as



THE ALCALA GATE, MADRID. THIS TRIUMPHAL ARCH WAS BUILT BY CHARLES III (1759-1788), WHO WAS PROBABLY THE MOST CAPABLE RULER SPAIN HAS HAD SINCE THE DEATH OF THE GREAT ISABELLA. HE RESTRICTED THE POWER OF THE INQUISITION, EXPELLED THE JESUITS FROM SPAIN, AND RECOVERED MINORCA FROM THE ENGLISH.



ALFONSO XIII, THE BOY KING OF SPAIN. ALFONSO WAS BORN MAY 17, 1886, SIX MONTHS AFTER HIS FATHER'S DEATH, AND WAS PROCLAIMED KING OF SPAIN ON THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH, WITH HIS MOTHER AS REGENT.

From his latest photograph by Valentin, Madrid.

the great champion of slavery for the minds and bodies of men. There was no Renaissance, no Reformation, south of the Pyrenees. While thought was striking off its shackles elsewhere, the Spanish primate was publicly burning manuscripts suspected of hostility to the church. When strangers were welcomed in the intellectual and commercial world of every other civilized land, Spain was banishing the Jews, who constituted her financial

strength, and persecuting the Moors, her most industrious and inventive citizens. In her stubborn loyalty to dying ideas, she poured out her blood in a disastrous struggle against the forces of the modern world. "She remained," says Burke, "an old fashioned tyrant, odious, if dreaded, in the day of her power, merely contemptible when that power passed."

Of all the nations, at the opening of modern history, Spain had the grandest

opportunity, and most signally wasted it; and as her own most famous writer has said: "There are no birds in last year's nest."

Something somber and austere
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned—
A terror in the atmosphere,
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada the austere
His ghostly sway maintained.

There are Spanish writers who dare to defend the Inquisition—a fact which proves that courage is not extinct in the land of the Cid. Yet even the devout Isabella, who permitted the awful institution to be planted among her people, did not view it with entire equanimity when she lay on her deathbed. "I have caused great calamities," she said; "I have depopulated towns and provinces and kingdoms, for the love of Christ and of his Holy Mother; but I have never touched a maravedi of confiscated property. I have used the money in educating and dowering the children of the condemned"—the truth of which latter plea is questioned by historians.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

Spain, of course, is not the only country in which unspeakable cruelties have been done in the name of a God of mercy. Other lands had their Sicilian Vespers and their St. Bartholomew's Eve, their massacres of Muret and Carcassonne, their fires of Smithfield, their harrings of Waldenses or Hussites; but it is not strange that the Inquisition should be specially identified with Spain. It grew out of the work of a Spaniard of Castile—St. Dominic, who founded the order that bears his name as a weapon for the reclamation of the heretic. It was a Spanish pope—the masterful and unscrupulous Borgia, Alexander VI—who did most to spread its power. It is the Spaniard Torquemada, a member of Dominic's order, who is pilloried in history as the minister of its most hideous excesses.

To Isabella and her money loving consort, the establishment of the Inquisition was to a great extent a revenue measure. A very important feature of the system was that while one third of the convicted heretic's goods were forfeited to the church, two thirds went to the state. But

this addition to the public revenue was dearly bought. The inquisitor's reign was one of terror. No citizen was safe from the secret denunciation that led to the secret trial and the almost certain conviction. The flimsiest and most far fetched charges were enough to forfeit the victim's life; or if his life were spared, his property almost never was, for there was not an acquittal in a thousand cases. Two bishops were accused on the ground that their fathers, rich Jews, had recanted Christianity on their deathbeds. One was condemned for this paternal offense; the other escaped only by a direct appeal to Rome.

HOW SPAIN SHED SPANISH BLOOD.

So widespread was the fear of the Inquisition, that nobles, to insure their personal safety, would assume the sable livery of the "familiares" of the Holy Office. That it profoundly affected the national character, there can be no doubt. Burke sums up its results as "a rapacious government, an enslaved people, a hollow religion, a corrupt church, a century of blood, three centuries of shame." As to its actual number of victims, authorities differ widely. They must have been shockingly numerous, for it is recorded that in the first year of its operation—1481—in the province of Seville alone, more than two thousand people perished at the stake as heretics. And where Torquemada slew his thousands in Spain, his disciples in the New World relentlessly slaughtered their ten thousands.

Nor is this the whole tale of the disastrous bigotry of Spain's first great monarch. The year 1492, which saw Isabella enter Granada and despatch Columbus to the discovery of America, witnessed a third event pregnant with meaning for Spain and the world—the expulsion of the Spanish Jews. This was the most barbarous and disastrous persecution of the Hebrew race in the history of Europe. Two hundred thousand people, who, as has been said, constituted Spain's commercial backbone, were consigned nominally to banishment, actually to spoliation and death. They were allowed to sell their property, but forbidden to carry the money out of the country; and while to stay in Spain was a capital offense, the

Pope passed a bull enjoining all foreign governments to arrest "fugitive Jews" and return them forthwith to the Spanish authorities.

In the same spirit, ten years later, another royal edict declared Islam abolished in the Spanish dominions. As much mercy was shown to Isabella's Mahometan subjects as to the Jews. The decree that exiled them forbade them to seek refuge in Africa or any Mussulman country.

Such was Spain in her day of greatness. A blight was upon her growth; she was self doomed to decay. Her expansion was to continue for a time, for in the year of Isabella's death, her Great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, gave Ferdinand, as the spoil of war, the crown of Naples and Sicily. The conquest of Navarre, a few years later, pushed the same king's frontier to the Pyrenees. To his grandson there came the sovereignty of Burgundy and the Netherlands by inheritance, and the imperial crown of Germany by election. His great grandson secured a temporary hold upon the duchy of Milan and the kingdom of Portugal; but this aggrandizement of her rulers brought weakness rather than strength to Spain.

SPAIN'S FOREIGN DYNASTIES.

Indeed, with Ferdinand ends the history of Spain's Spanish kings. She was to be ruled, henceforth, by two foreign dynasties—the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Bourbons of France.

Marvelously fortunate in other respects, Isabella and her consort were unlucky in their children. Their only son died a few weeks after his marriage to a daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. Their eldest daughter, her mother's namesake, married two princes of Portugal successively. To her second husband she bore a son, heir to both the peninsula's crowns, but she died in childbirth and her son followed her to the grave in infancy.

Another daughter was the unhappy Catharine, the wronged wife of Henry VIII of England. Another—Juana, or Joanna—lived to be the mother of a long line of kings, and to endure a fate far worse than early death. For her Isabella arranged a marriage with the Archduke Philip of Austria, son of the Emperor

Maximilian, thus forging a double bond between her royal house and that of Hapsburg. The young archduke inherited the sovereignty of Burgundy from his mother, Mary, the only child of Charles the Bold. After Isabella's death he and his wife left Brussels, then the capital of their duchy, for Spain, to assert Joanna's rights as heiress to the Spanish crown. Not far from the frontier, at the village of Vallafila, Ferdinand met them.

A CHAPTER OF SPANISH DIPLOMACY.

The story of the meeting at Vallafila is characteristic. The only building in which the princes could confer was the village church, and there there was a long interview with closed doors. When the doors opened, a treaty was publicly proclaimed, by which Ferdinand not only recognized the prospective rights of "his most beloved children"; he ceded them the throne of Castile absolutely and immediately. He had decided to betake himself to his Italian kingdom of Naples. Such was the announced settlement; but Ferdinand and Philip had also made a private agreement that the archduke alone should have power in Spain, and that Joanna and her adherents should be excluded from all share in the government by the forces of both the contracting parties. And at the same time and place this veteran master of Spanish diplomacy had executed a formal document before an apostolic notary, setting forth that "unarmed and attended by only a few servants he had fallen into the hands of his son at the head of a great armed force; that all his acts were void, and that he solemnly protested against the wrong done his daughter."

But Joanna's fate was sealed; and so was her husband's.

Ferdinand said a tender farewell to his "beloved children," and sailed for Naples, leaving a trusted familiar to be Philip's personal attendant. Within three weeks Joanna was shut up in the fortress of Tordesillas, it being announced that she had lost her reason; and Philip was dead—of a sudden chill, the court physicians said; but there were not unnatural suspicions of poison. Ferdinand came back to Spain, to die there, and to recognize his grandson, Charles, as his heir; but there was

no mercy for Joanna from father or son, and she remained a prisoner at Tordesillas for forty six years, to the day of her death.

THE HAPSBURG KINGS OF SPAIN.

Born at Ghent, brought up at his father's court in Brussels, Charles never saw Spain until nearly two years after he became its king. Two years later, he left it to take the imperial crown of Germany, and thenceforth his interests seemed to lie beyond the Pyrenees. He waged his wars as a German and Italian sovereign, and as the self constituted arbiter of Europe; Spain was but the storehouse from which he drew his revenues and the material for his armies. He never was much more than a visitor to the peninsula till, a worn out old man at fifty five, weary of the world and all it had to offer, he gave up his thrones and retired to his sybaritic cell in the monastery of Yuste—a fruitful text for sermons upon the vanity of human ambition.

For four more generations the crown of Spain passed from father to son in the Hapsburg line. Of these four monarchs—Philip II, Philip III, Philip IV, and Charles II—the first named is familiar in history as the husband of Mary of England, who lost Calais by being drawn into his quarrel with France, and as the king who sent the Armada to crush the insolence of his dead wife's sister, Elizabeth. The Armada's disastrous failure, shattering Spain's maritime prestige, and leaving the command of the sea to be fought for by Holland and England, and to be won by the latter, was merely an incident in the country's steady decline.

It has been the unique ill fortune of Spain that of the thirteen sovereigns she had between the great Charles and the boy Alfonso, scarcely one possessed even the average of character and ability. A beneficent autocrat might have arrested her decay; these were autocrats—for two centuries the tribute of the colonies rendered them independent of representative bodies, and from 1713 to 1789 the Cortes never met; but they were almost uniformly weak, cruel, and utterly immoral and incapable. Two or three were notoriously tainted with insanity.

Ruled by such men, and by the ministers they chose, it is no wonder that since

the sixteenth century Spain's history has been a long catalogue of disasters. Burgundy, Milan, Naples, and Sicily passed from her; Portugal and the Netherlands revolted and regained their independence. When her last Hapsburg king died childless, bequeathing his crown to a French prince, the grandson of Louis XIV—who thereupon declared that "the Pyrenees no longer exist"—she was harried in the long War of the Spanish Succession, which ended with further losses of territory, and with the English flag posted at Gibraltar.

SPAIN AS THE SPORT OF NAPOLEON.

Then Europe was upheaved by the French Revolution. Spain at first joined the powers allied against France, and a French army invaded her; then she took sides with France, and England captured Trinidad, and cut off her commerce with America. Promising to drive the British from Gibraltar, Napoleon took Louisiana from her—to sell it to Jefferson three years later—and compelled her to contribute to the expenses of his grand project for invading England. Trafalgar followed, forever ending the sea power of Spain.

Next Napoleon and the reigning Spanish Bourbon, Charles IV, signed an agreement for the invasion and partition of Portugal. To carry it out, a French army crossed the Pyrenees, marched to Madrid—and stayed there. Charles found himself ousted, and Napoleon ordered his brother Joseph to the vacant throne.

But there was unexpected resistance. Spain's navy was destroyed and her army crushed, but her peasantry had still the sturdy loyalty and the fierce fanaticism of their medieval forefathers. A desperate and merciless guerrilla warfare followed.* "I will cut down the

*The Spanish *partidas*, or guerrilla bands, constantly hovered about the French armies, shooting stragglers, murdering the wounded, and giving no quarter to prisoners. Nor were the commanders of the regular forces much more scrupulous. Of the army corps of Dupont, which surrendered to the Spaniards on condition of immediate return to France—which condition was utterly disregarded—only a remnant survived after four years' terrible suffering. And the French, in turn, repaid these cruelties in kind. After the battle of Ucles (Jan. 13, 1809), sixty eight of the leading inhabitants of the town were tied two and two together and slaughtered in cold blood. At Tarragona, in 1811, the French troops massacred more than five thousand unarmed citizens.

people with grapeshot," Napoleon said. "Spain is already in most places a solitude, without five men to a square league." There were enough Spaniards left, however, to inflict upon him the most serious losses he had ever suffered; and England repaid his intended invasion of her inviolate isle by sending Wellington to drive his legions out of the peninsula. From the battlefield of Vittoria, where the French were routed as signally as they were two years later at Waterloo, King Joseph fled over the frontier with nothing except the clothes he wore, leaving behind him a great baggage train of treasures stolen from the palaces of Madrid.

THE BOURBONS, TWICE EXPELLED, TWICE RETURN.

Little did Spain profit by the expulsion of the Bonapartes. She went back to the Bourbons—with a new constitution, which the restored king, Ferdinand VII, disregarded as soon as he was reestablished in his throne. Since then, in eighty years, there have been six more new constitutions, all equally good—on paper.

Meanwhile, during the peninsula's domestic troubles, the vast provinces of Spanish America had fallen into the political unrest which has ever since been their normal condition. In one after another of them, patriots or adventurers seized their opportunity to set up the standard of revolt, and Spain's efforts to restore her rule were feeble and futile.

After 1821 she retained not a foot of ground upon the mainland of America.

The scandals of the reign of Isabella II—an unworthy namesake of the patroness of Columbus—are within living memory. They culminated in a revolution, and an invitation to an Italian prince—Amadeo, the brother of King Umberto—to take the vacant throne. After three years he found his position at Madrid intolerable, and resigned. It was only to be expected, with a people so utterly devoid of training in self government, that the republic which followed should prove a worse failure than the monarchy; and the restoration of the Bourbons, in the person of Isabella's son Alfonso, the father of the present king, was welcomed as a relief after two years of anarchy, even at the cost of a civil war with the adherents of his cousin, Don Carlos—unquestionably the rightful heir to the throne by the old Salic law.

Of Spain's present troubles, of the losses and disasters now threatening her, it is unnecessary to speak here. Her Hapsburg dynasty lasted a hundred and eighty three years; her Bourbon kings have governed her, with two brief intervals, for a hundred and eighty eight. Whether their rule will complete its second century seems very doubtful; but whatever régime may be in power at Madrid, it is difficult to discern on the political horizon any dawning star of hope for Spain. Her ancient glories have passed away, never to return.

SUMMER NIGHT.

Long have they battled, Night and Day,
Which one shall hold the sway supreme.
From Day's last stand the sunset gleam
With golden arrows holds the way,
And rainbow banners lend the fray
Their glory—till the last fair beam
Is quenched, as fades a broken dream,
Or sunshine of a storm swept day.

Long has the struggle been, but Night,
The victor, strikes the final blow;
Then, generous to a vanquished foe,
Hangs 'mid the shades soft orbs of light;
So all his hours so darkly gray
Wear still some presage of the Day.

Laura Berteanx Bell.

SWALLOW.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Swallow" is a story of South Africa, where Anglo Saxon, Boer, and Kaffir still struggle for supremacy, and the reader is like to forget his environment and imagine that real life is being enacted before him; that he, too, lives and loves and suffers with Ralph Kenzie and Suzanne, the Boer maiden—This is one of the best stories from Mr. Haggard's pen since "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SWALLOW is the name given by the Kaffirs to Suzanne, daughter of a Boer, Jan Botmar, whose wife is the teller of the story. Long years before, the worthy couple adopted Ralph Kenzie, an English lad, a castaway, whom Suzanne had found when they were both children, and who, when he reaches his nineteenth year, is discovered to be the son of a Scotch lord and the heir to vast estates. Two Englishmen have come out to the Cape to look for him, whereupon Jan and his wife, though heartbroken at the thought of losing him, for they have come to look upon him as their own son, decide that they must give him up. Ralph, however, stoutly refuses to leave them, and tells them of his love for Suzanne and that he means to make her his wife. When the two Englishmen arrive Jan Botmar and Ralph are away, and the cunning *wrouw* persuades them that the youth is not he whom they seek. Shortly after their departure, Swart Piet, a rich Boer who has Kaffir blood in his veins, visits the Botmar homestead. He has fallen in love with Suzanne, but she repulses his advances. A few days later, while riding some distance from her home, the young girl comes upon Swart Piet and some of his henchmen as they are about to hang a young native woman known as Sihamba for alleged cattle stealing. Working on the girl's pity, Piet forces her to kiss him as the price of the woman's life, and, not content with that, he crushes her in his arms and covers her face with kisses. The girl finally escapes and reaches her home, where she tells her father and Ralph of the occurrence, first, however, exacting a promise from her lover that he will not try to kill the man. Sihamba, who is now destitute, has followed Suzanne home, where, at her earnest solicitation, she is permitted to remain.

XI.

EARLY the next morning I sought for Ralph to speak to him on the matter of his marriage, which, to tell truth, I longed to see safely accomplished. But I could not find him anywhere, or learn where he had gone, though a slave told me that he had seen him mount his horse at the stable.

I went down to the cattle kraal to look if he were there, and as I returned, I saw Sihamba seated by the door of her hut engaged in combing her hair and powdering it with the shining blue dust.

"Greeting, Mother of the Swallow," she said. "Whom do you seek?"

"You know well," I answered.

"Yes, I know well. At the break of dawn he rode over yonder rise."

"Why?" I asked.

"How can I tell why? But Swart Piet lives out yonder."

"Had he his gun with him?" I asked again and anxiously.

"No, there was nothing but a sjambok, a very thick sjambok, in his hand."

Then I went back to the house with a heavy heart, for I was sure that Ralph had gone to seek Piet van Vooren, though I said nothing of it to the others. So it proved, indeed. Ralph had sworn to Suzanne that he would not try to kill Piet, but here his oath ended, and therefore he felt himself free to beat him if he could find him, for he was altogether mad with hate of the man. Now, he knew that when he was at home it was Swart Piet's habit to ride of a morning, accompanied by one Kaffir only, to visit a certain valley where he kept a large number of sheep. Thither Ralph made his way, and when he reached the place he saw that, although it was time for them to be feeding, the sheep were still in their kraal, baa-ing, stamping, and trying to climb the

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gate, for they were hungry to get at the green grass.

"So," thought Ralph, "Swart Piet means to count the flock out this morning. He will be here presently."

Half an hour afterwards he came, and with him the one Kaffir as was usual. Then the bars of the gate were let down, and the sheep suffered to escape through them, Swart Piet standing upon one side and the Kaffir upon the other, to take tale of their number. When all the sheep were out, and one of the herders had been brought before him and beaten by the Kaffir because some lambs were missing, Swart Piet turned to ride homewards, and in a little gorge near by came face to face with Ralph, who was waiting for him. Now he started and looked to see if he could escape, but there was no way of doing it without shame, so he rode forward and bid Ralph good day boldly, asking him if he had ever seen a finer flock of sheep.

"I did not come here to talk of sheep," answered Ralph, eyeing him.

"Is it of a lamb, then, that you come to talk, Heer Kenzie, a ewe lamb, the only one of your flock?" sneered Piet, for he had a gun in his hand and he saw that Ralph had none.

"Aye," said Ralph, "it is of a white ewe lamb whose fleece has been soiled by a bastard thief who would have stolen her," and he looked at him.

"I understand," said Piet coldly, for he was a bold man; "and now, Heer Kenzie, you had best let me ride by."

"Why should I let you ride by when I have come out to seek you?"

"For a very good reason, Heer Kenzie: because I have a gun in my hand and you have none, and if you do not clear the road presently it may go off."

"A good reason, indeed," said Ralph, "and one of which I admit the weight;" and he drew to one side of the path as though to let Piet go by, which he began to do, holding the muzzle of the gun in a line with the other's head. Ralph sat upon his horse staring moodily at the ground, as though he was trying to make up his mind to say something or other, but all the time he was watching out of the corner of his quick eye. Just as Swart Piet drew past him, and was shaking the reins to put his horse to a canter, Ralph slid from the saddle, and, springing upon him like light, passed his strong arm round him and dragged him backwards to the ground over the crupper of the horse. As he fell he stretched out his hands to grip the saddle and save himself, so that the gun which he carried resting on his knees dropped upon the grass.

Ralph seized it and fired it into the air, and then turned to face his enemy, who by this time had found his feet.

"Now we are more equally matched, Mynheer van Vooren," he said, "and can talk further about that ewe lamb, the only one of the flock. Nay, you need not look for the Kaffir to help you, for he has run after your horse, and at the best will hardly care to trust himself between two angry white men. Come, let us talk, Mynheer."

Black Piet made no answer, so for a while the two stood facing each other, and they were a strange pair, as different as the light from the darkness: Ralph fair haired, gray eyed, stern faced, with thin nostrils, that quivered like those of a well bred horse, narrow flanked, broad chested, though somewhat slight of limb and body, for he was but young, and had scarcely come to a man's weight, but lithe and wiry as a tiger; Piet taller and more massive, for he had the age of him by five years, with round Kaffir eyes, black and cruel, coarse black hair that grew low upon his brow, full red lips, the lower drooping so that the large white teeth and a line of gums could be seen within, great limbed, firm footed, bull strengthened, showing in his face the cruelty and the cunning of a black race mingled with the mind and the mastery of the white, an evil and a terrible man, knowing no lord save his own passions, and no religion but black witchcraft and vile superstition, a foe to be feared, indeed, but one who loved better to stab in the dark than to strike in the open day.

"Well, Mynheer van Vooren," mocked Ralph, "you could fling your arms about a helpless girl and put her to shame before the eyes of men, now do the same by me if you can;" and he took one step towards him.

"What is this monkey's chatter?" asked Piet, in his slow voice. "Is it because I gave the girl a kiss that you would fix a quarrel upon me? Have you not done as much yourself many times, and for a less stake than the life of one who had been doomed to die?"

"If I have kissed her," answered Ralph, "it is with her consent, and because she will be my wife; but you worked upon her pity to put her to shame, and now you shall pay the price of it. Do you see that whip?" and he nodded toward the sjambok that was lying on the grass. "Let him who proves the best man use it upon the other."

"Will be your wife," sneered Piet—"the wife of the English castaway! She might have been, but now she never shall, unless she cares to wed a carcass cut into *rimpis*. You want a flogging and you shall have it,

yes, to the death, but Suzanne shall be—not your wife, but my—”

He got no further, for at that moment Ralph sprang at him like a wildcat, stopping his mouth with a fearful blow upon the lips. Then there followed a dreadful struggle between these two; Swart Piet rushed again and again, striving to clasp his antagonist in his great arms and crush him, whereas Ralph, who, like all Englishmen, loved to use his fists, and knew that he was no match for Piet in strength, sought to avoid him and plant blow after blow upon his face and body. This, indeed, he did with such success that soon the Boer was covered with blood and bruises. Again and again he charged at him, roaring with pain and rage, and again and again Ralph first struck and then slipped to one side. At length Piet's turn came, for Ralph, in leaping back, caught his foot against a stone and stumbled, and before he could recover himself the iron arms were round his middle, and they were wrestling for the mastery. Still, at the first it was Ralph who had the best of it, for he was skilful at the game, and before Swart Piet could put out his full strength he tripped him so that he fell heavily upon his back. Ralph still locked in his arms. But he could not keep him there, for the Boer was the stronger; moreover, as they fought they had worked their way up the steep side of the kloof so that the ground was against him. Thus it came about that soon they began to roll down hill fixed to each other as though by ropes, and gathering speed at every turn. Doubtless the end of this would have been Ralph's defeat, and perhaps his death, for I think that, enraged as he was, Black Piet would certainly have killed him had he found himself the master. But it chanced that his hand was stayed, and thus. Near the bottom of the slope lay a sharp stone, and as they rolled in their fierce struggle Piet's head struck against this stone so that for a few moments he was rendered helpless. Feeling the grip of his arms lessen, Ralph freed himself, and running to the sjambok snatched it from the ground. Now Piet sat up and stared at him stupidly, but made no effort to renew the fight, whereon Ralph gasped:

“I promised you a flogging, but since it is chance that has conquered you more than I, I will take no advantage of it, save this;” and he struck him once or twice across the face with the whip, but not so as to draw blood. “Now, at least I am free from a certain promise that I made—that I would not kill you—and should you attempt further harm or insult towards Suzanne Botmar, kill you I will, Piet van Vooren;” and

turning he went to his horse, which was standing close by, mounted, and rode away, the other answering him nothing.

Still, Ralph did not get home without another adventure, for when he had gone a little way he came to a stream that ran from a hillside which was thick with trees, and here he stopped to doctor his hurts and bruises, since he did not wish to appear at the house covered with blood. Now, this was a foolish enough thing to do, seeing the sort of a man with whom he had to deal, and that there was bush where any one could hide to within a hundred and twenty yards of his washing place. So it proved, indeed, for just as he had mounted his horse and was about to ride on, he felt a sharp, stinging pain across his shoulders, as though some one had hit him on the back with a whip, and heard the sound of a gunshot fired from the cover of the bush, for there hung a cloud of smoke above the green leaves.

“That is Swart Piet, who has crept round to cut me off,” Ralph thought to himself, and for a moment was minded to ride to the smoke to seek him. Then he remembered that he had no gun, and that that of his enemy might be loaded again before he found him, and judged it wiser to canter into the open plain and so homeward. Of the hurt that he had taken from the bullet he thought little, yet when he reached the house it was seen that his escape had been narrow indeed, for the great ball had cut through his clothes beneath his shoulders, so that they 'ung down leaving his back naked. Also it had furrowed the skin, causing the blood to flow copiously, and making so horrible a sight of him that Suzanne nearly fainted when she saw it, and I made certain that the lad was shot through the body, although as it turned out in a week, except for some soreness, he was as well as ever.

Now this matter caused no little stir among us, and Jan was so angry that, without saying a word to any one, he mounted his horse and, taking some armed servants with him, set out to seek Black Piet; but not to find him, for the man had gone, nobody knew whither. Indeed, this was as well, or so we thought at the time, for though Jan is slow to move, when once he is moved he is a very angry man, and I am sure that if he had met Piet van Vooren that day the grasses would have been richer by the blood of one or both of them. But he did not meet him, and so the thing passed over, for afterwards we remembered that Ralph had been the aggressor, since no one would take count of this story of the kissing of the girl, and also that there was no proof at all that it

was Piet who had attempted his life, as that shot might have been fired by any one.

Now, from this day forward Suzanne went in terror of Swart Piet, and whenever Ralph rode, he rode armed, for though it was said that he had gone on one of his long journeys trading among the Kaffirs, both of them guessed that they had not seen the last of Van Vooren. Jan and I also were afraid, for we knew the terrible nature of the man and of his father before him, and that they came of a family which never forgot a quarrel or left a desire ungratified.

About fourteen days after Ralph had been shot at and wounded, a Kaffir brought a letter for Jan, which, on being opened, proved to have been written by Swart Piet, or on his behalf, since his name was set at the bottom of it. It read thus:

TO THE HEER JAN BOTMAR:

Well beloved Heer, this is to tell you that your daughter, Suzanne, holds my heart, and that I desire to make her my wife. As it is not convenient for me to come to see you at present, I write to ask you that you will consent to our betrothal. I will make a rich woman of her, as I can easily satisfy you, and you will find it better to have me as a dear son in law and friend than as a stranger and an enemy, for I am a good friend and a bad enemy. I know there has been some talk of love between Suzanne and the English founding at your place; but I can overlook that, although you may tell the lad that if he is impertinent to me again, as he was the other day, he will not for the second time get off with a whipping only. Be so good as to give your answer to the bearer, who will pass it on to those that can find me, for I am traveling about on business, and do not know where I shall be from day to day. Give also my love to Suzanne, your daughter, and tell her that I think often of the time when she shall be my wife.

I am, well beloved Heer, your friend,

PIET VAN VOOREN.

Now, when Ralph had finished reading this letter aloud, for it had been given to him as the best scholar among us, you might have thought there were four mad people in the room, so great was our rage. Jan and Ralph said little, indeed, though they looked white and strange with anger, and Suzanne not overmuch, for it was I who talked for all of them.

"What is your answer, girl?" asked her father presently, with an angry laugh.

"Tell the Heer Piet van Vooren," she replied, smiling faintly, "that if ever his lips should touch my face again it will be only when that face is cold in death. Oh, Ralph!" she cried, turning to him suddenly and laying her hand upon his breast, "it may be that this man will bring trouble and separation on us; indeed, my heart warns me of it, but, whatever chances, remember my

words, dead I may be, but faithful I shall be—yes, to death and through death."

"Son, take pen and write," said Jan before Ralph could answer. So Ralph wrote down these words as Jan told them to him:

PIET VAN VOOREN:

Sooner would I lay my only child out for burial in the grave than lead her to the house of a colored man, a consorter with witch doctors and black women, and a would be murderer. That is my answer, and I add this to it: Set no foot within a mile of my house, for here we shoot straighter than you do, and if we find you on this place, by the help of God we will put a bullet through your carcase.

At the foot of this writing, which he would not suffer to be altered, Jan printed his name in big letters; then he went out to seek the messenger, whom he found talking to Sihamba, and having given him the paper bade him begone swiftly to wherever it was he came from. The man, who was a strong, red colored savage, naked except for his *moocha* and the kaross rolled up upon his shoulders, and marked with a white scar across the left cheek, took the letter, hid it in his bundle, and went.

Jan also turned to go, but I, who had followed him and was watching him, although he did not know it, saw him hesitate and stop.

"Sihamba," he said, "why were you talking to that man?"

"Because it is my business to know of things, Father of Swallow, and I wished to learn where he came from."

"Did he tell you, then?"

"Not altogether, for some one whom he fears had laid a weight upon his tongue, but I learned that he lives at a kraal far away in the mountains, and that this kraal is owned by a white man who keeps wives and cattle at it, although he is not there himself just now. The rest I hope to hear when Swart Piet sends him back again, for I have given the man a medicine to cure his child, who is sick, and he will be grateful to me."

"How do you know Swart Piet sent the man?" asked Jan.

She laughed and said: "Surely that was easy to guess; it is my business to twine little threads into a rope."

Again Jan turned to go, and again came back to speak to her.

"Sihamba," he said, "I have seen you talking to that man before. I remember the scar upon his face."

"The scar upon his face you may remember," she answered, "but you have not seen us talking together, for until this hour we never met."

"I can swear it," he said angrily. "I re-

member the straw hut, the shape of the man's bundle, the line where the shadow fell upon his foot, and the tic bird that came and sat near you. I remember it all."

"Surely, Father of Swallow," she replied, eying him oddly, "you talk of what you have just seen."

"No, no," he said; "I saw it years ago."

"Where?" she asked, staring at him.

He looked and uttered some quick words. "I know now," he said. "I saw it in your eyes the other day."

"Yes," she answered quietly; "I think that, if anywhere, you saw it in my eyes, since the coming of that messenger is the first of all the great things that are to happen to the Swallow and those who live in her nest. I do not know the things; still, it may happen that another who has vision may see them in the glass of my eyes."

XII.

TWELVE days passed, and one morning when I went out to feed the chickens, I saw the red Kaffir with the scar on his face seated beyond the *stoep* taking snuff.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A letter," he said, giving me a paper.

I took it into the house, where the others were gathered for breakfast, and as before Ralph read it. It was to this effect:

WELL BELOVED HEER BOTMAR:

I have received your honored letter, and I think that the unchristian spirit which it shows cannot be pleasing to our Lord. Still, as I seek peace and not war, I take no offense, nor shall I come near your place to provoke the shedding of the blood of men. I love your daughter, but if she rejects me for another I have nothing more to say, except that I hope she may be happy in the life she has chosen. For me, I am leaving this part of the country, and if you, Heer Botmar, like to buy my farm, I shall be happy to sell it to you at a fair price; or perhaps the Heer Keuzie will buy it to live on after he is married; if so, he can write to me by this messenger. Farewell.

Now, when they heard this letter, the others looked more happy; but for my part I shook my head, seeing guile in it, since the tone of it was too humble for Swart Piet. There was no answer to it, and the messenger went away, but not, as I learned, before he had seen Sihamba. It seems that the medicine which she gave him had cured his child, for which he was so grateful that he drove her down a cow in payment, a fine beast, but very wild, for handling was strange to it; moreover, it had been but just separated from its calf. Still, although she questioned him closely, the man would tell Sihamba but little of the place where he lived, and nothing of the road to it.

Here I will stop to show how great was the cunning of this woman, and yet how simple the means whereby she obtained the most of her knowledge. She desired to learn about this hiding place, since she was sure that it was one of the secret haunts of Swart Piet, but when she asked him the messenger was deaf and blind, and she could find no one else who knew anything of the matter. Still, she was certain that the cow which had been brought to her would show the way to its home, if there were anybody to follow it hither and make report of the path.

Now, when Sihamba had been robbed and sentenced to death by Swart Piet, the most of her servants and people who lived with her had been taken by him as slaves. Still, some had escaped, either then or afterwards, and settled about in the neighborhood of the farm where they knew that their mistress dwelt. From among these people, who still did her service, she chose a young man named Zinti, who, although he was supposed to be stupid, was still very clever about many things, especially the remembering of any path that he had once traveled, and of every kopje, stream, or pan by which it could be traced. This youth she bade to herd the cow which had been given her, telling him to follow it whithersoever it should wander, even if it led him a ten days' journey, and when he saw that it had reached home, to return himself without being seen, and to bring her an exact report of the road which it had traveled.

Now, all happened as she expected, for on the first day that the cow was turned out, watched by the lad, who was provided with food and a blanket, so soon as it had filled itself it started straight over the hills, running at times, and at times stopping to graze, till night came on, when it lay down for a while and its herd beside it, for he had tied his wrist to its tail with a *rimpi* lest it should escape in the darkness.

At the first breaking of the light the cow rose, filled itself with grass, and started forward on its homeward path, followed by the herd. For three days they traveled thus, the boy milking the cow from time to time when its udder was full. On the evening of the third day, however, the beast would not lie down, but walked forward all night, lowing now and again, by which the herd, who found it difficult to keep it in sight because of the darkness, guessed it must be near its home. So it proved, indeed, for when the sun rose Zinti saw a kraal before him, hidden away in a secret valley of the mountains over which they had been traveling. Still following the cow, though at a distance, he moved down towards the kraal

and hid himself in a patch of bush. Presently the cattle were let out to graze, and the cow rushed to them lowing loudly, till a certain calf came to it, which it made much of and suckled, for it was its own calf.

Now Zinti's errand was done, but still he lay hid in the bush a while, thinking that he might learn some more, and lying thus he fell asleep, for he was weary with travel. When he awoke the sun was high, and he heard women talking to each other close by him, as they labored at their task of cutting wands, such as are used for the making of huts. He rose to run away, then thought better of it and sat down again, remembering that should he be found, it would be easy to tell them that he was a wanderer who had lost his path. Presently one of the women asked:

"For whom does Bull Head build this fine new hut in the secret krantz yonder?"

Now Zinti opened his ears wide, for he knew that this was the name which the natives had given to Swart Piet, taking it from his round head and fierce eye, according to their custom when they note any peculiarity in a man.

"I do not know," answered a second woman, who was young and very pretty, "unless he means to bring another wife here; if so, she must be a chief's daughter, since men do not build huts for girls of common blood."

"Perhaps," said the other; "but then, I think that he has stolen her from her father without payment; else he would not wish to hide her away in the secret krantz. Well, let her come, for we women must work hard here where there are so few men, and many hoes clean a field quickly."

"For my part I think there are enough of us already," said the young girl, looking troubled, for she was Swart Piet's last Kaffir wife, and did not desire to be supplanted by a new favorite. "But be silent; I hear Bull Head coming on his horse;" and she began to work very hard at cutting the wands.

A few minutes later Zinti saw Swart Piet himself ride up to the women, who saluted him, calling him "chief" and "husband."

"You are idle," he said, eying them angrily.

"These wands are tough to cut, husband," murmured the young woman in excuse.

"Still, you must cut them quicker, girl," he answered, "if you would not learn how one of them feels upon your back. It will go hard with all of you if the big hut is not finished in seven days from now."

"We will do our best," said the girl; "but who is to dwell in the hut when it is done?"

"Not you, be sure of that," he answered roughly, "nor any black woman; for I am

weary of you, one and all. Listen: I go to-morrow with my servants to fetch a chieftainess, a white lady, to rule over you, but if any of you speak a word of her presence here you will pay for it, for I shall turn you away to starve. Do you understand?"

"We hear you, husband," they replied, somewhat sullenly, for now they understood that this new wife would be a mistress, and not a sister to them.

"Then be careful that you do not forget my words, and—hearken—so soon as you have cut a full load of hut poles, let two of you carry them up to the krantz yonder, where they are wanted, but be careful that no one sees you going in or coming out."

"We hear you, husband," they said again, whereon Swart Piet turned and rode away.

Now, although Zinti was said to be foolish, chiefly, as I think, because he could not or would not work, yet in many ways he was cleverer than most Kaffirs, and especially always did he desire to see new places, the more so if they chanced to be secret places. Therefore, when he heard Swart Piet command the women to carry the rods to the hidden krantz, he determined that he would follow them, and this he did so skilfully that they neither heard nor saw him. At first he wondered whither they could be going, for they walked straight to the foot of what seemed to be an unclimbable wall of rock more than a hundred feet high. On the face of this rock, however, shrubs grew here and there like the bristles on the back of a hog, and having first glanced round to see that no one was watching them, the women climbed to one of these shrubs, which was rooted in the cliff about the height of a man above the level of the ground, and vanished so quickly that Zinti, who was watching, rubbed his eyes in wonder; after waiting a while he followed in their steps, to find that behind the shrub was a narrow cleft or crack, such as is often to be seen in cliffs, and that down this cleft ran a pathway which twisted and turned in the rock, growing broader as it went, till at last it ended in the hidden krantz. This 'krantz was a very beautiful spot, about three *morgen*, or six English acres, in extent, and walled all round with impassable cliffs. Down the face of one of these cliffs fell a waterfall, forming a deep pool, out of which a stream ran, and on the banks of this stream the new hut was being built in such a position that the heat of the sun could strike it but little.

While he was taking note of these and other things, Zinti saw some of those who were working at the hut leave it and start to walk towards the cleft; so, having learned everything that he could, he thought that it was time to go, and slipped away back to

the bush, and thence homeward by the road which the cow had shown him.

Now it chanced that as he went Zinti pierced his foot with a large thorn, so that he was only able to travel slowly. On the fifth night of his journey he limped into a wood to sleep, which wood is not much more than two hours on horseback from our farm. When he had been asleep for some hours he woke up, for all his food was gone, and he could not rest well because of his hunger, and was astonished to see the light of a fire among the trees at some distance from him. Towards this fire he crept, thinking that there were herds or travelers who would give him food, but when he came to it he did not ask for any, since the first thing he saw was Swart Piet himself walking up and down in front of the fire, while at some distance from it lay a number of his men asleep in their karosses. Presently another man appeared, slipping through the tree trunks, and coming to Swart Piet saluted him.

"Tell me what you have found out," he said.

"This, baas," answered the man: "I went down to Heer Botmar's place and begged a bowlful of meal there, pretending that I was a stranger on a journey to court a girl at a distant kraal. The slaves gave me meal and some flesh with it, and I learned in talk with them that the Heer Botmar, his *wrouw*, his daughter Suzanne, and the young Englishman, Heer Kenzie, all rode away yesterday to the christening party of the first born of the Heer Roozen, who lives about five hours on horseback to the north yonder. I learned also that it is arranged for them to leave the Heer Roozen tomorrow at dawn, and to travel homewards by the Tigers Nek, in which they will ofsaddle about two hours before midday, for I forgot to say that they have two servants with them to see to their horses."

"That makes six in all," said Swart Piet, "of whom two are women, whereas we are twenty. Yes, it is very good; nothing could be better, for I know the ofsaddling place by the stream in Tiger's Nek, and it is a nice place for men to hide behind the rocks and trees. Listen now to the plan, and be sure you understand it. When these people are ofsaddled and eating their food, you Kaffirs will fall on them—with the spear and the *kerry* alone, mind—and they will come to their end."

"Does the master mean that we are to kill them?" asked the man doubtfully.

"Yes," answered Swart Piet, with hesitation. "I do not want to kill them, indeed, but I see no other way, except as regards the girl, of course, who must be saved.

These people are to be attacked and robbed by Kaffirs, for it must never be known that I had a hand in it, and you brutes of Kaffirs always kill. Therefore, they must die, alas! especially the Englishman, though so far as I am concerned I should be glad to spare the others if I could, but it cannot be done without throwing suspicion upon me. As for the girl, if she is harmed the lives of all of you pay for it. You will throw a kaross over her head, and bring her to the place which I will tell you of tomorrow, where I shall seem to rescue her. Do you understand, and do you think the plan good?"

"I understand, and I think the plan good, and yet there is one thing that I have not told you which may mar it."

"What is it?"

"This: when I was down there at the Heer Botmar's place, I saw the witch doctor, Sihamba, who has a hut upon the farm. I was some way off, but I think that she recognized me, which she well might do seeing that it was I who set the rope about her neck when you wished to hang her. Now, if she did know me all your plans may be in vain, for that woman has the sight and she will guess them. Even when the cord was round her she laughed at me and told me that I should die soon, but that she would live for years, and therefore I fear her more than any one living."

"She laughed at you, did she?" said Swart Piet. "Well, I laugh at her, for neither she nor any one who breathes shall stand between me and this girl, who has preferred the suit of another man to mine."

"Ah, master!" said the Kaffir, "you are a great one, for when a fruit pleases you, you do not wait for it to drop into your lap, you pluck it."

"Yes," said Swart Piet, striking his breast with pride; "if I desire a fruit I pluck it, as my father did before me. But now go you and sleep, for tomorrow you will need all your wit and strength."

When the lad Zinti had heard this he crept away, heading straight for the farm, but his foot was so bad and he was so weak from want of food that he could only travel at the pace of a lame ox, now hopping upon one leg and now crawling upon his knees. In this fashion it was that at length, about half past eight in the morning, he reached the house, or rather the hut of Sihamba, for she had sent him out, and therefore to her, after the Kaffir fashion, he went to make report. Now, when he came to Sihamba, he greeted her and asked for a little food, which she gave him. Then he began to tell his story, beginning, as natives do, at the first of it, which in his case were all the wanderings of the cow which he had followed, so that al-

though she hurried him much, many minutes went by before he came to that part of the tale which told of what he had heard in the wood some eight hours before. So soon as he began to speak of this Sihamba stopped him, and calling to a man who lingered near, bade him bring to her Jan's famous young horse, the roan *schimmel*, bridled but not saddled. Now this horse was the finest in the whole district, for his sire was the famous blood stallion which the government imported from England, where it won all the races, and his dam the swiftest and most enduring mare in the breeding herds at the Paarl. What Jan gave for him as a yearling I never learned, because he was afraid to tell me; but I know that we were short of money for two years after he bought him. Yet in the end it proved the cheapest thing for which a man ever paid gold. Well, the Kaffir hesitated, for, as might be expected, Jan was very proud of this horse, and none rode it save himself, but Sihamba sprang up and spoke to him so fiercely that at last he obeyed her, since, although she was small in stature, all feared the magic of Sihamba, and would do her bidding. Nor had he far to go, for the *schimmel* did not run wild upon the veldt, but was fed and kept in a stable, where a Kaffir groomed him every morning. Thus it came about that before ever Zinti had finished his tale the horse was standing before her, bridled but not saddled, arching his neck and striking the ground with his hoof, for he was proud and full of corn and eager to be away.

"Oh, fool!" said Sihamba to Zinti, "why did not you begin with this part of your story? Now, to save five from death and one from dishonor, there is but a short hour left and twenty miles to cover in it. Ho, man, help me to mount this horse!"

The slave put down his hand, and setting her foot in it, the little woman sprang on to the back of the great stallion, which knew and loved her as a dog might do, for she had tended it day and night when it was ill from the sickness we call "thick head," and without doubt had saved its life by her skill. Then, gripping its shoulders with her knees, she shook the reins and called aloud to the *schimmel*, waving the black rod she always carried in her hand, so that the beast, having plunged once, leaped away like an antelope, and in another minute was nothing but a speck racing towards the mountains.

XIII.

So hard did Sihamba ride, and so swift and untiring proved the horse, to whose strength her light weight was as nothing, that, the veldt over which they traveled be-

ing flat and free from stones or holes, she reached the mouth of Tiger's Nek, twenty miles away, in very few minutes over the hour of time. But the Nek itself was a mile or more in length, and for aught she knew we might already be taken in Black Piet's trap, and she riding to share our fate. Still, she did not stay, but though it panted like a blacksmith's bellows, and its feet stumbled with weariness among the stones in the Nek, she urged the *schimmel* on at a gallop. Now she turned the corner, and the offsaddling place was before her. Swiftly and fearfully she glanced around, but seeing no signs of us, she uttered a cry of joy and shook the reins, for she knew that she had not ridden in vain. Then a voice from the rocks called out:

"It is the witch doctress, Sihamba, who rides to warn them. Kill her swiftly;" and with the voice came a sound of guns and of bullets screaming past her, one of which shattered the wand she carried in her hand, numbing her arm. Nor was that all, for men sprang up across the further end of the offsaddling place, where the path was narrow, to bar her way, and they held spears in their hands. But Sihamba never heeded the men or the spears, for she rode straight at them and through them, and so soon was she gone that, although six or seven assagais were hurled at her, only one of them struck the horse, wounding it slightly in the shoulder.

A few minutes later, two perhaps, or three, just as the four of us, with our Kaffir servants, were riding quietly up to the mouth of the Nek, we saw a great horse thundering towards us, black with sweat and flecked with foam, its shoulder bloody, its eyes staring, and its red nostrils agape, and perched upon its bare back a little woman who swayed from side to side as though with weariness, holding in her hand a shattered wand.

"*Allemachter!*" cried Jan. "It is Sihamba, and the little witch rides my roan *schimmel!*"

By this time Sihamba herself was upon us. "Back," she cried as she came, "or death awaits you in the pass," whereon, compelled to it as it were by the urgency of the words and the face of her who spoke them, we turned our horses' heads and galloped after the *schimmel* for the half of a mile or more till we were safe in the open veldt.

Then, of a sudden, the horse stopped, whether of its own accord or because its rider pulled upon the reins I know not. At the least, it stood there trembling like a reed, and Sihamba lay upon its back clinging to the mane, and as she lay I saw blood running down her legs, for her skin was chafed

to the flesh beneath. Ralph sprang to her, and lifted her to the ground, and Suzanne made her take a draft of brandy from Jan's flask, which brought the life into her face again.

"Now," she said, "if you have it to spare, give the *schimmel* yonder a drink of that stuff, for he has saved all your lives and I think he needs it."

"That is a wise word," said Jan, and he bade Ralph and the Kaffirs pour the rest of the spirit down the horse's throat, which they did, thereby, as I believe, saving its life, for until it had swallowed it the beast looked as though its heart were about to burst.

"Now," said Jan, "why do you ride my best horse to death in this fashion?"

"Have I not told you, Father of Swallow," she answered, "that it was to save you from death? But a few minutes over an hour ago, fifteen perhaps, a word was spoken to me at your stead yonder, and now I am here, seven leagues away, having ridden faster than I wish to ride again, or than any other horse in this country can travel with a man upon his back."

"To save us from death? What death?" asked Jan, astounded.

"Death at the hands of Swart Piet and his Kaffir tribesmen for the three of you and the two slaves, and for the fourth, the lady Suzanne here, a love of which she does not seek, the love of the murderer of her father, her mother, and her chosen."

Now we stared at each other; only Suzanne ran to Sihamba and, putting her arms about her, kissed her.

"Nay," said the little woman, smiling, "nay, Swallow, I do but repay to you but one hundredth part of my debt, and all the rest is owing still." Then she told her story in few words, and when it was done, having first looked to see that Swart Piet and his men were not coming, at the bidding of Jan we all knelt down upon the veldt and thanked God for our deliverance. Only Sihamba did not kneel, for she was a heathen, and worshiped no one, unless it were Suzanne.

"You should pray to the horse, too," she said, "for had it not been for its legs, I could never have reached you in time."

"Hush, Sihamba," I answered; "it is God who made the horse's legs, as God put it into your mind to use them;" but I said no more, though at any other time I should have rated her well for her heathen folly.

Then we consulted together as to what was to be done, and decided to make our way to the house by a longer path, which ran through the open veldt, since we were sure that there, where is no cover, Swart Piet would not attack us. Ralph, it is true, was

for going into the Nek and attacking him, but, as Jan showed him, such an act would be madness, for they were many and we were few; moreover, they could have picked us off from behind the shelter of the rocks. So we settled to leave them alone, and that night came home safely, though not without trouble, for Sihamba had to be carried the most of the way, and after he grew stiff the *schimmel* could only travel at a walking pace. Very soon that horse recovered, however, and lived to do still greater service, although for a while his legs were somewhat puffed.

Now, Jan and Ralph were mad against Swart Piet, and would have brought him to justice; but this road of justice was full of stones and mud holes, since the nearest land-drost lived a hundred miles off, and it would not have been easy to persuade Piet to appear and argue the case before him. Moreover, here again we had no evidence against the man, except that of a simple Kaffir boy, who would never have been believed, for, in fact, no attack was made upon us, while that upon Sihamba might very well have been the work of some of the low Kaffirs that haunt the kloofs, runaway slaves and other rascals, who desired to steal the horse upon which she rode. Also we learned that our enemy, acting through some agent, had sold his farm to a stranger for a small sum of ready money, giving it out that he had no need of the land, as he was leaving this part of the country.

But if we saw Piet's face no more, we could still feel the weight of his hand, since from that time forward we began to suffer from the thefts of cattle and other troubles with the natives, which—so Sihamba learned in her underground fashion—were instigated by him, working through his savage tools, while he himself lay hidden far away and in safety. Also he did us another ill turn—for it was proved that his money was at the bottom of it—by causing Ralph to be commandeered to serve on some distant Kaffir expedition, out of which trouble we were obliged to buy him, at no small cost.

All these matters weighed upon us much; so much, indeed, that I wished Jan to trek far away and found a new home; but he would not, for he loved the place which he had built up brick by brick and planted tree by tree; nor would he consent to be driven out of it through fear of the wicked practices of Swart Piet. To one thing he did consent, however, and it was that Ralph and Suzanne should be married as soon as possible, for he saw that until they were man and wife there would be little peace for any of us. When they were spoken to on the matter, neither of them had anything to say against this plan; indeed, I be-

lieve that in their hearts, for the first and last times in their lives, they blessed the name of Swart Piet, whose evil doing, as they thought, was hurrying on their happiness. Now it was settled that the matter of this marriage should be kept secret, for fear it should come to the ears of Swart Piet through his spies, and stir him up to make a last attempt to steal away Suzanne; and, indeed, it did come to his ears, though how to this hour I do not know, unless, in spite of our warning, the predicant who was to perform the ceremony, a good and easy man, but one who loved gossip, blabbed of it on his journey to the farm, for he had a two days' ride to reach it.

It was the wish of all of us that we should continue to live together after the marriage of Ralph and Suzanne, though not beneath the same roof. Indeed, there would have been no room for another married pair in that house, especially if children came to them, nor did I wish to share the rule of a dwelling with my own daughter after she had taken a husband, for such arrangements often end in bitterness and quarrels. Therefore Jan determined to build them a new house in a convenient spot not far away, and it was agreed that during the two or three months while this house was building Ralph and his wife should pay a visit to a cousin of mine who owned a very fine farm on the outskirts of the dorp, which we used to visit from time to time to partake of *Nachtmahl*. This seemed wise for us for several reasons beyond that of the building of the new house. It is always best that young people should begin their married lives alone, as by nature they wish to do, and not under the eyes of those who have bred and nurtured them, for thus face to face, with none to turn to, they grow more quickly accustomed to each other's faults and weaknesses, which, perhaps, they have not learned or taken count of before.

Moreover, in the case of Ralph and Suzanne we thought it safer that they should be absent for a while from their own district and the neighborhood of Swart Piet, living in a peopled place where they could not be molested; although not knowing the wickedness of his heart, we did not believe it possible that he *would* molest them when once they were married. Indeed, there was some talk of their going to the dorp for the wedding, and I would that they had done so, and then much trouble might have been spared to us. But their minds were set against this plan, for they desired to be married where they had met and lived so long, so we did not gainsay them.

At length came the eve of the wedding day and with it the predicant, who arrived

hungry and thirsty, but full of smiles and blessings. That night we all supped together and were full of joy, nor were Ralph and Suzanne the least joyous of us, though they said little, but sat gazing at each other across the table as though the moon had struck them. Before I went to bed I had occasion to go out of the house, for I remembered that some linen which Suzanne was to take with her had been left drying upon bushes after the wash, and I feared that if it remained there the Kafir women might steal it. This linen was spread at a little distance from the house, near the huts where Sihamba lived, but I took no lantern with me, for the moon was bright. As I drew near the spot I thought that I heard a sound of chanting which seemed to come from a little circle of mimosa trees that grew a spear's throw to my left, of chanting very low and sweet. Wondering who it was that sang thus, and why she sang—for the voice was that of a woman—I crept to the nearest of the trees, keeping in its shadow, and peeped through the branches into the grassy space beyond, to perceive Sihamba crouched in the center of the circle. She was seated upon a low stone in such fashion that her head and face shone strangely in the moonlight, while her body was hidden in the shadow. Before her, placed upon another stone, stood a large wooden bowl, such as the Kafirs cut out of the trunk of a tree, spending a month of labor, or more, upon the task, and into this bowl, which I could see was filled with water, for it reflected the moon rays, she was gazing earnestly and, as she gazed, chanting that low, melancholy song, of which I could not understand the meaning.

Presently she ceased her singing, and, turning from the bowl as though she had seen in it something that frightened her, she covered her eyes with her hands and groaned aloud, muttering words in which the name of Suzanne was mixed up, or of Swallow, as she called her. Now I guessed that Sihamba was practising that magic of which she was said to be so great a mistress, although she denied always that she knew anything of the art, and at first I made up my mind to call to her to cease from such wickedness, which, as the Holy Book tells us, is a sin in the eyes of the Lord, and a cause of damnation to those who practise it; but I was curious and longed greatly in my heart to know what it was that Sihamba saw in the bowl, and what it had to do with my daughter Suzanne, so I changed my mind, thereby making myself a partaker of the sin, and coming forward said instead:

"What is it that you do here?"

Now, although, as I suppose, she had neither seen nor heard me, for I came up from behind her, she did not start or cry out as any other woman would have done; she did not even turn to look at me as she answered in a clear and steady voice:

"I read the fate of Swallow and of those who love her according to my lore, O Mother of Swallow, now while she is still a girl. Look! I read it there."

I looked and saw that the bowl was filled to the brim with pure water. At the bottom of it was some white sand, and on the sand were placed five pieces of broken looking glass, all of which had been filed carefully to a round shape. The largest of these pieces was of the size of a half crown of English money. This lay in the exact center of the bowl. Above it and almost touching its edge was another piece of the size of a florin, then to the right and left at a little distance, two more pieces of the size of a shilling, and below, but some way off where the bowl began to curve, a very small piece, not larger than a threepenny bit.

"Swallow," said Sihamba, pointing to the two largest of the fragments, "and husband of Swallow. There to the right and left father and mother of Swallow, and here at her feet, a long way off and very small, Sihamba, servant of Swallow, made all of them from the broken glass that shows back the face, which she gave me, and set, as they must be set, like the stars in the cross of the skies."

Now I shivered a little, for in myself I was afraid of this woman's magic, but to her I laughed and said roughly:

"What fool's plaything is this made of bits of broken glass that you have here, Sihamba?"

"It is a plaything that can tell a story to those who can read it," she answered without anger, but like one who knows she speaks the truth.

"Make it tell its story to me, and I will believe you," I said, laughing again.

She shook her head and answered, "Lady, I cannot, for you have not the sight; but bring your husband here, and perhaps he will be able to read the story, or some of it."

Now, at this I grew angry, for it is not pleasant to a woman to hear that a man whom all know to be but as a fool compared to her, can see things in water which she is not able to see, even though the things are born only of the false magic of a witch doctor. Still, as at that moment I chanced to hear Jan seeking me, for he wondered where I had gone, I called to him and set out the matter, expecting that he would be very angry and dismiss Sihamba, breaking up her magic bowl. But all the while that

I talked to him the little woman sat, her chin resting upon her hand, looking into his face, and I think that she had some power over him. At the least, he was not at all angry, although he said that I must not mention the business to the predicant, who was well known to be a prejudiced man. Then he asked Sihamba to show him the wonders of the bowl. Replying that she would if she might, and always keeping her eyes fixed upon his face, she bade him kneel down and look into the water in such fashion that he did not shut the moonlight off from it, and to tell us what he saw.

So he knelt and looked, whispering presently that on the midmost piece of glass there appeared the image of Suzanne, and on the others respectively those of Ralph, Jan himself, me his wife, and of Sihamba. I asked him what they were doing, but he could give me no clear answer, so I suppose that they were printed there like the heads on postage stamps, if indeed they existed anywhere except in Jan's brain, into which Sihamba had conjured them.

"What do you see more?" asked Sihamba.

"I see a shadow in the water," he answered, "a dark shadow, and—it is like the head of Swart Piet cut out of black paper—it spreads till it almost hides all the faces on the bits of glass. Almost, I say, but not quite, for things are passing beneath the shadow which I cannot distinguish. Now it shrinks quite small, and lies only over your likeness, Sihamba, which shows through it red—yes, and all the water round it is red, and now there is nothing left;" and Jan rose, pale with fright, and wiped his brow with a colored handkerchief, muttering, "*Allemacher!* this is magic, indeed."

"Let me look," I said, and I looked for a long while and saw nothing except the five bits of glass. So I told Jan outright that he was a fool whom any conjurer could play with, but he waited until I had done, and then asked Sihamba what the vision meant.

"Father of Swallow," she answered, "what I saw in the water mirror you have seen, only I saw more than you did because my sight is keener. You ask me what it means, but I cannot tell you altogether, for such visions are uncertain; they sum up the future, but they do not show it. This, however, is sure, that trouble waits us all because of Swart Piet, for his shadow lay black upon the image of each of us; only note this, that while it cleared away from the rest, it remained upon mine, staining it blood red, which means that while in the end you will escape him I shall die at his hands, or through him. Well, so be it, but meanwhile

this is my counsel—because of other things that I saw in the water, which I cannot describe, for in truth I know not rightly what they were—that the marriage of the Swallow and her husband should be put off, and that when they are married it should be at the dorp yonder, not here.”

Now, when I heard this my anger overflowed like water in a boiling pot. “What?” I cried. “When all is settled and the predicant has ridden for two days to do the thing, is the marriage to be put off because, forsooth, this little black idiot declares that she sees things on bits of glass in a bowl, and because you, Jan, who ought to know better, take the lie from her lips and make it your own? I say that I am mistress here, and that I will not allow it. If we are to be made fools of in this fashion by the peepings and mutterings of Kaffir witch doctors, we had better give up and die at once, to go and live among the dead. Our business is to dwell in the world and face its troubles and dangers until such time as it pleases God to call us out of the world, paying no heed to omens and magic and such like sin and folly. Let that come which will come, and let us meet it like men and women, giving glory to the Almighty for the ill as well as for the good, since both ill and good come from His hands, and are a part of His plan. For my part I trust to Him Who made us and Who watches us, and I fear not Swart Piet, and therefore, come what may, the marriage shall go on.”

“Good words,” said Jan, “such as my heart approves of;” but he still mopped his head with the colored pocket handkerchief, and looked troubled as he added: “I pray you, wife, say nothing of this to anybody, and, above all, to the predicant, or he will put me out of the church as a wizard.”

“Yes, yes,” said Sihamba; “good words, but the sight is still the sight for those who have the power to see. Not that I wished you to see, indeed I did not wish it, nor did I think that you would be turned from your purpose by that which you have seen. Father and mother of Swallow, you are right, and now I will tell you the truth. What you beheld in the water was nothing but a trick, a clever trick of the little doctor-ess Sihamba, by the help of which, and others like it, she earns her living, and imposes on the foolish, though she cannot impose upon you, who are wise, and have the Lord of the skies for a friend. So think no more of it, and do not be angry with the little black monkey whose nature it is to play tricks;” and with a motion of her foot she upset the bowl of water, and collecting the little pieces of mirror hid them away in her skin pouch.

Then we went, but as I passed through the thorn trees I turned and looked back at Sihamba, and lo! she was standing in the moonlight her face lifted towards the sky, weeping softly and wringing her hands. Then for the first time I felt a little afraid.

XIV.

THE marriage morning broke brightly; never have I seen a fairer. It was spring-time, and the veldt was clothed with the fresh green grass, and starred everywhere with the bloom that sprang among it. The wind blew softly, shaking down the dew-drops from the growing corn, while from every bush and tree came the cooing of unnumbered doves. Beneath the eaves of the *stoep* the pair of red breasted swallows which had built there for so many years were finishing their nest, and I watched them idly, for to me they were old friends, and would wheel about my head, touching my cheek with their wings. Just then they paused from their task, or perhaps it was at length completed, and flying to a bough of the peach tree a few yards away, perched there together amidst the bright bloom, and, nestling against each other, twittered forth their song of joy and love.

It was at this moment that Sihamba walked up to the *stoep* as though to speak to me.

“The swallow and the swallow’s mate,” she said, following my eyes to where the little creatures swung together on the beautiful bough.

“Yes,” I answered, for her words seemed to me of good omen, “they have built their nest, and now they are thanking God before they begin to live there together and rear their young in love.”

As the words left my lips a quick shadow swept across the path of sunlit ground before the house, two strong wings beat, and a brown hawk, small but very fierce, being of a sort that preys upon little birds, swooped downwards upon the swallows. One of them saw it, and slid from the bough, but the other the hawk caught in its talons, and mounted with it high into the air. In vain did its mate circle round it swiftly, uttering shrill notes of distress; up it went steadily, as pitiless as death.

“Oh, my swallow!” I cried aloud in grief; “the accursed hawk has carried away my swallow.”

“Nay, look!” said Sihamba, pointing upwards.

I looked, and behold! a black crow, that appeared from behind the house, was wheeling about the hawk, striking at it with its

beak until, that it might have its talons free to defend itself, it let go the swallow, which, followed by its mate, came fluttering to the earth, while the crow and the falcon passed away, fighting, till they were lost in the blue depths of air.

Springing from the stoep I ran to where the swallow lay, but Sihamba was there before me and had it in her hands.

"The hawk's beak has wounded it," she said, pointing to a blood stain among the red feathers of the breast; "but none of its bones is broken, and I think that it will live. Let us put it in the nest and leave it to its mate and nature."

This we did, and there in the nest it stayed for some days, its mate feeding it with flies as though it were still unfledged. After that they vanished, both of them together, seeking some new home, nor did they ever build again beneath our eaves.

"Would you speak with me, Sihamba?" I asked, when this matter of the swallows was done with.

"I would speak with the baas, or with you, it is the same thing," she answered, "and for this reason. I go upon a journey; for myself I have the good black horse which the baas gave me after I had ridden to warn you in Tiger Kloof yonder, the one that I cured of sickness; but I need another beast, to carry pots and food and my servant Zinti, who accompanies me. There is the brown mule which you use little because he is vicious, but he is very strong and Zinti does not fear him. Will you sell him to me for the two cows I earned from the Kaffir whose wife I saved when the snake bit her? He is worth three, but I have no more to offer."

"Whither do you wish to journey, Sihamba?" I asked.

"I follow my mistress to the dorp," she answered.

"Did she bid you follow her, Sihamba?"

"No! Is it likely that she would think of me at such a time, or care whether I come or go? Fear not, I shall not trouble her, or put her to cost; I shall follow, but I shall not be seen until I am wanted."

Now, I was about to gainsay Sihamba—not that I could find any fault with her plan, but because if such arrangements are made, I like to make them myself, as is the business of the head of the house. I think Sihamba guessed this; at any rate, she answered me before I spoke, and that in an odd way, namely, by looking first at the swallows' nest, then at the blooming bough of the peach tree, and lastly into the far distances of air.

"It was the black crow that drove the hawk away," she said reflectively, as though she were thinking of something else, "though I think, for my eyes are better than yours, that the hawk killed the crow, or perhaps they killed each other; at the least, I saw them falling to the earth beyond the crest of the mountain."

Now, I was about to break in angrily, for if there was one thing in the world I hated it was Sihamba's nonsense about birds and omens and such things, whereof, indeed, I had had enough on the previous night, when she made that lump Jan believe that he saw visions in a bowl of water. And yet I did not—for the black crow's sake. The cruel hawk had seized the swallow which I had loved, and borne it away to devour it in its eyrie, and the crow it was that saved it. Well, the things that happened among birds might happen among men, who also prey upon each other, and—but I could not bear the thought.

"Take the mule, Sihamba," I said; "I will answer for it to the baas. As for the two cows, they can run with the other cattle till your return."

"I thank you, Mother of Swallow," she answered, and turned to go.

(To be continued.)

THE THUNDERSTORM.

A MUFFLED cannonading! Boom on boom
Aquiver in the air! A warning hush—
Now broken by a loud and louder roll
Of fast oncoming conflict through the clouds
Grown black with fury!

Hist!—the charge, the charge!
The shock of meeting legions—peal on peal
Of terrible artillery, cutting through
The inky murk in jagged lines of fire!

Catharine Young Glen.

WAR TIME SNAP SHOTS.

NOTES AND PICTURES OF THE CAMPAIGN ON SEA AND LAND—A GALLERY OF MEN AND SCENES FAMOUS IN CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

SOME HEROES OF SANTIAGO.

It certainly was not strange that Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, as he stood on the bridge of the Gloucester, and saw the flames roaring through the shattered decks of Spain's finest ships, should have remarked, as the newspapers say he

did, "The Maine is avenged!" Five months before, Commander Wainwright was in Havana harbor as executive officer of the doomed American vessel; and it was one of the strange ironies of fate that he should be in the thick of the struggle that ended in so terrible a retribution for



ADMIRAL MONTOJO, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT MANILA, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY MAY 1, 1898.



ADMIRAL CERVERA, COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY SAMPSON AND SCHLEY JULY 3, 1898.

her destruction, and should be the man to receive the surrender of the foremost Spanish admiral.

The captain of the Gloucester has had little love for Spain since the fateful 15th of last February. For two months after the explosion that sank the Maine he stayed at Havana, in charge of the wreck, but he never set foot in the city, making his quarters aboard the despatch boat Fern. He declared that he would not go ashore until he did so at the head of a landing party of American bluejackets.

Nevertheless, Commander Wainwright can recognize a gallant foe, and when

Cervera came on board his ship as a prisoner he generously congratulated the veteran admiral on the gallantry he had displayed. For suicidal as it proved, the Spaniards' dash for escape deserves the honor that attaches to a forlorn hope. Hemmed in by an overwhelming force, they might have surrendered without a fight, they might have blown up their ships, they might have clung ingloriously to the temporary safety that the fortified harbor of Santiago still offered them; but they deliberately chose to make their last fight "under the clear sky, upon the bright waters, in noble,

honorable battle." And the admiral, who—if the reports at hand are correct—went into battle aboard his least efficient cruiser in order to give his fine flagship an added chance of escape, displayed a

open question over which experts waged wordy and heated battle. Now, however, her friends are sure that they were right. The Vesuvius' pneumatic guns charged with dynamite were repeatedly fired at



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, FORMERLY EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE MAINE, AND NOW CAPTAIN OF THE GLOUCESTER, WHO RECEIVED THE SURRENDER OF ADMIRAL CERVERA.

heroism worthy of Spain's best days, now long past.

TWO REMARKABLE SHIPS.

Brief as the war with Spain has been, it has thrown light upon several mooted and interesting problems. One of these is the use, with safety, of high explosives in naval warfare. The dynamite gunboat Vesuvius was completed and placed in commission so long ago as June, 1890, but until the blockade of Santiago her availability for practical service remained an

the Spanish batteries without harm to her officers and crew, and with tremendously destructive results to the enemy. It has long been said that it would be a momentous thing in war to be able to carry an effective dynamite gun from place to place on shipboard.

Another vessel whose career in Cuban waters has been watched with keenest interest by naval experts, is the English built cruiser New Orleans, formerly the Amazonas of the Brazilian navy. The New Orleans has proved herself a splendid



THE AUXILIARY CRUISER GLOUCESTER, FORMERLY MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S YACHT CORSAIR, WHICH SUCCESSFULLY ENGAGED TWO SPANISH TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS IN THE BATTLE WITH ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET.

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment, New York.

fighting ship, and in rapidity and accuracy of fire she has shown herself to be perhaps the most effective of all the great fighting machines under Admiral Sampson's orders.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CHARLESTON.

A typical officer of our navy is Captain Henry Glass, commander of the Charleston, who, while convoying the first American expedition to Manila, stopped long enough on the way to hoist the Stars and Stripes over the Ladrones. Those who met Captain Glass while commander of the Texas a year or so ago, and who recall his abounding love for his ship, are sure that the Charleston will

give a splendid account of herself in his hands. Captain Glass was the honor member of the famous class of '62 at Annapolis, which included Gridley, Barker, Evans, Crowninshield, Ludlow, Clark, Barclay, Coghlan, and Sigsbee, and saw active service in the Civil War. He has held the rank of captain since January, 1894.

COLONEL HOOD AND HIS IMMUNES.

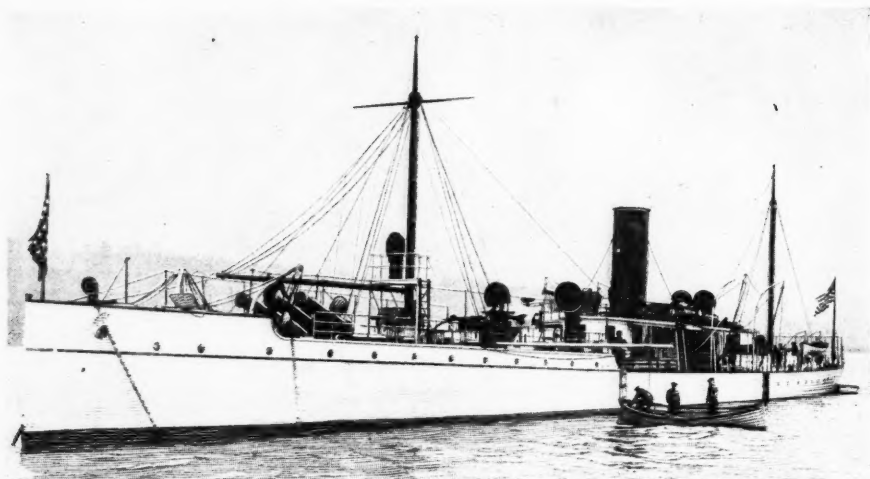
Colonel Duncan Norbert Hood, of the Second United States Volunteers, is probably the youngest commissioned colonel in the American army. Herein he is the son of his father, the celebrated Confederate general, who, when he faced



SOME TYPICAL SCENES FROM THE DAILY CAMP LIFE OF OUR AMERICAN VOLUNTEER SOLDIER BOYS--



—THERE IS MORE WORK THAN PLAY IN IT, AS IS SHOWN IN THESE SKETCHES, DRAWN BY E. NADHERNY.



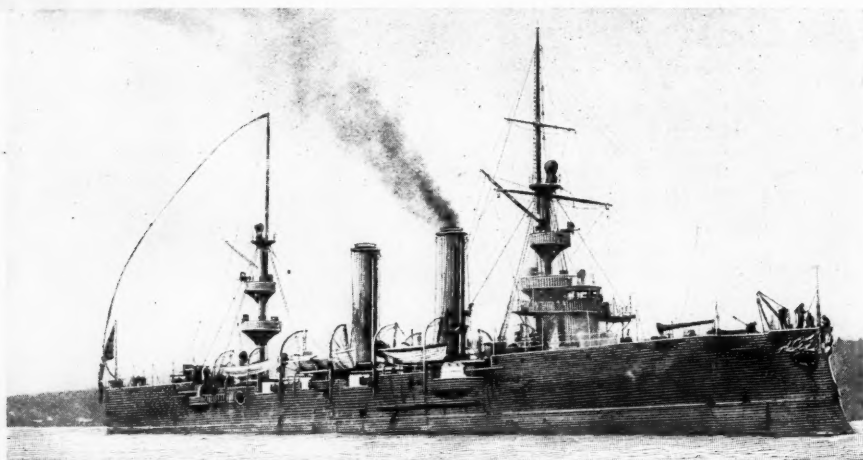
THE VESUVIUS, WHOSE THREE DYNAMITE GUNS HAVE BEEN "THROWING EARTHQUAKES" INTO THE SPANISH DEFENSES OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

From a photograph by Johnston, New York.

Sherman in Georgia, was the youngest officer who commanded an army in the Civil War.

Both of Colonel Hood's parents, and two or three other members of his family, died of yellow fever in the great epidemic of 1879. Young Hood was adopted by the late John A. Morris, well known in New Orleans and New York. He graduated at West Point with honor in the class of 1896, but resigned from the army

to take up the profession of mining engineering. It was no doubt the remembrance of the terrible ordeal of his boyhood days that inspired him with the idea of raising a regiment of immunes from yellow fever, when hostilities with Spain seemed imminent. He went at once to Governor Foster of Louisiana. The Governor at the time had his hands full in organizing the State militia into two regiments of infantry, according to



THE NEW ORLEANS (FORMERLY THE BRAZILIAN CRUISER AMAZONAS), WHICH HAS DONE ESPECIALLY EFFECTIVE WORK IN BOMBARDING THE SPANISH FORTIFICATIONS.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by A. Loeffler, Tompkinsville, New York.

orders received from Washington, and advised young Hood to abandon his plan and accept a commission as lieutenant in the State troops. Hood declined, went straight to Washington, and secured an interview with the President, who was so much impressed that he commissioned Hood as a colonel and promised to take

so often, and often so thoughtlessly, made in this country, than the recent conduct of a young man who is quite or nearly the richest living American. When the government, in the sudden emergency of a war for which we were utterly unprepared, issued its first appeal to the country, John Jacob Astor was one



CAPTAIN HENRY GLASS, COMMANDER OF THE CHARLESTON, WHO HOISTED THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE LADRONE ISLANDS ON HIS WAY TO JOIN ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA.

From a photograph by Millan, Vallejo, California.

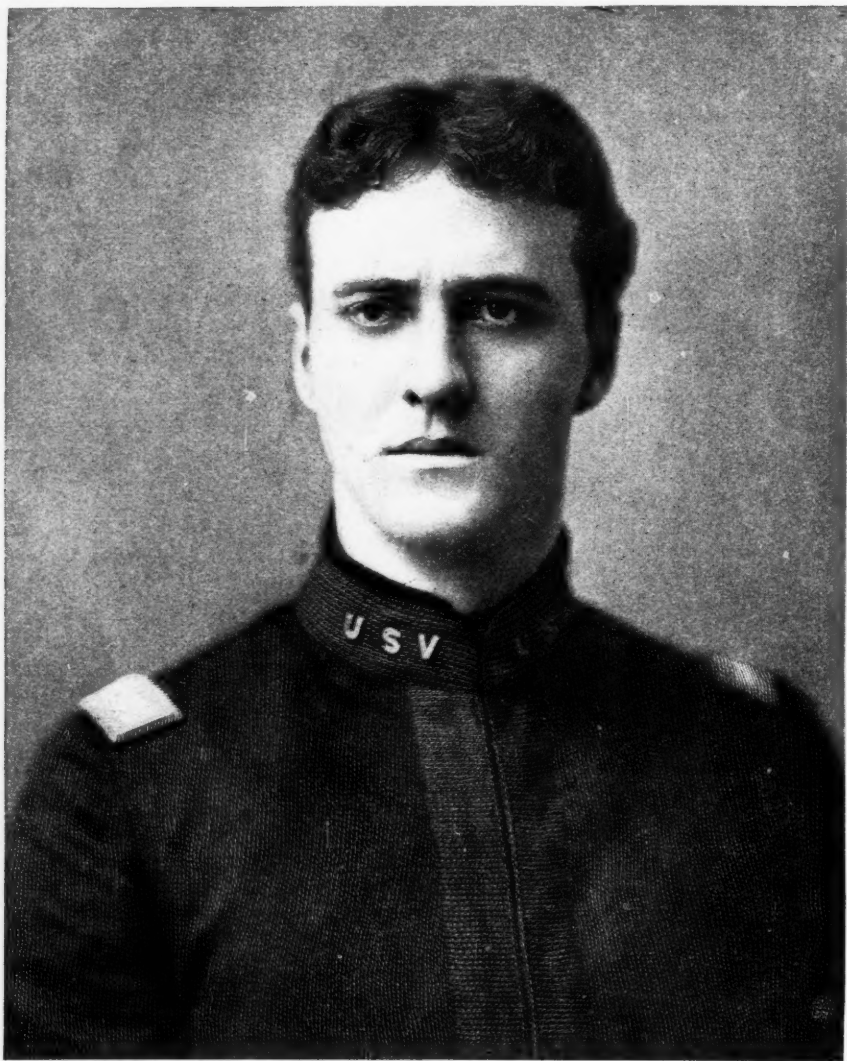
up the matter of forming an immune regiment. The necessary bill was passed by Congress, and the Second United States Volunteers are the result. The regiment represents a thousand men who have lived through the disease that is so terrible a menace to strangers in Cuba, and who are regarded as "yellow fever poison proof." It is the colonel's own idea that they should be ordered to the most unhealthy post where men are needed.

A SIGNAL INSTANCE OF PATRIOTISM.

There could be no better answer to the sneers at the "idle rich" which are

of the first to respond, and his response was a remarkable one. Not only did he proffer his personal services, but he offered to raise and equip, at his own expense, a complete battery of light artillery. Both offers were accepted, and as this is written the Astor battery is on its way to Manila, while Colonel Astor is in Cuba, serving on General Shafter's staff.

Colonel Astor first received his military title by peaceful service upon the staff of Governor Morton of New York. His present experience is very different, for though a commanding general's aide may not have to stand in the trenches or



COLONEL DUNCAN N. HOOD, OF NEW ORLEANS, ORGANIZER AND COMMANDER OF THE REGIMENT OF YELLOW FEVER IMMUNES (SECOND UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS).

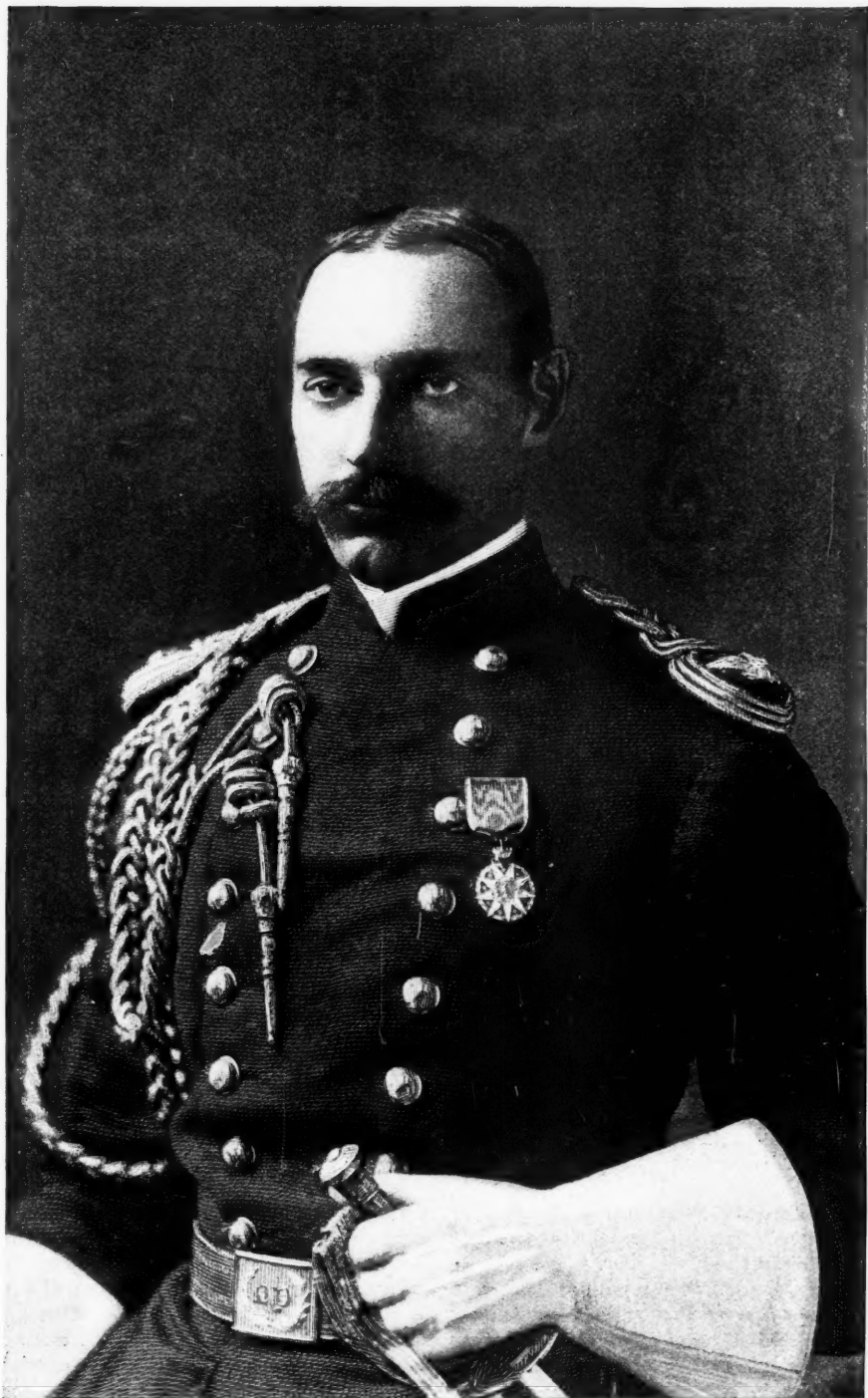
From a photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

charge the enemy's works, yet his duty involves the hardships and something of the danger inseparable from the life of an army in the field. But whether he finds an opportunity to win military laurels or not, John Jacob Astor is a man from whom his countrymen are likely to hear again. He is young, capable, ambitious—a multimillionaire who is not content to be nothing more than a rich man. He has often been credited with political

aspirations, and it would not be surprising to see them gratified.

TWO BRAVE YOUNG SOUTHERNERS.

Although each day of the present war has produced its hero, a grateful country has already set its seal upon the work and career of Ensign Worth Bagley. One of the torpedo boats lately authorized by Congress is to bear his name, and he will be held in such honor as has



COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR, WHO RAISED AND EQUIPPED A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY FOR THE GOVERNMENT, AND WHO IS NOW SERVING IN CUBA ON THE STAFF OF MAJOR GENERAL SHAFTER.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.



THE LATE ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, OF THE WINSLOW, KILLED OFF CARDENAS, CUBA, MAY 12, 1898—THE FIRST AMERICAN OFFICER WHO FELL IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

been accorded to Winthrop and Ellsworth, those two brave spirits who were the first to perish in the Civil War.

When he fell in the gallant dash into Cardenas harbor, Ensign Bagley was only twenty four years old, and had been less than seven years in the service, but he had already learned how to face danger with a smile, and to die as became an American naval officer.

It is a speaking token of a reunited

country that Bagley, the first American officer to fall in Cuba, was a native of the South. The same section claims as its own another of the earliest heroes of the present war—Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson. There is little that can be added to Admiral Sampson's official account of the sinking of the Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago harbor by Hobson and his men. "A more brave or daring thing," writes the admiral, a man



THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, FROM LA CRUZ. THIS IS THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE AMERICAN TROOPS ADVANCED UPON SANTIAGO,
AND THIS IS THE VIEW THEY HAD OF IT WHEN THEY CAPTURED THE HEIGHTS SOUTH AND EAST OF THE CITY.

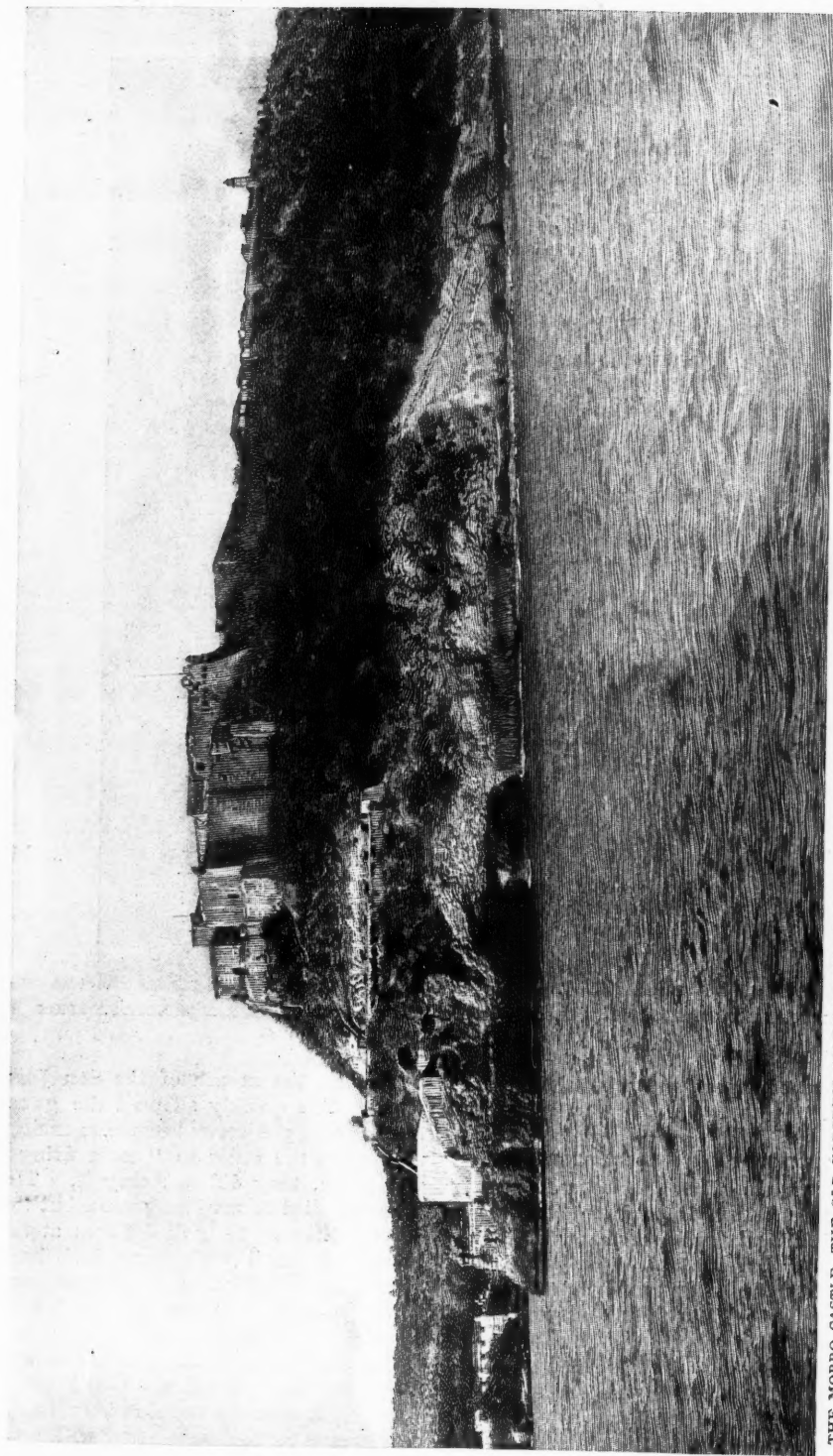


LIEUTENANT RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, WHO SUGGESTED AND EXECUTED THE DARING FEAT OF TAKING THE COLLIER MERRIMAC INTO THE MOUTH OF SANTIAGO HARBOR AND SINKING HER IN THE CHANNEL.

always rather sparing of praise, "has not been done since Cushing blew up the Albemarle."

Nearly every illustrated periodical in America has published a portrait of Hob-

son, and almost invariably he has been represented as a smooth faced youth just out of Annapolis. Our engraving, made from a recent photograph, shows him as he is at the present time—manly and



THE MORRO CASTLE, THE OLD FORTRESS COMMANDING THE NARROW ENTRANCE OF THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE AMERICAN BOMBARDMENT.



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ADOLPH MARIX, CAPTAIN OF THE AUXILIARY CRUISER SCORPION
OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

mature of aspect, and "bearded like the pard."

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCORPION.

Few naval officers are better known in New York than Lieutenant Commander Adolph Marix, who served on the *Maine* board of inquiry, and who is now commanding the *Scorpion* in Cuban waters. The *Scorpion*, formerly the *Sovereign*, is the most heavily armed of the converted yachts, and has taken a lively and venturesome part in the task of peppering the Cuban coast, for Marix is a fighting captain with a fighting crew behind him. One day his ship was opposed to a small

battery at the mouth of the San Juan River. She quickly silenced the guns, but her own gun crews became so excited that when the order to "cease firing" was given, they did not obey it. The officers yelled themselves hoarse, but the guns continued to bark defiance at the Spaniards, until each crew had been separately informed that it must stop firing, because there was nothing left to shoot at.

Captain Marix, who is a native of New York, and the husband of Grace Filkins, the well known actress, has been thirty four years in the navy, and will soon reach the grade of commander.

THE CASTLE INN.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" created a new school of historical romance, has found in the England of George III a field for a story that is no less strong in action, and much stronger in its treatment of the human drama of character and emotion, than his tales of French history.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

In the spring of 1767, while detained at the Castle Inn, at Marlborough, by an attack of the gout, Lord Chatham, the great English statesman, sends for Sir George Soane, a young knight who has squandered his fortune at the gaming tables, to inform him that a claimant has appeared for the £50,000 that was left with him by his grandfather in trust for the heirs of his uncle Anthony Soane, and which, according to the terms of the will, would have become Soane's own in nine months more. The mysterious claimant is a young girl known as Julia Masterson, who has been reputed to be the daughter of a dead college servant at Oxford, and who is already at the Castle in company with her lawyer, one Fishwick. Here Sir George, quite ignorant as to her identity, falls in love with her and asks her to be his wife. She promises to give him his answer on the morrow, but before Soane has returned from a journey he has taken, she is abducted by hirelings of Mr. Dunborough, a man whom Sir George has recently worsted in a duel, and who is himself an unsuccessful suitor for Julia's hand. The Rev. Mr. Thomasson, a tutor at Oxford, who has discovered Julia's identity, attempts to interfere and is carried off for his pains. Sir George and Fishwick set out in pursuit, meeting on the road Mr. Dunborough, who has been prevented by an accident from joining his helpers, and who, thoroughly cowed by the dangerous situation in which he now finds himself, sullenly agrees to aid them in effecting the girl's release. When not far from Bastwick, on the road to Bristol, the abductors become alarmed at the nearness of the pursuers and set their captives free. Julia and Thomasson apply at the house of a man known as Bully Pomeroy for shelter for the night, and after the girl retires the tutor acquaints his host and Lord Almeric Doyley, a dissolute young nobleman who is a guest there, with the true state of affairs. The desirability of recouping their fortunes by an alliance with the heiress dawns on them simultaneously, and each signifies his intention of marrying her. The result is a heated argument until Lord Almeric, noticing the cards on the table, suggests playing for her. To Mr. Pomeroy's great disgust, the young nobleman wins, and the following morning he goes to the girl and offers her his heart and hand. Unaware of the real identity of her abductor, Julia has supposed him to be Soane, and moved by a desire to be in a position where she can revenge herself on her recreant lover, she accepts Lord Almeric's offer. He is celebrating his success with Pomeroy and Thomasson when, later in the day, a message is brought to him from Julia asking for an interview.

XXVII.

WE left Sir George Soane and his companions stranded in the little ale house at Bathford, waiting through the small hours of the night for a conveyance to carry them on to Bristol. Soap and water, a good meal, and a brief dog's sleep, in which Soane had no share—he spent the night walking up and down—and from which Mr. Fishwick was continually starting, with cries and moans, did something to put them in better plight, if in no better temper. When the

dawn came, and with it the chaise and four for which they had sent to Bath, they issued forth haggard and unshaven, but resolute; and long before the shops in Bristol had begun to look for custom, the three, with Sir George's servant, descended before the old George Inn in Temple Mead.

The attorney held strongly to the opinion that they should not lose a second in seeking the persons Mr. Dunborough had employed; the least delay, he said, and the men might be gone into hiding. But on this a wrangle took place in the empty street before the

* Copyright, 1898, by Stanley J. Weyman.

half aroused inn, with a milk girl and a couple of drunken sailors for witnesses. Mr. Dunborough, who was of the party willy nilly, and asked nothing better than to take out in churlishness the pressure put upon him, stood firmly on it he would take no more than one person to the men. He would take Sir George, if he pleased, but no one else.

"I'll have no lawyer to make evidence!" he cried boastfully. "And I'll take no one but on terms. That's flat. I'll have no Jeremy Twitcher with me."

Mr. Fishwick, in a great rage, was going to insist, but Sir George stopped him. "On what terms?" said he to the other.

"If the girl is unharmed, we go unharmed, one and all!" Mr. Dunborough answered. "Damme, do you think I'm going to peach on 'em!" he continued, with a great show of bravado. "Not I! There's the offer, take it or leave it!"

Sir George might have broken down his opposition by the same arguments addressed to his safety which had brought him so far. But time was everything, and Soane was on fire to know the best or worst. "Agreed!" he cried. "Lead the way! And do you, Mr. Fishwick, await me here."

"We must have time," Mr. Dunborough grumbled, looking askance at the attorney—he hated him. "I can't answer for an hour or two. I know a place, and I know another place, and there is another place. And they may be at one, or another, or the other. D'you see?"

"I see that it is your business," Sir George answered, with a glance that lowered the other's truculence. "Wait until noon, Mr. Fishwick. If we have not returned at that hour, be good enough to swear an information against Mr. Dunborough and set the constables to work."

Mr. Dunborough muttered that it was on Sir George's head if ill came of it; but that said, swung sulkily on his heel, defeated. Mr. Fishwick, when the two were some way down the street, ran after Soane to ask, in a whisper, if his pistols were primed; then stood to watch them out of sight. When he turned, the servant whom he had left at the door of the inn had vanished. The lawyer made a shrewd guess that he would have an eye to his master's safety, and retired into the house better satisfied.

He got his breakfast early, and afterwards dozed a while, resting his aching bones in a corner of the coffee room. It was nine and after, and the tide of life was roaring through the city, when he roused himself, and to divert his suspense and fend off his growing stiffness went out to look about him. All was new to him, but he soon wearied of the

main streets, where huge drays laden with puncheons of rum and bales of tobacco threatened to crush him at every corner, and tarry seamen, their whiskers hanging in ringlets, jostled him at every crossing. Turning aside into a quiet court, he stood to gaze at a humble wedding which was leaving a church. He watched the party out of sight, and then, the church door standing open, he took the fancy to stroll into the building. He looked about him, at the maze of dusty, high paneled pews, with little alleys winding hither and thither among them; at the great three decker with its huge sounding board; at the royal escutcheon, and the faded tables of the law, and was about to leave as aimlessly as he had entered when he espied the open vestry door, and, popping in his head, saw a folio bound in sheepskin lying open on a chest, a pen and ink beside it.

The attorney was in that state of fatigue of body and languor of mind when the smallest trifle amuses. He tiptoed in, his hat in his hand, and, licking his lips at thought of the law cases that lay enshrined in the register, he perused a couple of entries with a kind of enthusiasm. He was beginning a third, which was a little hard to decipher, when a black gown that hung on a hook over against him swung noiselessly outward, and a little old man emerged from the door it masked.

The lawyer, who was stooping over the register, raised himself guiltily. "Hallo!" he said, to cover his confusion.

"Hallo!" said the old man, with a wintry smile. "A shilling, if you please," and he held out his hand.

"Oh!" said Mr. Fishwick, much chaf-fallen, "I was only just looking out of curiosity."

"It is a shilling to look," the newcomer retorted, with a chuckle. "Only one year, I think? Just so, anno domini seventeen hundred and sixty seven. A shilling, if you please."

Mr. Fishwick hesitated, but in the end professional pride swayed him; he drew out the coin, and grudgingly handed it over. "Well," he said, "it is a shilling for nothing; but I suppose, as you have caught me, I must pay."

"I've caught a many that way," the old fellow answered, as he pouched the shilling. "But there, I do a lot of work upon them. There is not a better register kept than that, nor a parish clerk that knows more about his register than I do, though I say it that should not. It is clean, and clean from old Henry eighth, with never a break except at the time of the siege, and there is an entry about that that you could see for another

shilling. No? Well, if you would like to see a year for nothing? No. Now, I know a lad, an attorney's clerk here, name of Chatterton, would give his ears for the offer. Perhaps your name is Smith?" the old fellow continued, peering curiously at Mr. Fishwick. "If it is, you may like to know that the name of Smith is in the register of burials just five hundred and eighty three times—was last Friday. It is not Smith? Well, if it is Brown, it is there four hundred and seventy times—and one over!"

"That is an odd thought of yours," said the lawyer, staring at the conceit.

"So many have said," the old man chuckled. "But it is not Brown? Jones, perhaps? That comes four hundred and—oh, it is not Jones?"

"It is a name you won't be likely to have once, let alone four hundred times," said the lawyer, with a little pride—Heaven knows why.

"What may it be, then?" the clerk asked, fairly put on his mettle; and he drew out a pair of glasses and, settling them on his forehead, looked fixedly at his companion.

"Fishwick."

"Fishwick! Fishwick? Well, it is not a common name, and I cannot speak to it at this moment. But if it is here, I'll wager I'll find it for you. D'you see, I have them here in A B C order," he continued, bustling with an important air to a cupboard in the wall, whence he produced a thick folio bound in roughened calf. "Aye, here's Fishwick, in the burial book, do you see, volume two, page seventeen, anno domini 1750—seventeen years gone, that is. Will you see it? 'Twill be only a shilling. There's many pays out of curiosity to see their names."

Mr. Fishwick shook his head.

"Dods! man, you shall!" the old clerk cried generously, and turned the pages. "You shall see it for what you have paid. Here you are: '*Fourteenth of September, William Fishwick, aged eighty one, barber, West Quay, died the eleventh of the month.*' No, man, you are looking too low. Higher, higher! Here 'tis, do you see? Eh, what is it? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," Mr. Fishwick muttered hoarsely. But he continued to stare at the page with a face struck suddenly sallow, and the hand that rested on the corner of the book shook as with the ague.

"Nothing?" said the old man, staring suspiciously at him. "I do believe it is something. I do b'lieve it is money. Well, it is five shillings to extract. So there!"

That seemed to change Mr. Fishwick's view. "It might be money," he confessed, still speaking thickly, and as if his tongue were too large for his mouth. "It might

be," he repeated; "but—I am not very well this morning. Do you think you could get me a glass of water?"

"None of that!" the old man retorted sharply, with a sudden look of alarm. "I would not leave you alone with that book at this moment for all the shillings I have ever taken! No! So, if you want water, you've got to get it."

"I am better now," Mr. Fishwick answered; but the sweat which stood on his brow went far to belie his words. "I—yes, I think I'll take an extract. Sixty one, was he?"

"Eighty one, eighty one, it says. There's pen and ink, but you'll please to give me five shillings first. Thank you, kindly. Eh, but that is not the one! Ye're taking out the one above it."

"I'll have 'em all—for identification," Mr. Fishwick replied, wiping his forehead nervously.

"No need."

"I think I will."

"What, all?"

"Well, the one before and the one after."

"Dods, man, but that will be fifteen shillings!" the clerk cried, aghast at such extravagance.

"You'll only charge for the one I want," the lawyer said, with an effort.

"Well—we'll say five shillings for the other two."

Mr. Fishwick closed with the offer, and with a hand which was still unsteady paid the money and extracted the entries. Then he took his hat, and hurriedly, his eyes averted, turned to go.

"If it's money," said the old clerk, staring at him as if he could never satisfy his inquisitiveness, "you'll not forget me?"

"If it's money," said Mr. Fishwick, with a ghastly smile, "it shall be some in your pocket."

"Thank you kindly. Now who would have thought when you stepped in here you were stepping into a fortune—so to speak?"

"Just so," said Mr. Fishwick, a spasm distorting his face. "Who'd have thought it! Good morning!"

"And good luck!" bawled the clerk after him. "Good luck!"

Mr. Fishwick fluttered a hand backwards, but made no answer. He hastened to turn the corner; thence he plunged through a stream of traffic, and, having thus covered his trail, he went on rapidly, seeking a quiet corner. He found one in a court among some warehouses, and standing, pulled out the copy he had made from the register. It was neither on the first nor the second entry, however, that his eyes dwelt, while the hand

that held the paper shook as with the ague. It was the third fascinated him:

September 19th, at the Bee in Steep Street, Julia, daughter of Anthony and Julia Soane of Estcombe, aged three, and buried the 21st of the month.

Mr. Fishwick read it thrice, his lips quivering; then he slowly drew from a separate pocket a little sheaf of papers frayed and soiled with much and loving handling. He selected from these a slip; it was one of those Mr. Thomasson had surprised on the table in his room at the Castle. It was a copy of the attestation of birth "of Julia, daughter of Anthony Soane, of Estcombe, England, and Julia, his wife;" the date, August, 1747; the place, Dunquerque.

The attorney drew a long, quivering breath, and put the papers up again, the packet in the place from which he had taken it, the extract from the Bristol register in another pocket. Then, after drawing one or two more sighs, as if his heart were going out of him, he looked dismally upwards as in protest against Heaven. At length he turned and went back to the street, and there, with a strangely humble air, asked a passer by the nearest way to Steep Street.

The man directed him; the place was near at hand. In two minutes Mr. Fishwick found himself at the door of a small but decent grocer's shop, over the portal of which a gilded bee seemed to prognosticate more business than the fact performed. An elderly woman, stout and comfortable looking, was behind the counter. Eying the attorney as he came forward, she asked him what she could do for him, and before he answered reached for the snuff canister.

He took the hint, requested an ounce of the best Scotch and Havana mixed, and while she weighed it asked her how long she had lived there.

"Twenty six years, sir," she answered heartily, "old style. For the new I don't hold with it, nor them that meddle with thir's above them. I am sure it brought me no profit," she continued, rubbing her nose. "I have buried a good husband and two children since they gave it us."

"Still, I suppose people died, old style?" the lawyer ventured.

"Well, well, may be."

"There was a death in this house seventeen years gone—this September, if I remember rightly," he said.

The woman pushed away the snuff and stared at him. "Two, for the matter of that," she said sharply. "But should I remember you?"

"No."

"Then, if I may make so bold, what is't

to you?" she retorted. "Do you come from Jim Masterson?"

"He is dead," Mr. Fishwick answered.

She threw up her hands. "Lord! And he a young man, so to speak! Poor Jim! Poor Jim! It is ten years and more—aye, more—since I heard from him. And the child? Is that dead, too?"

"No, the child is alive," said the lawyer, speaking at a venture. "I am here on her behalf, to make some inquiries about her kinsfolk."

The woman's honest red face softened and grew motherly. "You may inquire," she said; "you'll learn no more than I can tell you. And there is no one left that's akin to her. The father was a poor Frenchman, a monsieur that taught the quality about here; the mother was one of his people—she came from Canterbury, where I am told there are French and to spare, but according to her account she had no kin left. He died the year after the child was born, and she came to lodge with me, and lived by teaching, as he had, but 'twas a poor livelihood, you may say, and when she sickened she died—just as a candle goes out."

"When?" said Mr. Fishwick, his eyes glued to the woman's face.

"The week Jim Masterson came to see us, bringing the child from foreign parts—that was buried with her. 'Twas said his child took the fever from her and got its death that way. But I don't know. I don't know. It is true they had not brought in the new style then; but—"

"You knew him before—Masterson, I mean?"

"Why, he had courted me!" was the good tempered answer. "You don't know much if you don't know that. Then my good man came along and I liked him better, and Jim went into service and married Oxfordshire way. But when he came to Bristol after his journey in foreign parts, 'twas natural he should come to see me, and my husband, who was always easy, would keep him a day or two—more's the pity, for in twenty four hours the child he had with him began to sicken, and died, and never was man in such a taking, though he swore the child was not his, but one he had adopted to serve a gentleman in trouble, and because his wife had none. Any way, it was buried along with my lodger, and nothing would serve but he must adopt the child she had left. It seemed ordained-like, they being of an age, and all. And I had two children and was looking for another, which never came, and the mother had left no more than buried her with a little help. So he took it with him, and we heard from him once or twice how it was, and that his wife

took to it, and then—well, writing's a burden. But"—with renewed interest—"she's a well grown girl by now, I guess?"

"Yes," said the attorney absently; "she's—she's a well grown girl."

"And is poor Jim's wife alive?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" the good woman answered thoughtfully. "If she were not, I'd think about taking to the girl myself. It's lonely at times without chick or child. And there's the shop to tend. She could help with that."

The attorney winced. He was looking wretched. But he had his back to the light, and she remarked nothing, save that he seemed to be a somber sort of body and poor company. "What was the Frenchman's name?" he asked, after a pause.

"Parry," said she; and then, sharply, "don't they call her by it?"

"It has an English sound," he said doubtfully, evading her question.

"That is the way he called it. But it was spelled Pare, just Pare."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fishwick. "That explains it." He wondered why he had asked what did not in the least matter; since, if she were not a Soane, it mattered not who she was. "Well, thank you," he continued after an interval, recovering himself with a sigh, "I am much obliged to you. And now—for the moment—good morning, ma'am. I must wish you good morning," he repeated hurriedly, and took up his snuff.

"But that is not all?" the good woman exclaimed in astonishment. "At any rate, you'll leave your name?"

Mr. Fishwick pursed up his lips and stared at her gloomily. "Name?" he said, at last.

"Yes, ma'am—Brown. Mr. Peter Brown, the—the Poultry——"

"The Poultry!" she cried, gaping at him helplessly.

"Yes, the Poultry, London. Mr. Peter Brown, the Poultry, London. And now I have other business and shall—shall return another day. I must wish you good morning, ma'am. Good morning;" and thrusting his face into his hat Mr. Fishwick hurried precipitately into the street, and with singular recklessness hastened to plunge into the thickest of the traffic, leaving the good woman in a state of amazement.

Nevertheless, he reached the inn safely; and when Mr. Dunborough returned from a futile search, the failure of which condemned him to another twenty four hours in that company, the first thing he saw was the attorney's gloomy face awaiting them in a dark corner of the coffee room. The sight reproached him subtly, he knew not why; he was in the worst of tempers, and for want of

a better outlet vented his spleen on the lawyer's head.

"Damn you!" he cried brutally, "your hang dog phiz is enough to spoil any sport! Hang me if I believe that there is such another mumping, whining, whimpering sneak in the 'varsal world! D'you think any one will have luck with your tallow face within a mile of him?" Then, longing but not daring to turn his wrath on Sir George, "What do you bring him for?" he cried.

"For my convenience," Sir George retorted, with a look of contempt that for the time silenced the other; and that said, Soane proceeded to explain to Mr. Fishwick, who had answered not a word, that the rogues had evaded them and got into hiding; but that by means of persons known to Mr. Dunborough it was hoped they would be heard from that day or the next. Then, struck by the attorney's sickly face, "I am afraid you are not well, Mr. Fishwick," Sir George continued, more kindly. "The night has been too much for you. I would advise you to lie down for a few hours and take some rest. If anything is heard I will send up to you."

Mr. Fishwick thanked him, without looking in his face; and after a minute or two he retired. Sir George looked after him and pondered a little on the change in his manner. Through the stress of the night Mr. Fishwick had shown himself alert and eager, ready and not lacking in spirit; now he had depression written large in his face, and walked and bore himself like a man sinking under a load of despondency.

All that day the messenger from the slums did not come, and between the two men down stairs strange relations prevailed. Sir George dared not let the other out of his sight; yet there were times when they came to the verge of blows, and nothing but the knowledge of Sir George's swordsmanship could have kept Mr. Dunborough's temper within bounds. At dinner, at which Sir George insisted that the attorney should sit down with them, Dunborough drank a good deal of wine, and in his cups fell into a strain peculiarly provoking.

"Lord! you make me sick!" he said. "All this bother about a girl that a month ago your high mightiness would not have looked at in the street. You are vastly virtuous now, and sneer at me, but damme, which of us loves the girl best? Take away her money, and will you marry her? I'd a done it, without a rag to her back. But take away her money, and will you do the same, Mr. Virtuous?"

Sir George, listening darkly and putting a great restraint on himself, did not answer. But in a moment Mr. Fishwick got up sud-

denly and hurried from the room—so abruptly that he left his glass in fragments on the floor.

XXVIII.

LORD ALMERIC continued to vapor and romance as he mounted the stairs. Mr. Pomeroy attended sneering at his heels. The tutor followed, and longed to separate them. He had his fears for the one and the other, and was relieved when his lordship, at the last moment, hung back, and with a foolish chuckle proposed a course that did more honor to his vanity than his taste.

"Hist!" he whispered. "Do you two stop outside a minute, and you'll hear how kind she'll be to me. I'll leave the door ajar, and then in a minute do you come in, and roast her! Lord, 'twill be as good as a play!"

Mr. Pomeroy shrugged his shoulders. "As you please," he growled. "But I have known a man go to shear and be shorn!"

Lord Almeric smiled loftily, and waiting for no more, winked to them, turned the handle of the door, and simpered in.

Had Mr. Thomasson entered with him the tutor would have seen at a glance that he had wasted his fears, and that trouble threatened from a different quarter. The girl, her face a strange blaze of excitement and shame and eagerness, stood in the recess of the farther window seat, as far from the door as she could go, her attitude that of one driven into a corner. And from that about her her lover should have taken warning. But Lord Almeric saw nothing. Crying, "Most lovely Julia!" he tripped forward to embrace her, the wine emboldening him. She checked him by a gesture unmistakable even by a man in his flustered state.

"My lord," she said hurriedly, yet in a tone of pleading, and her head hung a little and her cheeks began to flame, "I ask your forgiveness for having sent for you. Alas, I have also to ask your forgiveness for a more serious fault, and—and one which you may find it less easy to pardon!"

"Try me!" the little beau answered with ardor, and struck an attitude. "What would I not forgive to the loveliest of her sex?" And under cover of his words he endeavored to come within reach of her.

She waved him back. "No!" she said. "You do not understand."

"Understand?" he cried effusively. "I understand enough to—but why, my Chloe, these alarms? This bashfulness? Sure," he spouted,

"How can I see you, and not love,
While you as opening east are fair?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love and not despair?"

And then in wonder at his own readiness, "S'help me, that's uncommon clever of me!" he said. "But when a man is in love with the most beautiful of her sex——"

"My lord," she cried, stamping the floor in her impatience, "I have something serious to say to you. Must I ask you to return to me at another time, or will you be good enough to listen to me now?"

"Sho, if you wish it, child!" he said easily, taking out his snuff box. "And, to be sure, there is time enough. But between us, sweet one——"

"There is nothing between us!" she cried impetuously, snatching at the word. "That is what I wanted to tell you. Do you not understand? I made a mistake when I said there should be. I was mad—I was wicked, if you like. Do you hear me, my lord?" she continued passionately. "It was a mistake. I did not know what I was doing. And now I do understand, I take it back."

Lord Almeric gasped. He heard the words, but the meaning seemed incredible, inconceivable; the misfortune, if he heard aright, was too terrible; the humiliation too overwhelming! He had brought listeners—and for this! "Understand?" he cried, looking at her in a confused, chapfallen way. "But hang me if I do understand? You don't mean to say—oh, it is impossible; stuff me, it is!—you don't mean that—that you'll not have me? After all that has come and gone, ma'am?"

She shook her head, pitying him; blaming herself for the plight in which she had placed him. "I sent for you, my lord," she said humbly, "that I might tell you at once. I could not rest until I had told you. And believe me, I am very, very sorry."

"But do you really mean—that you—you jilt me?" he cried, still fighting off the dreadful truth.

"Not jilt," she said, shivering.

"But that you won't have me?"

She nodded.

"After—after saying you would?" he wailed.

"I cannot," she answered, her face scarlet. Then, "Cannot you understand?" she cried impatiently. "I did not know until—until you went to kiss me."

"But—oh, I say—but you love me?" he protested.

"No, my lord," she said firmly; "and there you must do me the justice to acknowledge that I never said I did."

He dashed his hat on the floor; he was almost weeping. "Oh, damme!" he cried, "a woman should not—should not treat a man like this! It's low! It's——"

A knock on the door stopped him. Recollections of the listeners, whom he had mo-

mentarily forgotten, overwhelmed him. He sprang with an oath to shut the door; before he could intervene Mr. Pomeroy appeared smiling on the threshold, and behind him the reluctant tutor.

Lord Almeric swore, and Julia, affronted, drew back, frowning. But Bully Pomeroy would see nothing. "A thousand pardons, if I intrude," he said, bowing low that he might hide a lurking grin, "but his lordship was good enough to say down stairs that he would present us to the lady who had consented to make him happy. We little thought last night, madam, that so much beauty and so much goodness were reserved for one of us!"

Lord Almeric looked ready to cry. Julia, darkly red, was certain that they had overheard, and glared at the intruders, her foot tapping the floor. No one answered, and Mr. Pomeroy, after looking from one to the other in assumed surprise, pretended to hit on the reason. "Oh, I see, I spoil sport!" he cried, with coarse joviality. "Curse me if I meant to! I fear we have come malapropos, my lord, and the sooner we are gone the better!"

"And though she found his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough!"

he continued, with his head on one side and an impudent leer. "We are interrupting the turtle doves, Mr. Thomasson, and had better be gone."

"Curse you, why did you ever come?" my lord cried furiously. "But she won't have me! So there! Now you know!"

Mr. Pomeroy struck an attitude of astonishment. "Won't have you!" he cried. "Oh, stap me, you are biting us!"

"I'm not! And you know it!" the poor little blood cried, tears of vexation in his eyes. "You know it, and you are roasting me!"

"Know it?" Mr. Pomeroy answered, in tones of righteous indignation. "I know it? So far from knowing it, my dear lord, I cannot believe it! I understood that the lady had given you her word."

"So she did!"

"Then I cannot believe that a lady would anywhere, much less under my roof, take it back! Madam, there must be some mistake here," Mr. Pomeroy continued warmly. "It is intolerable that a man of his lordship's rank should be so treated, I'm forsworn if he has not mistaken you!"

"He does not mistake me now," she answered, trembling and blushing. "What error there was I have explained to him."

"But, damme—"

"Sir!" she said, her eyes sparkling, "what has happened is between his lordship

and myself. Interference on the part of any one else is an intrusion, and I shall treat it as such. His lordship understands—"

"Curse me, he does not look as if he understood!" Mr. Pomeroy cried, allowing all his native coarseness to appear. "Sink me, ma'am, there is a limit to prudishness! Fine words butter no parsnips. You plighted your troth to my guest, and I'll not see him thrown over in this fashion. I suppose a man has some rights under his own roof, and when his guest is jilted before his eyes"—here Mr. Pomeroy frowned like Jove—"it is well you should know, ma'am, that a woman, no more than a man, can play fast and loose at pleasure!"

She looked at him with disdain. "Then the sooner I leave your roof the better, sir!" she said, with spirit.

"Not so fast there, either!" he answered, with an unpleasant smile. "You will leave it when we choose, and that is flat, my girl. This morning, when my lord did you the honor to ask you, you gave him your word. Perhaps tomorrow morning you'll be of the same mind again. Any way, you will wait until tomorrow and see."

"I shall not wait on your pleasure," she cried.

"You will wait on it! Or 'twill be the worse for you."

Burning with indignation, she looked to the other two, her breath coming quick; but Mr. Thomasson gazed gloomily at the floor and would not meet her eyes, and Lord Almeric, who had thrown himself into a chair, was glowering sulkily at his shoes. "Do you mean," she cried, "that you will dare to detain me?"

"If you put it so," he answered, grinning, "I think I dare take it on myself."

His voice full of mockery, his insolent eyes, stung her to the quick. "I will see if that is so!" she cried, fearlessly advancing on him. "Lay a finger on me if you dare. I am going out. Make way, sir."

"You are not going out!" he cried between his teeth; and held his ground in front of her.

When she was within reach of him her courage failed her, and they stood a second or two gazing at one another, the girl with heaving breast and cheeks burning with indignation, the man with cynical watchfulness. Suddenly, shrinking from actual contact with him, she sprang nimbly aside and was at the door before he could intercept her. But, with a rapid movement, he turned on his heel and, seizing her round the waist before she could open the door, dragged her shrieking from it, and with an oath flung her panting and breathless into the window seat. "There!" he cried fero-

ciously, his blood fired by the struggle, "lie there! And behave yourself, my lady, or I'll find means to quiet you. For you," he continued, turning fiercely on the tutor, whose face the sudden scuffle and the girl's screams had blanched to the hue of paper, "did you never hear a woman squeak before? And you, my lord? Are you so dainty? But to be sure 'tis your lordship's mistress," he continued ironically. "Your pardon! I forgot that. There, she is none the worse, and 'twill bring her to reason."

But the struggle and the girl's cries had shaken my lord's nerves. "Damn you!" he cried hysterically, "you should not have done that."

"Pooh, pooh!" Mr. Pomeroy answered lightly. "Do you leave it to me, my lord. She does not know her own mind. 'Twill help her to find it. And now, if you'll take my advice, you'll leave her to a night's reflection."

But Lord Almeric only repeated, "You should not have done that."

Mr. Pomeroy's face showed his scorn for the man whom a cry or two and a struggling woman had frightened. He could only look at it one way. "I understand that is the right line to take," he said, and he laughed unpleasantly. "No doubt it will be put to your lordship's credit. But now, my lord," he continued, "let us go. You will see she will have come to her senses by tomorrow."

The girl had remained passive since her defeat; but at that she rose from the window seat where she had sat slaying them with furious glances. "My lord," she cried passionately, "if you are a man, if you are a gentleman, you'll not suffer this."

But Lord Almeric, who had now recovered from his temporary panic and was as angry with her as with Pomeroy, shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I don't know!" he said resentfully. "It has naught to do with me, ma'am. I don't want you kept, but you have behaved uncommon low to me, sink me, you have! And 'twill do you good to think on it! Stap me, it will!"

And he turned on his heel and sneaked out.

Mr. Pomeroy laughed insolently. "There is still Tommy," he said. "Try him. See what he'll say to you. It amuses me to hear you plead, my dear, you put so much spirit into it. As my lord said, 'tis as good as a play."

She flung him a look of scorn, but did not answer. Mr. Thomasson shuffled his feet uncomfortably. "There are no horses," he faltered, cursing his indiscreet companion. "But Mr. Pomeroy means well, I know. And as there are no horses, even if nothing

prevented you—you could not go tonight, you see."

Mr. Pomeroy burst into a shout of laughter, and clapped the stammering tutor (fallen miserably between two stools) on the back. "There's a champion for you!" he cried. "Beauty in distress! Lord, how it fires his blood and turns his look to flame! What, going, Tommy?" he continued, as Mr. Thomasson, unable longer to bear his railery or the girl's fiery scorn, turned and fled ignobly. "Well, my pretty dear, I see we are to be left alone. And damme, quite right too, for we are the only man and the only woman of the party, and should come to an understanding."

Julia looked at him with shuddering abhorrence. They were alone; the sound of the tutor's retreating footsteps was growing faint. She pointed to the door. "If you do not go," she cried, her voice shaking with rage, "I will rouse the house! I will call your people! Do you hear me? I will so cry to your servants that you shall not for shame dare to keep me! I will break this window and cry for help!"

"And what do you think I should be doing meanwhile?" he retorted, with an ugly leer. "I thought I had shown you that two could play at that game. But there, child, I like your spirit! I like you for it! You are a girl after my own heart, and, damme, we'll live to laugh at those two old women yet!"

She shrank farther from him with an unmistakable expression of loathing. He saw it and scowled, but for the moment he kept his temper. "Fie! the little Masterson playing the grand lady!" he said. "But there, you are too handsome to be crossed, my dear. You shall have your own way for tonight, and I'll come and talk to you tomorrow, when your head is cooler and those two fools are out of the way. And if we quarrel, my beauty, we can but kiss and make it up. Look on me as your friend," he continued, with a leer from which she shrank, "and I vow you'll not repent it."

She did not answer—she only pointed to the door; and, finding that he could draw nothing from her, he went at last. But on the threshold he turned, met her eyes with a grin of meaning, and took the key from the inside of the lock. She heard him put it in on the outside and turn it, and had to grip one hand with the other to stay the scream that rose in her throat. She was brave beyond most women, but the ease with which he had mastered her, the humiliation of contact with him, the conviction of her helplessness in his grasp, were on her still. They filled her with dread, which grew more definite as the light, already low in corners, failed and the shadows thickened about the

dingy furniture; and she crouched alone against the barred window, listening for the first tread of a coming foot—and dreading the night.

XXIX.

MR. POMEROY chuckled as he went down the stairs. Things had gone so well for him he owed it to himself to see that they went better. He had gone up determined to effect a breach, even if it cost him my lord's enmity. He descended, the breach made, the prize open to competition, and my lord obliged by friendly offices and unselfish service!

Mr. Pomeroy smiled. "She is a saucy baggage, but I've tamed worse," he muttered. "'Tis the first step is hard, and I have taken that. Now to deal with old Mother Olney. If she were not such a silly old fool, or if I could get rid of her and Jarvey, and put in the Tamplins, all would be easy. But she'd talk! The kitchen wench need know nothing; and for visitors, there are none in this damp old hole! So win over Mother Olney and the parson, and I don't see where I can fail. The wench is here safe and tight, and bread and water, damp and loneliness, will do a great deal. And she don't deserve better treatment, hang her impudence!"

But when he appeared in the hall an hour later, his gloomy face told a different story. "Where's Doyley?" he growled; and, stumbling over a dog, kicked it howling into a corner. "Has he gone to bed?"

The tutor, brooding sulkily over his wine, looked up. "Yes," he said, as rudely as he dared—he was sick with disappointment. "He is going in the morning."

"And a good riddance!" Pomeroy cried, with an oath. "He's off it, is he? He gives up?"

The tutor nodded gloomily. "His lordship is not the man," he said, with an attempt at his usual manner, "to—to—"

"To win the odd trick unless he holds six tricks," Mr. Pomeroy cried. "No, by God, he is not! You are right, parson. But so much the better for you and me."

Mr. Thomasson sniffed. "I don't follow you," he said stiffly.

"Don't you? You weren't so dull years ago," Mr. Pomeroy answered, filling a glass as he stood. He held it in his hand and looked over it at the other, who, ill at ease, fidgeted in his chair. "You could put two and two together then, parson, and you can put five and five together now. They make ten—thousand."

"I don't follow you," the tutor repeated, steadfastly looking away from him.

"Why? Nothing is changed since we

talked—except that he is out of it, and that that is done for me for nothing which I offered you five thousand to do. But I am generous, Tommy. I am generous."

"The next chance is mine," Mr. Thomasson cried, with a glance of spite.

Mr. Pomeroy, looking down at him, laughed—a galling laugh. "Lord, Tommy, that was a hundred years ago!" he said contemptuously.

"You said nothing was changed."

"Nothing is changed in my case," Mr. Pomeroy answered confidently, "except for the better. In your case everything is changed—for the worse. Did you take her part up stairs? Are your hands clean now? Does she see through you, or does she not? Or, put it in another way, Mr. Parson. It is your turn. What are you going to do?"

"Go," said the tutor viciously. "And glad to be quit."

"You withdraw?"

Mr. Thomasson shrugged his shoulders.

Mr. Pomeroy sat down opposite him. "You'll withdraw, but you'll not go," he said, in a low voice; and, drinking off half his wine, set down the glass and regarded the other over it. "Five and five are ten, Tommy. You are no fool, and I am no fool."

"I am not such a fool as to put my neck in a noose," the tutor retorted; "and there is no other way of coming at what you want."

"There are twenty," Pomeroy returned coolly. "And, mark you, if I fail, you are spun, whether you help me or no. You are blown on, or I can blow on you! You'll get nothing for your cut on the head."

"And what shall I get if I stay?"

"I have told you."

"The gallows?"

"No, Tommy; eight hundred a year."

Mr. Thomasson sneered incredulously, and, making it plain that he refused to think, thought! He had risked so much in this enterprise, gone through so much; and to lose it all! He cursed the girl's fickleness, her coyness, her obstinacy! He hated her. And, do what he might for her now, he doubted if he could cozen her or get much from her. Yet in that lay his only chance, apart from Mr. Pomeroy. His eye was cunning and his tone sly when he spoke again.

"You forget one thing," he said. "I have only to open my lips after I leave."

"And I am nicked?" Mr. Pomeroy answered. "True; and you will get a hundred guineas—and have a worse than Dunborough at your heels."

The tutor wiped his brow. "What do you want?" he whispered.

"That old hag Olney has turned rusty," Pomeroy answered. "She has got it into

her head something is going to be done to the girl. I sounded her, and I cannot trust her. I could send her packing, but Jarvey is not much better, and talks when he is drunk. So the girl must be got from here."

Mr. Thomasson raised his eyebrows scornfully.

"You need not sneer, you fool!" Pomeroy said, with a little spurt of rage. "'Tis no harder than to get her here?"

"Where will you take her?"

"To Tamplin's farm, by the river. There you are no wiser, but you may trust me. I can hang the man, and the woman is no better. They have done this sort of thing before. Once get her there, and sink me, she'll be glad to see the parson!"

The tutor shuddered. The water was growing very deep. "I'll have no part in it!" he said firmly. "No part in it, so help me God!"

"There's no part for you!" Mr. Pomeroy answered, with grim patience. "Your part is to thwart the scheme."

Mr. Thomasson, half risen from his chair, sat down again. "What do you mean?" he muttered.

"You are her friend. Your part is to help her to escape. You'll sneak to her room, and tell her that you'll steal the key when I'm drunk after dinner. She'll be ready at eleven, you'll let her out, and have a chaise waiting at the end of the avenue. It will be there, you'll put her in, you'll go back to the house. I suppose you see it now?"

The tutor stared in stupefaction. "She'll get away," he said.

"Half a mile," Mr. Pomeroy answered dryly, as he filled his glass. "Then I shall stop the chaise—with a pistol if you like—jump in—a merry surprise for the nymph—and before twelve we shall be at Tamplin's. And you'll be free of it."

Mr. Thomasson pondered, his face flushed, his eyes moist. "I think you are the devil!" he said at last.

"Is it a bargain? And see here: his lordship has gone silly on that girl. You can tell him before he leaves what you are going to do. He'll leave easy, and you'll have an evidence—of your good intentions!" Mr. Pomeroy added with a chuckle.

"I'll not do it!" Mr. Thomasson cried faintly. "I'll not do it!"

But he sat down again, their heads came together across the table; they talked long in low voices. Presently Mr. Pomeroy fetched pen and paper from a table in one of the windows, where they lay along with odd volumes of Crebillon, a tattered Hoyle on whist, and Foote's jest book. Something was written and handed over, and the two rose.

Mr. Thomasson would have liked to say a word before they parted as to no violence being contemplated or used; something smug and fair seeming that might go to show that his right hand did not understand what his left was doing. But even his impudence was unequal to the task, and, with a shamefaced good night, he secured the memorandum in his pocketbook and sneaked up to bed.

He need have lost no time in carrying out Pomeroy's suggestion to make Lord Almeric his confidant, for he found his lordship awake, tossing and turning in the shade of the green moreen curtains, in a pitiable state between chagrin and rage. But the tutor's nerve failed him. He had few scruples, but he was weary and sick at heart, and for that night felt that he had done enough. So, to all my lord's inquiries, he answered as sleepily as consisted with respect, until the young roué's suspicions were aroused, and on a sudden he sat up in bed, his nightcap quivering on his head.

"Tommy," he cried feverishly, "what is afoot down stairs? Now, do you tell me the truth!"

"Nothing," said Mr. Thomasson soothingly.

"Because—well, she's played it uncommon low on me, uncommon low she's played it," my lord repeated pathetically; "but fair is fair, and willing's willing! And I'll not see her hurt. Pom's none too nice, I know, but he's got to understand that. I'm none of your Methodists, Tommy, as you are aware—no one more so! But s'help me, no one shall lay a hand on her against her will!"

"My dear lord, no one is going to," said the tutor, quaking in his bed.

"That is understood, is it? Because it had better be!" the little lord continued, with unusual vigor. "I vow and protest I have no cause to stand up for her. She's a saucy baggage, and has treated me with—with cursed disrespect. But—oh, Lord, Tommy!—I'd have been a good husband to her. I would, indeed. And been kind to her! And now—she's made a fool of me. She's made a fool of me!"

And my lord took off his nightcap and wiped his eyes with it.

XXX.

JULIA passed such a night as a girl instructed in the world's ways might be expected to pass in her position and after the rough treatment of the afternoon. The room grew dark, the dismal garden and weedy pool that closed the prospect faded from sight, and still as she crouched by the

barred window or listened breathlessly at the door all that part of the house lay silent; not a sound of life came to the ear.

By turns she resented and welcomed this. At one time, pacing the floor in a fury of rage and indignation, she was ready to dash herself against the door, or scream and scream and scream until some one came to her. At another the recollection of Pomeroy's sneering smile, of his insolent grasp, returned to chill and terrify her; and she hid in the darkest corner, hugged the solitude, and, scarcely daring to breathe, prayed that the silence might endure forever.

But the hours in the dark room were long and cold, and at times the fever of rage and fear left her in a chill. Of this came another phase that she had, as the night wore on and nothing happened. Reverting bitterly to him who should have been her protector, but had become her betrayer, and by his treachery plunged her into all this misery, a sudden doubt of his guilt flashed into her mind and blinded her by its brilliance. Had she done him an injustice? Had all been a plan concerted not by him, but by Mr. Thomasson and his confederates? The setting down near Pomeroy's gate the reception at his house, the rough, hasty suit paid to her—were all these parts of a cunningly arranged drama? And was he innocent? Was he still her lover—almost her husband?

Oh, God, if she could think so! She rose and softly walked the floor, tears raining down her face. Oh, God, if she could be sure of it! At the mere thought she glowed from head to foot with happy shame. And fear? If this were so, if his love were still hers, and hers the only fault of doubting him, she feared nothing! Nothing! She felt her way to a tray in the corner where her last meal remained untasted, and ate and drank humbly, and for him. She might need her strength.

She had finished and was groping her way back to the window seat when a faint rustle, as of some one moving outside the door, caught her ear. In the darkness, brave as she had fancied herself an instant before, a great horror of fear came on her at that. She stood rooted to the spot and heard the noise again. It was followed by the sound of a hand passed stealthily over the door, feeling, as she thought, for the key; she could have shrieked in her helplessness. But while she stood, her face turned to stone, came relief. A cautious voice, subdued in fear, whispered, "Hist, ma'am, hist!"

She could have fallen on her knees in thankfulness. "Yes?" she cried eagerly. "Who is it?"

"It is me—Olney!" was the wary answer. "Keep a heart, ma'am! They are gone to bed. You are quite safe."

"Can you let me out?" Julia cried. "Oh, let me out!"

"Let you out!"

"Yes, yes!"

"God forbid, ma'am!" was the horrified answer. "He'll kill me. And he has the key. But—"

"Yes? Yes?"

"Heart up, ma'am! Jarvey'll not see you hurt. Nor will I. So you may sleep easy. And good night!"

She stole away before Julia could answer; but she left comfort behind her. In a glow of thankfulness the girl pushed a heavy chair against the door, and, wrapping herself for warmth in the folds of the shabby curtains, lay down on the window seat. She was willing to sleep now, but the agitation of her thoughts, the whirl of fear and hope, as she went again and again over the old ground, kept her long awake. The moon had risen and run her course, decking the old garden and sluggish pool with a solemn beauty as of death, and was beginning to retreat before the dawn, when Julia slept at length.

When she awoke it was broad daylight. A moment she gazed upwards, wondering where she was and how she came there; the next a harsh, grating sound and the last notes of a mocking laugh brought her to her feet in a panic of remembrance.

The key was still turning in the lock—she saw it withdrawn; but the room was empty. And while she stood staring, heavy footsteps retired along the passage. The chair which she had set against the door had been pushed back, and milk and bread stood on the floor beside it.

She drew a deep breath; he had been there then. But her worst terrors had passed with the night. Outside the sun was shining, and all was light and cheerfulness. Through the morning she thought scorn of her jailer. She even panted to be face to face with him, that she might cover him with ridicule, overwhelm him with the shafts of her woman's wit and her woman's tongue; show him how little she feared and how greatly she despised him.

But he did not appear, and with the afternoon came a clouded sky, and weariness and reaction of spirits; and fatigue of body and something like illness; and on that a great terror. If they drugged her? If they tampered with her food? The thought was like a knife in her heart, and while she still writhed under it her ear caught the creak of a board in the passage without, and a furtive tread that came and softly went again, and once more returned. She stood, her heart

beating, and fancied she heard the sound of breathing on the other side of the door. Then her eye alighted on a something white at the foot of the door that had not been there a minute earlier. It was a note. While she gazed at it the footsteps stole away again.

She pounced on the note and opened it, thinking it might be from Mrs. Olney, though it seemed unlikely that that good woman could write. But the opening lines smacked of other modes of speech than hers, and though Julia had no experience of Mr. Thomasson's epistolary style, she felt no surprise on finding the initials "F. T." appended to the message.

"Honored lady," it ran: "You are in danger here, and I in no less of being held to account for acts which my soul abhors. Openly to oppose myself to Mr. P., the course my soul dictates, were dangerous for us both, and another must be found. If he drinks after dinner tonight I will, Heaven assisting, purloin the key and release you at ten, or as soon after as may be possible. Jarvey, who is honest, and fears the turn things are taking as too serious, will have a carriage waiting in the road. Be ready, hide this, and when you are free, though I ask no return for services attended by some risk, yet if you should desire to seek it, an easy way may appear of requiting,

"Madam, your devoted obedient servant,
"F. T."

Julia's face glowed. "He cannot do even a kind act as it should be done," she thought. "But, once away, it will be easy to reward him. And at least he shall tell me how I came here."

She spent the rest of the day divided between anxiety on that point—for Mr. Thomasson's intervention, welcome in other respects, went some way to weaken the theory she had built up with so much joy—and impatience for night to come and put an end to her suspense. She was now as much concerned to escape the ordeal of Mr. Pomeroy's visit as she had been, earlier in the day, to see him. And she had her wish. He did not come; she fancied he was not unwilling to let the dullness and loneliness, the monotony and silence of her prison, work their due effect on her mind.

Night, as welcome today as it had been unwelcome the previous day, fell at last, hiding the dingy familiar objects, the worn furniture, the dusky outlook. She counted the minutes, and before it was really nine o'clock was the prey of impatience, thinking the time past and gone and the tutor a poor deceiver. Ten was midnight to her; she hoped against hope, walking her narrow bounds, in the darkness. Eleven found her

lying on her face, heaving dry sobs of despair, her hair disheveled. And then suddenly she sprang up; the key was grating in the lock. While she stared, half demented, scarcely believing her happiness, Mr. Thomasson appeared on the threshold, his head—he wore no wig—muffled in a woman's shawl, and a small shaded lanthorn in his hand.

"Come!" he said. "There is not a moment to be lost."

"Oh!" she cried hysterically—yet kept her shaking voice low, "I thought you were not coming! I thought it was all over."

"I am late," he answered hurriedly. "It is eleven o'clock, but I could not get the key before. Follow me close and silently, child, and in a few minutes you will be safe."

"Heaven bless you!" she cried, almost weeping; and would have taken his hand.

He turned from her so sharply that she marveled, for she had not judged him a man averse to thanks. But she set his manner down to the need of haste, and, taking the hint, prepared to follow him in silence. Holding the lanthorn before them so that its light fell on the floor, he listened an instant, then led the way on tiptoe down the corridor. The house was hushed round them; if a board creaked, it seemed to her scared ears a pistol shot. At the entrance to the gallery, which was partly illumined by lights still burning in the hall below, the tutor paused an instant to listen, then turned quickly from it, and by a narrow passage on the right gained a back staircase. Descending the narrow stairs, he guided her by devious turnings through dingy offices and servants' quarters until they stood in safety before an outer door. To withdraw the bar that secured it, while she held the lanthorn, was for the tutor the work of an instant. They passed through and he softly closed the door behind them.

After the confinement of her prison room the night air that chilled her temples was rapture to Julia, for it breathed of freedom. She turned her face up to the dark boughs that met and interlaced above her head, and whispered her thankfulness. Then, obedient to Mr. Thomasson's impatient gesture, she hastened to follow him along a dank path that skirted the wall of the house for a few yards, then turned off among the trees.

They had left the house no more than a dozen paces behind when Mr. Thomasson paused, as if in doubt, and raised his light. They were in a little beech coppice that grew close to the walls of the offices. The light showed the dark, shining trunks, standing in solemn rows on this side and that, and more than one path trodden across the roots. The lanthorn disclosed no more; but it was

enough. Mr. Thomasson pursued his path, satisfied, and less than a minute's walking brought them into the avenue.

Julia drew a breath of relief and looked behind and before. "Where is the carriage?" she whispered, shivering with excitement.

Before he answered he raised the lanthorn thrice to the level of his head, as if to make sure of his position, and lowered it again. Then, "In the road," he answered. "And the sooner you are in it the better, child, for I must get back and replace the key before he sobers—or 'twill be worse for me," he added snappishly, "than for you!"

"You are not coming with me?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"No, I—I can't quarrel with him," he answered hurriedly. "I am under obligations to him. And once in the carriage you'll be safe enough."

"Then, please to tell me this," Julia rejoined, her breath a little short. "Mr. Thomasson, did you know anything of my being carried off before it took place?"

"I?" he cried. "Did I know?"

"I mean—were you employed to bring me to Mr. Pomeroy's?"

"I employed? Good heavens, ma'am, what do you take me for?" cried the tutor, in righteous indignation. "No, ma'am; certainly not!" And then, blurting out the truth in his surprise, "Why, 'twas Mr. Dunborough!" he said. "And like him, too! Heaven keep us from him!"

"Mr. Dunborough?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, yes."

"Oh," she said, in a helpless, foolish kind of way. "It was Mr. Dunborough, was it?" And she begged his pardon so humbly, in a voice so broken by feeling and gratitude, that, bad man as he was, his soul revolted from the work he was upon; he stood still, the lanthorn swinging in his hand.

She misinterpreted his movement. "Are we right?" she said anxiously. "You don't think we are out of the road?" Though the night was dark and it was difficult to make out anything beyond the circle of light thrown by the lanthorn, it struck her that the avenue they were traversing was not the one by which she had approached the house two nights before. The trees seemed to stand farther from one another and to be smaller. Or was it her fancy?

At any rate, it was not that which had moved him to stand; for presently, with a curious sound between a groan and a curse, he led the way on, without answering her. Fifty paces brought them to the gate, and the road. Thomasson held up his lanthorn and looked over the gate.

"Where is the carriage?" she whispered, startled by the darkness and silence.

"It should be here," he answered, his voice betraying his perplexity. "It should be here at this gate. But I—I don't see it."

"Would it have lights?" she asked anxiously. He had opened the gate; as she spoke they passed through, and stood looking up and down the road. The moon was obscured, and the lanthorn's rays were of little use to find a carriage which was not there.

"It should be here, and it should have lights," he said, in evident dismay. "I don't know what to think of it. I—ha! What is that? It is coming, I think. Yes, I hear it. It must have drawn off a little for some reason, and now they have seen the lanthorn."

He had only the sound of wheels to go upon, but he was right; she uttered a sigh of relief as the lights of a closed chaise, approaching round a bend of the road, broke upon them. They drew near and nearer, and he waved his light. For a brief second the driver appeared to be going to pass them; then, as Mr. Thomasson again waved his lanthorn and shouted, he drew up.

"Halloa!" he said.

Mr. Thomasson did not answer, but with a trembling hand hurriedly opened the door and pushed the girl in. "God bless you!" she murmured. "And—" He slammed the door, cutting short the sentence.

"Well!" the driver said, looking down, his face in shadow, "I am—"

"Go on!" Mr. Thomasson cried peremptorily, and, waving his lanthorn again, so startled the horses that they plunged away wildly, the man tugging vainly at the reins. The tutor fancied that he caught a faint scream from the inside of the chaise, but set it down to fright caused by the sudden jerk; and after standing long enough to assure himself that the carriage was keeping the road, he turned to retrace his steps to the house.

He was opening the gate, his thoughts no pleasant ones—for the devil pays scant measure—when his ear was surprised by the sound of wheels approaching from the direction whence the chaise had come. He stood to listen, thinking he heard an echo; but in a second or two he saw lights approaching precisely as the others had approached. Once seen, they came on so swiftly that he was still gaping in wonder, when a carriage and pair, a post boy riding, and a cloaked man sitting in the rumble, swept by, dazzling him a moment; the next it was gone, whirling away into the darkness.

(To be continued.)

THE ANNOUNCEMENT DINNER.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

How a young couple who had ideals, and were determined to live up to them, celebrated the anniversary of their engagement.

THEY were intensely modern. And so, when they decided to break off their engagement, it was not because they had had a lover's quarrel, or a third person had made trouble, or they had ceased to care for each other; or for any of the old fashioned reasons that prevailed in the foolish days when 'twas love that made the world go wrong. They came to their conclusion not via tears and reproaches, but by a reasonable and temperate process of analysis, sitting side by side on the studio divan.

"The year will be up next week," said Mildred sadly, "and we've failed."

"It isn't that we don't still love each other," Ernest protested. "I think, perhaps, in some ways—"

"But we've come down to affection and friendship and esteem and things like that," she broke in. "What we condemn in people who've been married several years, we've come to ourselves in one year's engagement. We've grown humdrum, used to each other. Do you know what Aunt Flora said of us the other day?"

"Something unpleasant and practical, I suppose."

"She said we seemed suited to one another, and would probably *jog along very comfortably when we were over our first silliness!*"

"The old bird of ill omen!"

"But, Ernest, the worst of it is"—Mildred's voice dropped impressively—"it's true! We've almost begun to jog already."

"I know it, Mildred," he admitted, in a discouraged tone.

"Life without thrills—ordinary, every day companionship, with no excitement, no impulses, no complications—oh, Ernest, we couldn't stand it!" she exclaimed. "We'd fall to such a bourgeois level. When we went on journeys, people would know we were married because we didn't talk to each other."

"I suppose we'd get to sitting on opposite sides of the table and reading all the evening," he said listlessly.

"We'd find it was not worth while to do little things or be clever and amusing just

for us," she went on. "There would always have to be a third person present to stimulate us."

"We'd get sleepy at nine o'clock. And people would invite us to chaperon things."

"And we'd never discuss anything but the children." Mildred's voice was almost tearful. "We'd be twice as interested in them as we were in each other."

"I would *not* call you 'mamma,'" he exclaimed, with an emphatic thump at the cushions.

"Oh, yes, you would," she said sadly. "That or 'my dear.' I feel it. The prose is closing around us. We must break out at any cost. I'd rather give you up than see all the romance dulled out of you."

"I don't see why we can't make things exciting again," he said. "Think of those first six months—whew! I lost twenty pounds."

"And I had insomnia so that I nearly went crazy."

"We never just sat down and visited, as we do now. We couldn't be together five minutes without having a scene of some kind."

"Wasn't it lovely?" sighed Mildred. "Everything was so nice and complicated. I don't see how we ever became so brother-and-sisterly."

"Still, we always kiss each other if there aren't any people in the way," he protested.

"Yes; but if there are, we *can* wait. We don't sneak off, we don't even telegraph with our eyes. Even though we hold hands, like this, it doesn't mean what it did."

"We almost forget we're doing it," he admitted. "And now, when I see you fooling with some other fellow, I don't feel a tinge of jealousy. I'm even glad that you're having a good time. It's contemptibly tame. I've failed you dreadfully, Mildred."

"We've both been to blame," she answered, and they relapsed into thoughtful silence.

"The worst of breaking it off is the way people will talk," she went on presently. "They'll think we've quarreled or done something equally stupid. How can we let

them know that we parted in perfect friendliness?"

"We might give a dinner to announce the breaking of our engagement," he suggested, after a pause.

"Oh, beautiful!" she exclaimed. "The very thing. We'll sit together at the head of the table, and you can make a little speech. And oh, Ernest, it's just a year next Friday since we gave our engagement dinner and announced it!"

"A year next Friday," he echoed.

* * * *

When Ernest came Friday night he found the studio glimmering with wax candles under crimson shades, and Mildred in a pale green gown, with her shoulders bare, putting cards with names beside each place at the table. He stopped and straightened several of the shades, then bent down to kiss her. She lifted her face for it absently, her eyes still studying the list she held.

"Would you put Helen by——" she was beginning when there was a sound of voices in the corridor and the studio knocker rattled cheerfully. Their eyes met with a startled look of recollection. They had kissed each other for the last time!

When everybody had come, and talk was going gaily around and across the table, she took a thoughtful survey of the faces, then turned to him with a smile.

"Won't they be surprised when we tell them?" she said.

"We've about an hour and a half more," he said. "How shall we spend it? Have you worked up any last words?"

"Of course not. We're going to be just as good friends and see just as much of each other, aren't we? There won't be so very much difference."

"I don't suppose we can chase around together any more. We'll have to think of chaperons and things."

"What nonsense! I don't see why—I don't know, though." She had begun valiantly, but doubt set in and her voice weakened. "Perhaps it wouldn't do to take luncheon together—very often."

"No more little Italian dinners, I suppose. Do you remember the night I taught you to wind spaghetti around your fork?"

"And no more fricasseed crab and beer after the theater. We've been deliciously free, haven't we? I had forgotten I was ever anything else. Why, Ernest, I can't give up all our dear little bats. Surely we can keep them up some?"

"Unless one of us should marry some one else. That always spoils everything."

"Oh, I shan't marry," she exclaimed quickly. "If I couldn't keep out of the humdrum with you, there isn't a soul on

earth I'd dare try it with. Would you, after a failure like this?"

"I shouldn't want to. Still, men are such fools. I wouldn't bet on myself," he answered, with an air of reluctant honesty.

She looked troubled.

"It's too bad we can't be merely engaged, without being engaged to be married," she said.

A general silence framing a single emphatic voice made them look up.

"Even if they are in love, they might answer their guests' questions," some one was saying.

Mildred colored a little, perhaps from force of habit, and they both plunged dutifully into the general conversation. The minutes went by very fast. She felt as though the big clock behind her were a telegraph instrument ticking off with its muffled beats a message that would shock that laughing throng into silence when it was read out to them; a message that would make this day one of the few great dates of her life. Once Ernest dropped his napkin, a favorite trick of his when love was new to them, and, smiling to herself, she slipped her hand down where he might kiss it as he stooped. But he, apparently, was intent only on the napkin this time, and came up without noticing the friendly fingers. She lifted her head a little higher and threw a shade more animation into her voice.

Salad was on the table before the talk drifted away again and left them free.

"Mildred, you'll only be engaged to me about fifteen minutes more," he whispered.

"Please make love to me."

Her eyes relented into a smile.

"I should think I could do that even if we weren't engaged," she said. "I used to!"

"But then we knew we were going to be, so that made it all right. Otherwise, I shouldn't have allowed it for a minute." His eyes were at their old tricks, shining straight down into hers. His voice had gone back six months.

"I've forgotten how," she said, though any one could see she was lying. "What did I use to begin with?"

"Two words, very little ones, apropos of nothing at all. As I remember, they were——" He broke off.

"Do you?" she finished, half under her breath.

"Mildred, I've had a quarrel with Helen," some one called out. "May I go and sit at the other end of the table? There's a girl there I like a great deal better."

The talk closed up around them again, and did not leave them till the ices were half over. Then Ernest's mood seemed to have changed.

"Shall I do my speech before the coffee or after?" he asked in a businesslike tone.

"Oh, after—don't you think so?" she answered nervously. "What are you going to say?"

"Just what we planned. I'll begin with the fact that this is the anniversary of our engagement dinner."

"Didn't we have fun that night?" she said, with a quick breath.

"That though our engagement has been an extremely happy one——"

"Indeed it has, Ernest!"

"And we have cared for each other as much as two mortals could——"

"More, ever so much more."

"We have decided to sever the engagement."

"To sever the engagement," she repeated in a little whisper.

"We do this as a protest against the flat monotony of the married state as we have seen it. We thought at first we could record our protest most effectively by marrying and showing the world the interesting possibilities it was missing. But the last year has convinced us—is that about what you wanted?"

"It's very good," she faltered.

"I'll tell them we found we were in danger of sliding into the utterly tame and commonplace relationship——"

"Worse than that, of—of almost getting to like it best," she said, tracing the pattern of the table cloth with the tip of her coffee spoon.

"Perhaps," he admitted.

"We might even grow to prefer life without thrills, and comradeship, and affection,

and things. I don't say that we'd really come down to that level, but still, you know, we might."

"Yes, we might."

"When all your ideals were one way, it would be dreadful to find you liked another way best," she went on, dropping the sugar slowly into her coffee.

"Yes," he assented.

"We'll—we'll still be very fond of each other." The coffee spoon shook so that she laid it down again.

"The best friends in the world, Milly."

His voice had gone back twelve months now, and she pressed her clenched fingers against her lips.

"Let's drink their health, to remind them we're still here," broke in a voice. The glasses were held up to them, and they laughed and nodded back.

"Speech, Ernest! Speech!" came next.

"Now?" he whispered to Mildred. She opened her lips, then suddenly lowered her head without answering. He rose slowly.

"A year ago tonight," he began, "you were all here in honor of our engagement, which was announced that evening. To-night we have invited you again, to announce——" He paused and glanced down at Mildred, whose hands were tightly locked in her lap. "To announce that we are to be married next month," he concluded, sitting down.

There was a joyous noise, and Mildred turned to him, showing flushed cheeks and wet eyes.

"The minute that knocker sounded, I knew that we couldn't do it," he whispered, stooping for his napkin.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MILL WHEEL.

I SING you a song of the summer time,

I sing! I sing!

Of rainbows, of sunshine, and of showers,

I sing! I sing!

Of the bees and birds and babbling brooks,

Of the bright blue skies and the shady nooks,

Of the fields and forests, the fruits and flowers,

I sing!

I sing you a song of vacation time,

I sing! I sing!

Health, happiness, and long life to thee!

I sing! I sing!

Of peace and love and blessed rest,

Of the Giver of all that is good and best—

I sing you a song of eternity!

I sing!

Ogden Ward.

THE STAGE

AN OVERCROWDED MARKET.

Viola Allen, looking toward her starring venture of the coming autumn, has more to think of than the possibility of success or failure. Her new departure means putting an entirely new company into the dramatic field, and opening another avenue of employment for the hundreds—indeed, we might more truthfully say the thousands—of players desiring positions.

Now Miss Allen has a personal acquaintance with many deserving girls who have taken up the stage, and it would give her great pleasure to find parts for all of them; but casts are not elastic, and aside from this she is conscientious enough to realize that her managers

are risking a considerable sum of money on the enterprise, and that much depends on making the entertainment to be offered the public first rate at every point. Thus there is duty on the one side and inclination on the other for Miss Allen to contend with during this period of preparation. Almost all women on the stage have a soft spot in their hearts for others of their sex trying to get a foothold further up the ladder.

Among our portraits this month are those of two American girls, both graduates of dramatic schools, which more and more appear to be the source of supply for companies needing recruits. Sara Perry hails from St. Louis, and adopted the stage, neither because



FRANCES DRAKE, OF THE CASTLE SQUARE COMEDY COMPANY, BOSTON.

From a photograph by Dinturff, Syracuse.



SARA PERRY, OF THE CHARLES FROHMAN STOCK COMPANY.

From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.



MARY VAN BUREN, A MEMBER OF THE E. S. WILLARD COMPANY.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

her family were connected with the profession, nor for the reason that it was necessary for her to earn her living, but simply from a genuine love for the career. She is scarcely out of her teens, and has already made marked progress. She graduated from the Wheatcroft school of acting two years ago, and since then has played through a season as leading woman with William Gillette in "Secret Service," and this spring took Ida Conquest's place as *Babirole* in "The Conquerors."

The other portrait is that of Mary Van Buren, a Brooklyn girl, whose theatrical edu-

cation was obtained in Boston. She played in "Tom Pinch" and "The Professor's Love Story" with E. S. Willard last winter, and Mr. Willard has engaged her for the coming season.

It is not just certain when this new season of Mr. Willard's will begin. It was arranged that he should open the Madison Square Theater—late Hoyt's—in September, but his severe illness has necessitated a change in his plans. Mr. Willard is an actor who is a modern instance of the scriptural condition of the prophet who is not without honor save in his own country. For the last three or four

years he has confined his tours to America almost exclusively. Though he seems to be unappreciated in England, he is a good artist, and we are glad to have him with us. Last

view on this subject, he stated that "if at the end of an act, in response to terrific applause, the artist should step from the stage picture to appear before the curtain, the illusion must



VIRGINIA EARL, LEADING WOMAN IN AUGUSTIN DALY'S MUSICAL PRODUCTIONS.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

winter he was hampered by an uninteresting play, "The Physician," although it was one that observed most strictly certain canons of dramatic construction.

SHATTERING THE ILLUSION.

Mr. Willard is a stickler about preserving the atmosphere of a piece even after the curtain has fallen. Some time ago, in an inter-

suffer. Of course," he added, "while under another man's management I had to submit to his rules, but as soon as I secured a theater of my own I was enabled to put my theories into practice."

It is a pity that more of our players are not of Mr. Willard's way of thinking in this respect. At a recent performance of "Diplomacy," Frank Mordaunt, playing *Baron*

Stein, utterly ruined the famous scene of his exit in the third act by reappearing in response to long continued applause. The baron, as the playgoer may remember, is requested to leave the apartment, and his

his players, among whom he and Mr. Block had some capital actors during their summer stock season at the Columbus and Herald Square Theaters.

Amelia Bingham, of whom we give a new



MARGUERITE LEMON, AN INDIANAPOLIS GIRL, A MEMBER OF THE DALY COMPANY.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1898, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

departure is made in impressive fashion. His reappearance utterly ruins an effective climax. If audiences cannot be relied upon to exercise discretion in the matter of applause, managers might educate them up to a sense of the fitness of things by a line or two on the program, just as women have been brought to see the justice of removing their obstructing head-gear. The fact that Mr. Mordaunt was one of the proprietors of the company is no excuse for him. He should set a better example to

portrait, appeared in the opening play at the Herald Square, "Pink Dominos." Miss Bingham spent last winter at the Academy of Music in "The White Heather." It was probably owing to this lengthy period of employment in a big, barn-like house that her *Lady Wagstaff* in "Pink Dominos" spoke in tones so deeply bass as to be positively jarring. This was the more noticeable as the same play brought forward Gertrude Gheen, whose voice possesses the magic quality of



MAUD HOFFMAN, AN OREGON GIRL, LATELY LEADING WOMAN WITH E. S. WILLARD.

From her latest photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

being agreeably distinct in all parts of the auditorium without appearing to be raised above the ordinary conversational tone.

THE CRITICS AND THE PUBLIC.

Nothing is so amusing—when it is not distracting to the theatergoer who really wishes

to ascertain the merits of a piece—as the spectacle of dramatic critics at loggerheads. A notable incident is furnished by two Chicago opinions of "The Circus Girl," which Mr. Daly presented there for the first time last month. The *Tribune* man asserted that "the two acts are strangely contrasted in tone. The



AMELIA BINGHAM, WHO PLAYED THROUGHOUT LAST SEASON WITH "THE WHITE HEATHER."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

first act is really delightful." The reviewer for the *Chronicle* said that "nearly all of act one is simply tiresome wind and costumes; nobody does anything; nobody says or sings anything that might not just as well be compressed into a short scene."

It may be recalled that "The Circus Girl" was rather shabbily treated by the critics on its first production in New York in May, 1897. If we should subject it to an analysis to discover just why the people liked it well enough to warrant Mr. Daly in reviving it on two different occasions, simplicity of plot would seem to be the keynote to the explanation. The story practically begins in sight of the audience and finishes there. In its successor

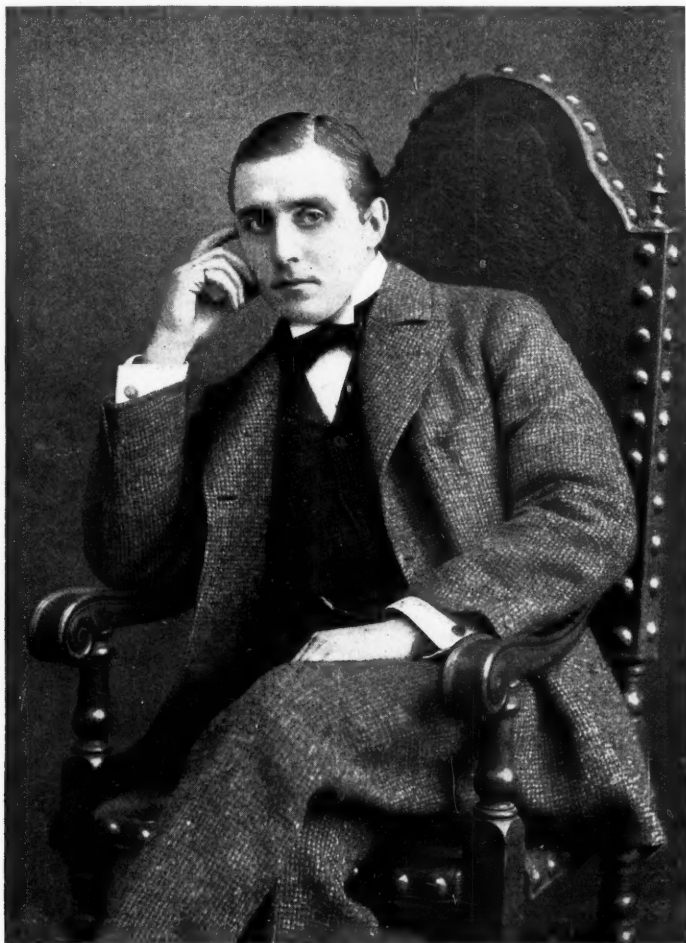
at the London Gaiety, "A Runaway Girl," the same rule appears to have been observed, and an unmistakable hit is the result.

Virginia Earl should be admirably suited with the title part in this new concoction of music and fun—although, to be sure, it does not matter much what the part, as Miss Earl possesses that dramatic talisman, a quality which if it is not inherent can never be acquired—magnetism.

Besides one of Miss Earl, we give a portrait of another member of the Daly forces, Marguerite Lemon, who was the one redeeming bright spot in that dreary Japanese curtain raiser "Lili Tsi," and whose *Mimosa San* in "The Geisha" was a pleasant sight for the

eye and a melodious feast for the ear. Miss Lemon went on the stage some three years ago, but the failure of the opera in which she appeared caused her to beat a hasty retreat, and she confined herself to church choir sing-

way measures in this matter of prices generally meet with disaster. The Herald Square stock advertised popular rates, but held the eleven front rows of the orchestra at a dollar—and there was always plenty of sitting room in the



E. H. SOTHERN.

From his latest photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

ing until her engagement with Mr. Daly last spring.

NO MIDDLE GROUND.

Stock companies are persistently forcing themselves to the front again. To be sure, they are associated, more or less, with cheap prices and old plays, but the public surely will not quarrel with the first condition, and it is much more satisfactory to see a good old play twice than a new poor one once.

It is a fact worth remembering that half

house. In Boston the Castle Square Comedy Company has been filling the theater of that name for more than a year at 50 cents for the best seats. There is a matinée every day in the week (with 25 cents the highest price) and there are actors of established reputation in the casts such as J. H. Gilmour, Walter Perkins, Maude Odell, and Frances Drake. Among the plays produced are such universal favorites as "The Charity Ball," "An Enemy to the King," "Charley's Aunt," and "All the Comforts of Home."



GLADYS WALLIS, WHO LATELY PLAYED THE TITLE RÔLE IN "THE LADY SLAVEY."

From her latest photograph by Falk, New York.

We may add that this organization has no connection with the Castle Square Opera Company, which sprang into being at this same theater some five years ago.

SOTHERN AS A VILLAIN.

In all his plays E. H. Sothern figures as a hero of heroes; it is difficult to imagine him

as the villain of a piece, and yet it was his playing of such a rôle that set his feet in the pathway to success. He had been having bitter experiences on the road with various companies when on his return to New York he met a friend, who, as the capsheaf to the young actor's tribulations, asked him to listen to the reading of a play by a new author.

Sothern consented, and revenged himself by telling the dramatist that his play was a very poor one; but when, a year later, the piece was produced, the writer of it heaped coals of fire on his critic's head by offering him the part of the villain.

"You had such a wicked look in your eye while you were listening to the reading," the playwright explained, "that I never forgot it."

Sothern pocketed his pride, accepted the part, and so pleased Helen Dauvray with his acting of it that she engaged him as low comedian in the company that finally carried him to the attention of Dan Frohman.

Mr. Sothern is not only the star of his company, but the "realizer" of his plays as well. In other words, when a new production is decided on, he personally oversees the conversion of the author's directions into the settings and properties that make up the stage picture. And on tour he will not use a stick of furniture that he does not carry himself; all he asks of the theaters visited is a clear stage.

THE SEASON IN PROSPECT.

In printing a forecast of the New York season in this place just a year ago, we qualified our announcements with the statement that there would almost certainly be many changes of plan. This is an inherent condition of the theatrical business. Nothing can be determined in advance of the public's verdict. An unexpected success may overturn as many arrangements as an unlooked for failure. Maude Adams, with her "Little Minister," tore the Garrick's booking sheet to tatters.

However, plans of some sort managers must have, and here is a summary of metropolitan probabilities for at least the opening months of the season now just under the horizon.

Melodrama will lead off, as it usually does, in the latter part of August at the Academy of Music. "Sporting Life" is the name assigned to it this time, and Robert Hilliard is to have the rôle in which Leonard Boyne has been starring in England.

The reopening of the American may be looked for in the first half of September, with the Castle Square Opera Company in a repertoire which will doubtless contain a greater proportion of grand than light opera. The competition of the Metropolitan will tend to increase the audiences at the American rather than diminish them.

May Irwin's career as a manager begins at the Bijou early in September, when she stars Sam Bernard in "The Marquis of Michigan," following him at this house herself in "Kate

Kipp, Buyer," her new play by Glen McDonough, which, with her wonted habit of flaunting defiance in the face of superstition, she tested on Friday, May 13, at Kansas City.

Francis Wilson is again the inaugural attraction at the Broadway, bringing forward a new opera on September 19. It is happily dubbed "The Little Corporal," and is by the men who were so successful in providing him with "Half a King." The scenes are laid in Brittany, Alexandria (Egypt), and the Desert of Sahara. An incident in the piece is Mr. Wilson's assumption of the character of Napoleon, brought about by a case of mistaken identity.

The annual review, having been presented much later than usual, will probably hold the stage at the Casino far into the autumn. Owing to the success of "The Belle of New York" in London, the shows prepared in future for this house will be built on the double barreled plan—that is to say, with a commercial eye on the British market.

Early in June a newspaper squib announced August 15 as the reopening date for Daly's, with R. A. Barnett's newest extravaganza, "The Queen of the Ballet," as the attraction. But although this is Mr. Daly's property, it is not certain that it will be his first offering of the season. This may be either "A Greek Slave," the successor to "The Geisha" at his London house, or "A Runaway Girl," the new and decided Gaiety hit. Ada Rehan's return is set down for November, as usual, when the long deferred "Madame Sans Gêne" may be produced.

Gillette will open the Empire with revivals of his London triumphs, "Too Much Johnson" and "Secret Service," followed by John Drew in "The Liars." In January will come the stock company, possibly in the recent success at the London St. James—John Oliver Hobbes' "The Ambassador," which appears to be a "Princess and Butterfly" compound of smart sayings and stunning gowns.

At the Fifth Avenue, Charles Coghlan will revive "The Royal Box" on September 12, and then bring out a new play, after which comes the Joseph Jefferson season of "The Rivals," with Elsie Leslie and Wilton Lackaye in the cast. Mr. Daly has secured fourteen weeks at this house, and Mrs. Fiske is also booked there with "Vanity Fair."

Nobody believes that Richard Mansfield will carry out his recently expressed intention of abandoning the country where he claims to have been badly used. So we are pretty certain to see him in the fall at the Garden in "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which Coquelin has been playing at the Porte St. Martin, Paris.

The Garrick's opening is set down for the middle of August, with Hoyt's "A Day and a Night" as the bill.

"Hotel Topsy Turvy," a farce from the French, starts things at the Herald Square, with "Charles O'Malley" booked to follow. This is the play by the young dramatist, Theodore Burt Sayre, announced by Wilton Lackaye for last season, but not presented until late in the spring at Washington. It received not a single adverse criticism, while the author already has a lawsuit on his hands against another playwright who has appropriated a novel effect in his dueling scene, two contributory "booms" which no theatrical person can afford to despise.

De Wolf Hopper opens the Knickerbocker September 5 with "The Charlatan," his new opera by Sousa and Klein. N. C. Goodwin will come later with "Nathan Hale," and by that time Crane may be ready with "The Treasure Seeker," by Louis N. Parker.

The Lyceum will open as usual about September 1 with Sothorn in a new play. It is possible that "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope, played on tour last season, will be reserved for Virginia Harned. "Rose Trelawny," by Pinero, which recently finished a long run at the London Court Theater, is billed for the stock company's inaugural, November 22.

The most important dramatic event of the autumn will be Viola Allen's debut as a star, scheduled for October 3 at the Lyric. The play is Hall Caine's own dramatization of his latest novel, "The Christian," with Miss Allen of course as *Glory*, and Frank Worthington, once leading man at Daly's, for *John Storm*, who, in the play, does not die. *Drake* is to be impersonated by Jack Mason, and *Lord Robert Ure* by Jamison Lee Finney, last season one of the German officers in "The Conquerors." The play is in five acts, opening in the courtyard of the Brotherhood. *Glory* does not appear until the second act, which takes place in the Coliseum Music Hall. Act three shows the club room of the mission church in Soho, act four *Glory's* apartments in Clement's Inn, while for the finale the scene returns to the Soho club room.

Charles Frohman assumes control of Hoyt's in September, changing the name back to the Madison Square, and starting out with an English farce called "A Brace of Partridges."

A comedy from the French whose English name is "The Turtle" will light up the Manhattan about September 3, with Lottie Blair Parker's "Cuban War Correspondent" to follow. Burr McIntosh has gone to the front for the summer in order to invest

the title rôle with a realism of a truly vivid type.

Wallack's reopens at the end of August with Stuart Robson, who has not visited the city for some time. Alice Nielsen follows with her opera company, and then, on October 31, Julia Arthur will appear, probably in a round of Shakspeare's heroines.

The Kendals and Olga Nethersole will be the only stars visiting us from the other side. Of course it counts for nothing that when the Kendals were here last they positively announced that they would not return again. But unless they bring a very good play they may not want to change their minds next time.

Gladys Wallis is a clever little actress, and a great favorite with the public, and yet she is seldom seen nowadays. Her petite figure requires a special line of parts, and these are not always to be had. As the child *Elsie* in "The Squire of Dames," she was capital, but such a rôle could not carry a piece, so a starring venture in a special play will not remedy matters. In fact, the experiment has already been tried.

* * * *

If you are visiting a strange city and wish to attend a certain theater, do not trust to a single newspaper in looking up its announcement. Managers have a way of cutting out their advertisements when a critic displeases them. A party of fourteen was lost to a house last spring because, not seeing the notice of it in the only newspaper consulted, they concluded that the theater had closed for the season, and went elsewhere. We may add, as perhaps pertinent to the matter, that this manager is one of the few who are sparing in their use of billboard publicity.

* * * *

The Hammerstein collapse makes pertinent the inquiry: What do men see in the theatrical business that makes so many of them anxious to enter it? There is no calling that can be mentioned so beset with the pitfalls of uncertainties. You may be on the top of the wave today, and down in the depths tomorrow. It must be that managers live on excitement; many of them get little else whereby to eke out their existence. Small wonder that most of them are wild of eye and restless of limb. A gambler risks no more on the throw of a dice than do they on producing a new play. Even with the profits of a big hit in their coffers, they are haunted by visions of their dissipation in the next venture.

It was after "Trilby" that A. M. Palmer failed, and men waiting in line all night to buy Bernhardt seats could not keep Abbey from eventually going under.

STORIETTES

AN AMERICAN MADE IN FRANCE.

WAR had not yet been declared, and the President's hand was still wavering between the ink well and the paper that would plunge the country into turmoil and possible disaster; but the spirit of unrest hovered low over the land, and from one end of the continent to the other a feeling of uncertainty and disquiet prevailed.

But Mrs. Donald Martin mentioned none of these war symptoms when, suddenly deciding to go abroad for an indefinite time, she prevailed upon her husband to accompany her. Mr. Martin's father was an officer of high rank in the army, his great grandfather had signed the Declaration of Independence; martial spirit and patriotism were inherited from a long line of martial and patriotic ancestors, so perhaps Mrs. Martin's fears were not altogether groundless. They had no children, his fortune was well over the million dollar mark, and Mrs. Martin was the only child of a deceased multimillionaire. From such people the country has an undoubted right to claim something.

Donald was, of course, tremendously in love with Mrs. Donald, and was rather in the habit of forming his opinions on hers. So when in reply to the universal question she answered, "A war? Why no, of course not! It's all rubbishing nonsense, this talk of war," he, too, was inclined to think that there would not, could not, be a war. In this way Mrs. Martin successfully carried him off, eloped with him, as it were, before his country had laid upon him the restraining hand of duty.

Fear for her husband's safety was not the only thing that made Mrs. Martin take this sudden departure. She was not lacking in martial spirit, but she was sadly lacking in patriotism; that is, if patriotism means a rigid adherence to the government, under all circumstances, in spite of all its actions. Mrs. Martin reserved to herself the right not only to criticise the powers in Washington, but to disapprove of them absolutely and entirely.

When they arrived in England the first news that met their eyes was the declaration of war, the details of blockaded towns and captured boats, and the call for volunteers.

"There, you see!" cried Mrs. Martin, but Donald did not seem to understand her allusion. He was reading, with a hot pain in his head and a cold pain in his heart, the news from home, and the foreign comments there-

on—some friendly, some sarcastic, some openly hostile. All he said to his wife was:

"If you don't mind, Florrie, I think I would rather go to Paris. You don't particularly care what people think if you don't understand what they say."

The days moved on, slowly to some people, with lightning rapidity to others. A brilliant victory had been gained on one side of the world, broken hearted farewells were being said on the other, and by this time the Donald Martins were cozily established in a little apartment in Paris. Donald read novels and avoided the newspapers. Mrs. Donald read all the newspapers and thanked Heaven daily and hourly for the forethought which insured her husband's safety; but the war was rarely discussed in her little drawingroom. On one occasion, however, when M. Henri Desroches, ex secretary of the French legation at Washington, was calling upon her, the subject was introduced. Fortunately Donald was not present, so Mrs. Donald did not mind very much.

She listened to the Frenchman's comments, and in a half jesting manner expressed her own views on a "country's honor," "a national dishonor," and a "disgraced flag." The words did not originate in her mind, but formed themselves on her lips. They were not thoughts, but simply words.

"Is it because your ideas of honor do not coincide with those of the present government that you have brought your big blond giant out of harm's way?" the Frenchman asked after one of these uttered flippancies. "So that if he does not choose to lay down his life for what you consider an unworthy cause, his bravery shall not be questioned?"

Now, Donald *was* big, standing some six feet four in his stockings, and possessing a corresponding girth—a veritable giant in health and strength. But the allusion to his size, the suggestion that followed it, did not please Mrs. Donald.

"We left home before the war began," she answered haughtily, "and fortunately an individual's honor is in his own keeping and not at the mercy of every wire pulling politician who happens to be in control at the moment."

A week later the Martins were dining at an English house, and M. Desroches was Mrs. Martin's vis-à-vis. Mr. Martin, who also sat across the table from his wife, though quite at the other end, could hardly keep his eyes from her face. Her gown of coquelicot red

intensified the milky whiteness of her neck and shoulders. She was very beautiful, and the sight of her sparkling eyes and happy, smiling lips was a solace to a little gnawing pain that was deep in his heart.

The war was one of the first subjects introduced, and M. Desroches made some sarcastic comment on the doings of the American fleet. Mrs. St. John, the hostess, called his attention by means of an ocular telegram to the presence of her American guests.

"It is not necessary to veil such ideas in the presence of Mrs. Martin," the ex secretary answered, with a slight shrug. "We owe the pleasure of her residence in Paris to her disapproval of her country's actions."

"One doesn't need to live in a country to show one's love and approval of it," Mrs. St. John answered, "or one's regard for its honor. I am English to the heart's core, but I live in Paris."

"A country's honor, yes," answered the Frenchman; "but in Mrs. Martin's interpretation of the present situation, that is not involved. I have her own words to prove—you do not mind if I quote your words?"

Mrs. Martin answered this question with an almost imperceptible inclination of the head, and then sat dumb and wretched while the voluble little Frenchman repeated her dreadful words. How could she have said such things? She did not dare to meet her husband's eyes; but Donald was not looking at her now. He was holding a glass of ruby wine in his hand, and thinking of another red, a red that was perhaps flowing from thousands of loyal hearts on distant battlefields. Not once did Mrs. Martin's eyes meet her husband's, even when the ladies were leaving the room, but he saw that she had taken a bit of blue cornflower and pinned it across her breast above her flaming gown. It might have been the merest chance, an accidental combination, but the national colors so combined brought comfort to his troubled heart.

When they left the St. Johns', ostensibly to go to the opera, Mrs. Martin asked her husband if he would mind going home. He gave the order to the coachman, and they rode through the quiet streets in silence for a little while. Then Mrs. Martin spoke.

"How much does a cruiser cost, Donald; a big one, I mean?"

"I don't know; a million or so, I suppose. Rather out of proportion with the services of one volunteer, don't you think?" This last sentence he added after he had seen his wife's face in the light of several street lamps that they passed, but she made no reply to the thought in her husband's mind.

Arrived at their little apartment, she wan-

dered restlessly from room to room, and then, standing behind Donald's chair, she said:

"I think we will go home tomorrow, Don, if you don't mind."

He did not answer; she could not see his eyes and the glad look that flashed in them.

"I don't think it's quite right to be living abroad when—when your country—when things are happening this way, do you?"

Still no answer.

"It takes too long to build ships, I suppose, and—and just money isn't worth much, but—but Tommy Canfield has raised a regiment, and all the people we know are doing something of that sort. Don't you think we might equip some troops or—or something, Don?"

"I can't send men to fight for their country, to be wounded and killed perhaps, when I won't go myself." Donald could not quite keep the bitterness out of his voice.

"But I mean for you to lead them. That's what I want."

Now he turned to her and took her in his arms, crushing the red, white, and blue to his heart. "Then you do care for our country's honor, my love, my wife?"

"Not for the country's honor, Don—at least, that is not what I am thinking of now. I'm thinking of yours, Don."

Thomas Cady.

"OH, PROMISE ME."

ALL winter she had looked from the West Pointer in the cadet cap, to the militiaman with the soft broad brimmed hat pulled over his eyes, and from these to the boy in the sailor's uniform of the Naval Reserves. They all loved her, but she did not know, she could not tell, which one she liked best. Then the war came, and she was obliged to bid them each good by. She meant to give each one a keepsake. "For I want them all to remember me," she mused. "Was ever a girl so unfortunate? Three of them, and all soldiers! If I only knew which I liked best!"

And the time came to bid the first good by. "I shall think of you as I wear it, always," said the West Pointer, pinning the tiny favor in his cap jauntily. "If I am killed, it will be sent back to you with my dying words." He took her hands in both of his. "And you promise to remember me—you will write to me very often?"

The tears brimmed in the girl's gray eyes, and she promised. Then the West Pointer was called away. Clatter of sword and glint of spur.

* * * *

And the time came to tell the second one good by.

"I shall wear it and think of you every day," said the militiaman, pinning the tiny favor above his heart, to the lining of his uniform. Then he unclasped his sharp-shooter's medal and handed it to her. "Will you promise to wear this for me?"

The tears brimmed in the girl's eyes as she fastened the medal to her little new army jacket. He saw the tears and caught both her hands in his, and he was going to ask her something more, but the train started and he was obliged to spring on board. And the regiment had gone away. Flutter of flags and roll of drums. Every one cheered a great deal, except the girl, and the people who were crying.

* * * *

And the time came to bid the last good by.

"For me?" asked the naval reserve. "I feel too dirty to touch such a bit of a thing. And my clothes are so dirty that I hate to ask you to pin it in my cap." He was indeed dirty and unshaven, grimy with the unsavory grime of new and oily ropes, and his white working clothes were past all description, muddy and paint daubed and tar smeared. But the girl reached up, and he leaned down a great deal, and she fastened the little favor in his cap. The rain fell drearily and the raw east wind blew in gusts across the desolate Navy Yard, and the great guns of the cruiser near them looked on grimly from the long, gray hull. On board the ship six men in dirty white uniforms stood at attention beside the forecandle gun; six men against the grim, gray sky.

"Tra-la-la; tra-la-la; tra-la-la!" sang the bugle.

"You'll have to excuse me," said the Reserve hastily. "They're going to give out the watches. I'm awfully ashamed you saw me in this plight, but I've been rigging all day—"

"It's so dreary," murmured the girl, shivering as the raw wind swept her face. "There's no glitter, there's no triumph—or anything!"

"Wait till we get into action," he laughed, "and show our teeth." He was starting to run back to the ship, but she caught the grimy coat sleeve and held him back.

"You—you haven't promised to remember me," she cried, with a little sob.

"Of course I will! Don't stop me, for goodness' sake!" he cried, springing to the gangplank. Then a little whistle sounded and three hundred dirty white uniforms were shuffled as by magic into groups at attention. The girl looked at them a moment, and then her eyes fell on a tiny bit of color lying in the mud. She went over and picked it up, and the tears of grief and mortification

blinded her deep gray eyes. It was her favor. She made her way slowly through the loveless old Navy Yard, past the captured British guns, past the stiff guard at the gate, and slowly, slowly, farther on through the cheerless, pitying, enfolding rain. She had forgotten the West Pointer and the militiaman.

"He didn't even ask me to remember him," she thought brokenly.

As if it were necessary!

Marguerite Tracy.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

JUDY had been left behind, lying on the ground where the booth had been. She was such a dilapidated Judy, not worth taking on, the showman said, while, with a little fresh paint and some new tinsel, Punch could be made quite presentable for his mimic stage. Judy did not mind much—not at first. Punch was nasty, always quarreling with her when there was no reason for quarreling; and now he could see how he could get on without her. She thought that she had been forgotten, and that they would come back for her; but, instead, some children found her in the grass.

"Oh, see this beautiful doll," they cried. "Why, it is Judy! We will make a Punch, and then we can do the show ourselves."

They carried her home, tied some rags to a stick, right before her, and gave it to her for Punch. They made it hit her, and they screamed at her in loud, shrill voices and pretended that she answered them. She would not have spoken for worlds. They said that perhaps her springs were broken, but she knew that they were not. She was waiting for Punch. She waited and waited, but he never came, and one day, when the children were determined that she should associate with their horrible, make believe Punch, she threw her arms and legs off and let her eyes fall back into her head. The children threw her away, and the end of Judy was that the ragman burned her.

* * * *

They had always been lovers. When she was a little tot of three, and he was six, he fetched and carried for her and protected her. When she was ten he took her books to and from school, brought her the first fruits and nuts from the forest, and the prettiest birds' eggs he could find. There were lots of quarrels between these child lovers, but they were short lived, and her choicest possessions were peace offerings from him, while he had a lot of bits of ribbon and scraps of things—trifles in grown up eyes, but dear to him, because each one meant that at some time Judith had been sorry that she had hurt him.

When she was sixteen, he told her that

he was going away to college. His father—who, by the way, was Judith's guardian—thought it a pity to waste a talented lad on a village life, and decided that a college education was all that he needed to give him a career out among men in the great world.

Judith sat on a stile leading into the forest path, and Arthur leaned against it. He was idly twisting some blades of grass, making a little green braided ring.

"Four years isn't so long, Judy," he said, but he did not look up, for there was an unmanly moisture in his blue eyes.

"It's an eternity," she answered, and a tear splashed on his hand; she was only a girl, and tears did not matter.

"Good by, Judy, sweetheart," he said, slipping the grass green ring on her tiny brown hand.

"Good by, Laddie," she whispered, flinging both arms round his neck.

So Arthur was taken away, and Judy was left alone. Life moved smoothly on for some time. She knew that he would not forget her, and thought that when he had made his name in the great world he would come back to her. Long, intimate letters came and went incessantly through the little village post office. The years passed. The letters grew fewer in number, but none the less were they love letters, and none the less were the lovers sure of themselves and each other.

One day, Mrs. Armorley, an aunt of Judith, arrived in the village home. She had not seen her niece since she had outgrown pinafores, and was agreeably surprised to find her a beautiful girl.

"We must make something of Judith," said Mrs. Armorley to her brother, Arthur's father. "Let me have her for a little while, and I'll find a nice, suitable husband for her. That's the best thing to do for girls nowadays—marry them off in spite of their fads and fancies."

Not a word did the father speak of Arthur and his love for the little playmate; not a word did he speak to Judith of the plans in preparation for her. He simply consented to the visit, and Judy was carried off to Mrs. Armorley's home.

And now the wires were pulled while the puppets danced to the tune whistled by Arthur's father and Judith's aunt. The intentions of these showmen were not bad, but each had set himself up to be a special providence in the destiny of his particular protégé and neglected to consider the will or the wishes or the inherent human qualities of his puppet. Arthur's father was not opposed to Judith; he would not have forbidden his son to marry her. Indeed, if the motion had been so made to him, he would have seconded

it. But it was not. Arthur's destiny was to be a man among men. That he should ever marry had not entered into the father's calculations. Now, thanks to Mrs. Armorley, the idea of Judith's career was put before him. She was to be married—not to marry, but to be married—to a nice, respectable husband. In this idea he acquiesced.

A few words in a letter from the father to the son made the foundation for the separate stages upon which the lovers, who had hitherto had but one world, one life, one existence, were now to perform a part. "Judith has gone home with her aunt, and the next thing we hear will be that she is engaged to be married."

The son, reading, as he supposed, between the lines of the letter, grew hot, then cold. Why, if Judith was almost engaged, had she not told him? Why, if she was to be married soon, had she written to him as if he were still her sweetheart?

For a long time Arthur did not write to Judith at all, and in her new surroundings she did not miss his letters—not at first. He was her lover, she was his sweetheart. Were words necessary between them? It was only when she received a cold, formal acknowledgment from him of some little gift she had sent him that she was roused to wonder. Then she wrote at length, begging for some explanation, asking if she had hurt him, and beseeching him to kiss and make up in the old childish way. But the same mail brought him a letter from his father, inclosing one from Mrs. Armorley.

Mr. Forant, a dear friend of mine, is completely devoted to Judith, and has asked her hand in marriage. She, dear girl, does not wish to throw herself at him or seem too eager in her acceptance, but it is only a question of time. He is rich, well born, and well bred; he occupies a prominent place in the eyes of the world, and, what is still more important, in Judith's own eyes. You will hear again from me on this subject in a few days.

Arthur flung both letters into the fire, and the next day sailed for Liverpool, merely sending Judith a message of farewell in a letter to his father. She was not to blame, he told himself. She was not bound to him—and old Forant! Everybody knows that a girl's heart may be bought with gold, that a girl's eyes may be blinded by gold, that—

Still Judy was Judy, and Arthur could not stay in the same half of the world with his boyhood's sweetheart bought for gold. So he carried his troubles across the sea, and like many other lovers before him he left them there. But while he rushed from place to place, leaving bits of his burden on historic ruins, on the banks of world famous

rivers, and at the feet of momentary, fragmentary loves, he was followed in his pilgrimage by a passionate, pleading little letter from Judith. That it never reached him was one of those curious, inexplicable, impish acts of fate.

It was only an appeal to him to come back to her, to save her from a fate she dreaded but could not ward off. It assured him of her everlasting and undying love, and told him that if she could not live for him, she could not live at all; that he was her life, her heart, her soul, and that separated from him mere physical existence could not endure.

She was only a weak girl, helpless before conventional law, and in the strong hands that held her. So it came about that Judith Armorley's engagement was announced, and that she received congratulations from her friends. Mr. Forant's ring was on her finger. He had put it there even while she told him that, though she would marry him, she would never, never love him.

"Love will come," said the determined lover.

"Love is not an essential factor in marriage," said the worldly aunt.

The wedding festivities were hurried on. Judith sat pale and cold, listlessly hearing and seeing what was going on, waiting for but one thing—a letter, a word, a message from Arthur. None came, and the days passed by.

It was almost time for Judith to be given over to her new liege lord, when suddenly, with no apparent cause, she became violently ill. One morning she could not appear at breakfast; that night she was in a high fever, and all night long tossed to and fro, speaking in quick, hurried words, now confused and rambling, now incisive and clear, but the burden was always the same: "I will not, I will not, I will not!"

In the morning she grew calm—her fever died away. On her bed lay a bunch of violets left for her by her lover, and beside her sat Mrs. Armorley. In Judith's eyes was a far away look, and on her lips was the first semblance of a smile that they had worn for many days. But she did not speak or move throughout the livelong day.

Just as the evening twilight filled the room she asked her aunt for a box containing some old letters and childish trinkets. A little later she turned her head toward the wall and seemed to sleep, she was so still. Once her lips moved and she whispered, "Good by, Laddie."

Soon she raised her hand to her lips. It fell heavily back upon the bed. Her aunt saw that Mr. Forant's ring was gone, and in its place was a tiny strand of faded

grass; but it was too late for questioning or reproach.

"The end of Judy was that the ragman burned her."

Kathryn Jarboe.

A TELLING SHOT.

BRADFORD had three weaknesses at Lenox that summer, each one excellent in its way; but combined—they combined against him. There's no harm in a camera, except to a pocketbook; there's no harm in a bicycle; there's surely no harm in a girl.

But the girl had said: "Do you know, Mr. Bradford, you look unusually well on a wheel."

That was why Bradford had been busy for two days with his best instantaneous shutter and a very long string.

He chose an old road, little frequented by riders and drivers, where he would not be liable to interruption, and spent a great deal of time in choosing the best point of view and fixing the tripod firmly. The focusing was again a matter for the nicest judgment. Then he set the shutter, drew the slide, and laid the long string which he had attached to the shutter lightly across the road, and fastened the string's end to a little bush in such a way that the pressure of the wheel across it would set the shutter off without jarring the camera. Then he gave a few touches to his hair, mounted his wheel, and took a short run through the trees, coming back and passing neatly across the string. He had scowled at the camera!

"I'll try it again," said Bradford, setting the shutter and putting in another plate. "I'll keep my mind on *her*, and then I won't worry about the shutter so much."

He thought of her as he wheeled off to take another start, and in thinking he leaned forward and passed the brown string at a scorching gait. "And she hates scorching," he murmured discouragedly.

He set the camera once more. "It's the last time I can try today," he mused, glancing at the long shadows and the fading sky. "I'll take a good long run, and come back easily in a graceful position, with my face neither turned to the lens nor quite away from it, and I won't do any thinking, and that way I may get a telling shot."

But as Bradford came along he saw a little basket phaeton in front of him pass slowly across the brown string in the roadway and disappear among the shadows of the woods. And Bradford spoke about it feelingly.

"I'll just see what I've got," he remarked to the men as he went into the dark room after dinner, "because I promised one to a

friend, but a carriage came along and spoiled my only good chance. Say you want to come in with me? Well;" and he and an idler entered the stuffy little closet.

"They're just what I expected," he continued, as the first two exposures came up swiftly out of the mysterious fog. "The first has a beastly expression, you'll see, and the second is John Gilpin's ride to Ware. The third is a little slower in coming, because the light got so thin, and I don't care about it, any way. It's a wonder that horse cleared the string. He might have tangled his foot in it, and brought the camera down smash. People oughtn't to go driving carelessly like that along an unfrequented road. Ah, here it comes! Gad, but it's going to be a pretty negative! As soft as velvet; focus was a little too sharp on those others, and here they've had the brass to come along and take my plate. It's a man and a girl, of course." The disdain increased in Bradford's tone. "I might have known it was a man and a girl. He's got his arm round her, too. Bah! Gad! I believe he's kissing her!" Bradford smote the table in delight. "If it's only some one round here, won't this be a treasure! Yes; I'll take it out of my hypo in a minute. Just pour the developer back into the big bottle on your left—that's it."

The sound of the bath poured from the tray into the graduate, and from the graduate into the bottle, was the only sound in the dark room, except the little drip of hypo into the tray, as Bradford finally lifted the plate full to the red light. It was a beautiful picture—the best one he had ever taken. He gazed at it searchingly an instant, and then, as he recognized the girl's features, he let it fall shivering on the hard stone floor.

"That's the end of it," he mumbled, as the idler gave an exclamation of dismay, spilling developer over his flannels as he turned.

"What a pity," said the idler, "and you hadn't found out who they were! Well, you have your pictures—the ones you promised—anyhow."

"That's so, I have my pictures;" and, as the idler led the way out of the dark room, Bradford's heel ground into atoms all that was left of his telling shot.

Mary A. King.

THE SOCIAL ATTEMPT OF THE YUENGENFELDT FAMILY.

If it had not been for the stubborn resistance of the elder Yuengenfeldt, the family would have knocked at the portals of society long before they did; but the worthy German brewer resisted the pleadings of his wife

and daughters until at last he realized that life was becoming unendurable to him simply because he would not rent a country house in one of the most fashionable regions of New Jersey and allow his daughters to have what his wife described in the numerous curtain lectures that she gave him as a "chance to do something for themselves."

"After all," the old brewer said to himself, "old country ways may be good enough for me—certainly I have grown rich by them—but my children are American, and there is no reason why they should not accustom themselves to American ways, and find American husbands, too, for all I care. Let them do as they will, and I'll agree to pay the piper. All I ask is my beer fresh every day from my own brewery, and a corner of that big shady piazza where I can drink it out of my own stone mug and smoke my long pipe and imagine that the river that flows below me is the Rhine."

So the big, old fashioned country house, with its broad acres of park and lawn and garden, was taken, and for weeks Mrs. Yuengenfeldt and her two plump and rosy daughters were busy with dressmakers and milliners; for they had heard a great deal about the summer festivities popular in the place to which they were going, and—simple, kindly souls that they were—they never doubted for a moment that they would be bidden to join in them, just as they themselves would have welcomed any neighbor to their own board.

It was during the first week in June that they took possession of their summer home, which was situated on high ground overlooking the river and surrounded on every side by beautiful, well kept estates, occupied for the most part by wealthy and fashionable people. Mrs. Yuengenfeldt saw from the very first that her husband was destined to be a veritable thorn in the family flesh during the entire summer, for he would smoke his big, long stemmed pipe in the shady corner of the piazza, and he would have his daily keg of beer sent up from the big city brewery that had yielded him his great fortune. The girls did not mind the long pipe so much, but the beer keg with the family name across it in letters of exasperating size was more than they could bear with equanimity, and they gave secret orders to Hans, the stableman, to be sure and throw the lap robe over it when he took it to or from the station. They even made a strong appeal to their father to give it up altogether and take to champagne, which, they assured him, was not only much better for his health, but a far more fashionable beverage.

But the old brewer simply laughed at their

entreaties, and told them that it was beer that had made the family, in every sense of the term, and that beer would continue to be his favorite beverage so long as he lived.

Meantime, the pleasant month of June was fast slipping away and as yet not one of the swell neighbors had taken the trouble to call on the newcomers. This circumstance was beginning to prey heavily upon Mrs. Yuengenfeldt's mind, and she firmly believed that it was the daily keg of beer that had disgraced them in the eyes of their fashionable neighbors. She made a final and almost hysterical appeal to her husband one warm afternoon, as he sat in his shirt sleeves in his favorite corner on the shady, vine hung piazza, but his only reply was to summon the maid from the diningroom and bid her refill his big stone mug; and this having been brought to him, he gravely emptied it to the health of his aristocratic neighbors, bowing ironically as he did so to a family group that could be seen on the piazza of the Scarborough mansion a few hundred yards away.

Now it happened that at the very moment of the interview between the brewer and his wife, the Scarborroughs, assembled in family council on their own broad and vine hung piazza, were discussing the advisability of calling on their new neighbors.

"I'm sure I don't see why we should trouble ourselves to be polite to them, especially as we never can know them in town," said the elder Miss Scarborrough disdainfully. "You can see that old man now, sitting in his shirt sleeves like a saloon keeper."

"Well, he makes mighty good beer himself, and I have drunk enough of it to know what I am talking about," remarked Mr. Scarborrough. "What's more, I think I'd walk a half a mile this hot afternoon if I could find a good big, cold stone mug full of it at the end of the journey."

"So would I!" cried his son, a senior in Princeton college. "And, by Jove! it looks as if they were having some of it at this very moment. I suppose it's bottled, though."

"No, it isn't, either!" piped up the twelve year old boy of the family. "They have a keg sent up from the brewery every day, and Mrs. Yuengenfeldt makes the man throw a lap robe over the name on the keg for fear folks will see it."

"A fresh keg every day!" cried the senior Scarborrough. "Well, if I'd known that before there wouldn't have been any argument about calling on them. In fact, I think we'd better all stroll over there this very afternoon, for, to tell the truth, I haven't had a glass of good beer since I left New York."

"I'm with you!" cried the Princeton student, and within five minutes the Scarborrough

family was on its way down the long graveled walk that led to their neighbors' domain.

It was Mrs. Yuengenfeldt who first noted their approach and uttered a warning cry that sent the two daughters away to the regions up stairs to hurl themselves into their new and as yet unused summer finery. Their mother followed them, but not until, by the exercise of an almost superhuman will power, she had literally forced her perspiring husband into his coat, and removed from the piazza every trace of the vulgar beverage in which he had been indulging. Then, having with her own hands deposited two quart bottles of champagne in the ice chest, she went to prepare herself for her guests.

The visitors were cordially greeted and conducted to the drawingroom, where they remained for several minutes in pleasant conversation with the young ladies, who were so overcome with the honor that had been done them that they found it difficult to talk rationally on any topic. Mrs. Yuengenfeldt found them thus occupied when she appeared, a few minutes later, her face flushed with excitement, and one disarranged wisp of hair falling down behind her ear. The father did not come in at all, although Mr. Scarborrough politely inquired for him, and very thankful indeed were his daughters that he kept out of sight. At the end of fifteen minutes the faces of the two male Scarborroughs brightened perceptibly at the sound of the suppressed clinking of glasses in the next room, and then the door opened and Hans appeared bearing a large tray containing glasses and two bottles of what Mrs. Yuengenfeldt and her daughters considered was the only drink that appealed to the taste of fashionable society. Father and son exchanged significant glances, and from that moment a mysterious cloud of discontent seemed to hover over the scene.

"It's lucky we saw them coming in time to get the beer mug out of sight and father into a coat," remarked Mrs. Yuengenfeldt complacently, after their guests had gone.

"Well, the next time you catch me walking half a mile in the broiling sun to call on people who don't know enough to know how good their own beer is, and think they must bring out that nasty, sweet champagne, why just let me know it," remarked the elder Scarborrough, as he mopped his brow.

"I'm afraid the Yuengenfeldts will not prove any great addition to our little community," said Mrs. Scarborrough, who was fond of beer herself.

And this is the true story of why the Yuengenfeldts utterly failed to get into society. Its moral is obvious.

James L. Ford.

LITERARY CHAT

A TREAT IN PROSPECT.

London publishers are said to be tumbling over one another in their eagerness to secure Mr. Savage Landor's history of his travels in Tibet. The booksellers are clearing their foremost counters in joyful anticipation. The public is fingering its money and getting into line ready to run out the first edition while it is still hot from the press.

All this is not because Mr. Landor travels well, and knows how to make a charming book about it, nor because he has a name, nor because the public is interested in Tibet. It is simply the bright yellow result of the fact that while he was among the Tibetans the writer was most cruelly tortured.

The public is like a little boy who will give his best marble to see your smashed finger. It wants to know just what happened to Mr. Landor's limbs and back and features, and how he felt, and what he thought of. Not one detail of the pain need be suppressed, for mankind revels in shudders, and finds delicious excitement in the sympathetic twinges that shoot through the frame in response to the sufferings of others. The fact that the book will contain a picture of Mr. Landor taken shortly after his tortures, showing him haggard and broken and apparently forty years older, will double the sale. That the author's back and eyes may never completely recover will triple it.

MRS. WARD'S NEW BOOK.

In medieval days the schoolmen devoted their lives to deciding how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. Philosophers of a later day spent their time in solving the problem whether a soul might be more successfully saved through the immersion believed in by one set of theorists or by means of the confessional and penance of another set. It is almost as hard to imagine a modern young woman throwing her life away for the beliefs of the schoolmen as for those of their successors in the philosophical arena.

Assuredly *Miss Laura Fountain*, the heroine of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "*Helbeck of Bannisdale*," is intended to be an exponent of modern womanhood. She was brought up in Cambridge, an acknowledged center of modern thought, by a father whose claim to recognition by his coworkers at that university was a mild sort of atheism. He

was not even a devout atheist, if one may connect those opposite terms. He made no effort to impress his non belief on this daughter of his, and yet, for the sake of his inability to believe in the tenets of any faith, she ruthlessly threw away God's two most precious gifts, life and love.

In real life, death does not come as a solution of every problem that may present itself to struggling human beings. Fortunately, however, the novel writer, after he has presented his problem, after he has dragged his actors through the various vicissitudes of solution or non solution, can kill them off without incurring any penalty save the possible prick of the critic's pen. Mrs. Ward is rather fond of this plan of cutting her knots, and doubtless she is hardened to the critical pen pricks, but one cannot help realizing that in real life *Miss Fountain* would have lived many happy and useful years as the wife of *Alan Helbeck*.

The ambition of the modern writer is not satisfied in simply pleasing his public; he does not care to instruct or entertain; his aim, in all that he does, is to attract attention to his wares. The surest way to accomplish this is to excite pulpit criticism, and in this Mrs. Ward is preëminently successful. In her latest book, while the story as a whole may not be looked upon as an attack upon the Catholic church, the expressions throughout the work are grievously offensive to adherents of that faith. And it is doubtful whether the ordinary reader can force himself to remember that these expressions are probably intended simply as gauntlets flung into the religious arena, the combats issuing therefrom being desired as advertisements of the author and her wares.

THE PLAYS OF BERNARD SHAW.

Almost every newspaper printed in the English language has found space for a quotation from Bernard Shaw's preface to his "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant." It is worth reading, not so much for the truths therein as for the exceeding cleverness of it all. It is amusing to the dullest intellect, even to those people toward whom Mr. Shaw takes the superior position.

But the plays are the thing. They are if anything cleverer than their prefaced essays. Yet are they truly worth while? The "unpleasant" plays were written for the Independent Theater in London, which did so much to popularize Ibsen. Mr. Shaw plainly links Ibsen with Shakspeare, and at

times he has such decided leanings toward the Norwegian that he loses some of his own individuality, pungent as it is. But even the Independent Theater was obliged by the queen's reader of plays to draw the line at "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

We congratulate that queen's reader for having saved England something. The play is too unpleasant to review, much less to act!

"Arms and the Man," our old favorite, as given to us by Mr. Mansfield, is in the second volume. But even it leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Mr. Shaw is brilliant, clever, witty, intellectual, but he has not that normal vision which he claims for himself. He does not see things as they exist. He sees only one little corner of the real thing. He sees intellectually, with the eye of the mind, and not sympathetically, with the eye of the heart. He has only one eye, instead of the two that nature gives to her favorites, those who in reality see things as they truly are.

Mr. Shaw's plays will never do more than set a soul doubting. They are comedies, if, as George Meredith says, "Comedy is that which leaves you filled with thoughtful laughter;" but the thoughts are not pleasant, and the laughter is not sweet."

And yet the books are dazzlingly clever.

"THE MAIDENS OF THE ROCKS."

A pool in the corner of a green meadow, if it be fed by streams of doubtful purity, gathers upon its surface a substance, bright, glittering, half metallic, half liquid. Upon this substance the sun shines, and it sparkles with brilliant iridescent color; the waves ripple it, and it has a sheen more beautiful than the purer water of the brook. All day long it shimmers and glistens in the sunlight, and at night it gives back the radiance of the moon, but more radiantly still—in rainbow colors; but on the surface of the pool there is nothing living, nothing but this beautiful iridescent film which glitters in the sunlight, gleams and glows in the moonlight, and, day or night, gives forth noxious exhalations.

By the literary fascination of just such an iridescent beauty, Gabriele D'Annunzio's work has gained an audience—an audience which, for the most part, dislikes but admires; which absorbs the exhalations of a fetid atmosphere redolent of heavy perfumes, sensuous music, and the decay of death. D'Annunzio has set himself to write the "history of the soul in all its phases"—and we have "The Triumph of Death," "The Intruder," and "The Maidens of the Rocks"—beautiful, iridescent scum upon a stagnant pool.

Divested of verbiage, and freed from the haze thrown up by a skilful craftsman, "The Maidens of the Rocks" is simply the expression of D'Annunzio's idea of what he calls the "desire to create." It deals with the members of a family bound, apparently, to celibacy by an overhanging curse of hereditary insanity; the introduction into this family of that same being with eyes turned inward made familiar in D'Annunzio's former volumes—in this case, *Claudio*; the effect produced by *Claudio* on each of the three maidens as he makes violent D'Annunzio love—really a sickly, putrescent affair—to each in turn; and the effect upon *Claudio* of these women, separately and collectively, before he makes up his mind that it is to *Anatolia* that he will offer his "loyalty," the "companionship of his heart." *Anatolia* refuses him—being still sane—and *Claudio* departs.

Over our heads the sky preserved only light traces of its clouds, like the tiny white ashes of wasted funeral piles. The sun fired in turn the summits of the rocks that reared their solemn lineaments against the azure, and a great sadness and a great sweetness fell from on high into the solitary cloister, like a magic drink in a coarse bowl. In this spot the three sisters rested, and in this spot I enjoyed their last union.

That is the "story" of the "Maidens of the Rocks." D'Annunzio can no more faithfully reflect the phases of the soul than does the pool the purer waters of mountain brooks. The phases of the senses, yes; and to this category belongs "The Maidens of the Rocks." The master of a style of great poetic beauty, yet the reader rises from the perusal of one of D'Annunzio's volumes with a feeling as of one who might have been present at a feast of vultures or jackals.

HOW VERNE REVISES PROOFS.

Jules Verne has almost as indulgent a publisher as Balzac used to have. The author of the "Comédie Humaine" was in the habit of entirely rewriting his books after they were in print, generally inscribing the new "copy" on the proof itself, to the misery of the printers. Verne says that he appears to have no grasp of his subject until he has seen it in print. He makes out a scheme for a story, planning it from beginning to end, even to the division of chapters, before he writes a line. Then he sets down a first rough draft of his story, and sends it to the printers. With his first proof his real work begins. He corrects and changes, altering almost every sentence and sometimes rewriting whole chapters. The proofs come back and back for this

revision until he has often had them as much as nine times.

Every author feels the itching to revise proofs. The idea which has been so clear and plain as he thought of it, becomes thick and crude when it is put into words. It needs new expression to carry its real message.

But the publishers who will set up a dozen books to get one, wait only on the great Balzacs and popular Vernes.

A NEW LITERARY STAR.

A total eclipse of the sun is a rare event, but it is a common, every day occurrence in comparison with the discovery of a new star of distinct brilliancy and magnitude. During the past quarter of a century a great many of the most splendid suns in our literary firmament have been eclipsed by death, while the number of new stars which have arisen in that time has been pitifully small. Nor can it be admitted for a moment that any such bodies have appeared in the heavens and are shining there unseen, for every magazine and publishing office in the land has its own observatory in which sits a highly trained astronomer watching with tireless eyes for the first glimmer of any new star to which the whole world will accord an eager welcome.

All this is worth taking into account when we consider "The Celebrity," the book which has introduced to the public a new writer in the person of Mr. Winston Churchill, for unless our judgment be very much at fault its pages are illumined with that very light for which the astronomers have been looking so anxiously these dozen years or more.

From cover to cover "The Celebrity" is comedy of the very purest sort. Not once does it lose its footing and descend into farce or burlesque. It is true that the author has been accused of caricaturing, in the person of his principal comedian, a certain well known writer of short stories, but not even the most careful reading of the book can be said to establish that fact beyond all question. If, however, the charge be true Mr. Churchill deserves the highest praise for the lightness of his touch. There is no attempt to "show up" his hero as a scoundrel nor to belittle his talents. According to the author he is simply a short story writer who takes his fame very seriously and pushes himself along in a social way with skill and effrontery. This, for example, is the *Celebrity's* manner of speaking of himself and his fame:

I am paying the penalty of fame. Wherever I go I am hounded to death by the people who have read my books, and they want to dine and

wine me for the sake of showing me off at their houses. I am heartily sick and tired of it all; you would be if you had to go through it. I could stand a winter, but the worst comes in the summer, when one meets the women who fire all sorts of socio-psychological questions at one for solution, and who have suggestions for short stories.

I've been worried almost out of my mind with attention—nothing but attention the whole time. I can't go on the street but what I'm stared at and pointed out.

Certainly some surer means of identification than this is necessary in order to be convincing, for there is scarcely a short story writer in the land who does not talk, or at least think, about in this fashion.

But the *Celebrity* is by no means the best drawn character in the book. Far more amusing and consistently human is Mr. Farquhar Fenelon Cooke, the wealthy owner of the country seat at which most of the scenes in the story are laid. There is scarcely a city in the Union that cannot boast—and generally does boast, too—of its own particular millionaire of the Cooke brand; and which one of us is there who will fail to recognize him in Mr. Churchill's description of the one whom he has created?

His easy command of profanity, his generous use of money, his predilection for sporting characters, of whom he was king; his ready geniality and good fellowship alike with the clerk of the Lake House or the Mayor, not to mention his own undeniable personality, all combined to make him a favorite. He had his own especial table in the diningroom, called all the waiters by their first names, and they fought for the privilege of attending him. He likewise called the barkeepers by their first names and had his own particular corner of the bar, where none dared intrude, and where he could almost invariably be found when not in my office. From this corner he dealt out cigars to the deserving, held stake moneys, decided all bets, and refereed all differences. His name appeared in the personal column of one of the local papers on the average of twice a week, or in lieu thereof one of his choicest stories in the "Notes about Town" column.

The plot of "The Celebrity" is a new and extremely clever rendering of one of the oldest motives in fiction, that of a strong resemblance between two men who have nothing else in common. There is a refreshing novelty in Mr. Churchill's treatment of this well worn theme. At the very outset he frankly explains the circumstance of the resemblance, instead of allowing us to find it out ourselves in the second chapter, and learn it from the author in the very last, in accordance with the most venerated traditions of fiction.

Many people supposed, when the book

appeared, that it was by the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was already known—to a somewhat limited circle of readers—as a writer on military subjects. It seems, however, that there are more Winston Churchills than one. A recent letter from the author of "The Celebrity," dated from Nyack on Hudson, asserts an emphatic claim to a separate identity, and points out that his name was signed to a magazine story published two years ago. He is a native of St. Louis, and a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

AN EDITOR'S ADVENTURE.

The editor of a prominent magazine had an experience lately that he is not likely to forget; there is one other person who is not likely to forget it either. The other person is a young woman well known in New York City as an heiress and as an accomplished horsewoman and a brilliant wit. A few months ago she took it into her head to write a novel and, being a person of determination, she speedily carried her work to an end. She showed the manuscript to a well known writer of New York, who liked it so much that he spoke of it to the editor already mentioned, and the editor expressed a desire to consider the story for publication. The young woman, however, said that she should prefer to read the tale to him, so that she might profit by his suggestions, and he good naturedly agreed to give up an evening for the purpose.

It happened that the night before the appointed evening the editor attended a banquet in honor of the seventieth birthday of a popular American poet, which kept him up till four o'clock in the morning. So, after a hard day at his office, he was greatly disgusted at being obliged to put on a dress suit and to take a journey up town. When he arrived at the young novelist's house, he was received with great ceremony and ushered into the library, where his hostess, in an elaborate evening frock, was waiting for him. In a few moments she began to read, and her musical contralto voice soothed the rasped nerves of the editor. In spite of all his efforts, he found himself unable to fix his attention on the narrative, and every few moments he had to sit up quickly to keep his head from falling forward. At last, however, he was gradually vanquished, his head nodded convulsively, then drooped, and then rested peacefully on his right shoulder.

When he woke up he found himself alone in the room, the lights of which had been extinguished. An electric bulb was burning in the hall, however, and he hurried out to look at his watch. Half past twelve!

He had been sleeping three hours and a half. Not a sound could be heard save the ticking of the colonial clock in the lower hall. With a feeling of shame, the editor walked softly down the stairs. In the hall he met the solemn butler, who, without even the suggestion of a smile, helped him on with his coat, opened the door and closed it noiselessly behind him.

Since that time, though the editor wrote a letter of apology to the authoress, he has received no communication from her.

A LITERARY LAWYER.

Several months ago a rather startling letter appeared in the *Chicago Dial* signed with the name of John Jay Chapman. Mr. Chapman openly accused the magazine editors of this country with timidity and narrow conservatism in the selection of articles for publication, and declared that he had submitted to several editors an article which had been approved by competent critics, and that the editors were afraid to accept it because it presented a new view of a conspicuous literary character.

Under ordinary circumstances, such a letter would have excited only ridicule and would have been dismissed as the work of a disappointed and disgruntled contributor. But on reading it, some people recalled the name of John Jay Chapman as having been signed a short time before to two clever papers on Emerson in the *Atlantic Monthly*; and those newspaper writers who commented on the letter, even if they disagreed with the opinions expressed in it, treated it with respect. Moreover, Mr. Chapman received requests from at least two editors for the privilege of examining the much rejected essay, for when the second request came he had the pleasure of replying that it had already been solicited and accepted. Since that time he has brought out a volume entitled "Emerson and Other Essays," which has placed him among the most promising of the literary critics of this country, and made him an interesting figure in American letters.

Mr. Chapman, as his middle name suggests, is connected with a well known New York family. He is about forty years of age. After his graduation from Harvard nearly twenty years ago, he studied law, and, since taking his degree, he has been in active practice, with an office in Wall Street. When he had been out of college a few years he began to write critical essays, and offered them to the periodicals, only to receive them back with a disheartening regularity. After a time he decided that his literary views were too radical to please editors, and in despair he stopped writing.

It is only within the past two years that he took courage to resume the battle for literary success, and this time his victory was quick and decisive. He is still practising law, but he finds time to continue his critical work.

THE HAPPY YEARS OF YOUTH.

The New York *Sun* recently printed a letter on its editorial page which asked an interesting question. A mother desired a list of books for her ten year old girl, who, she said, "already evinces, in her childish letters and compositions, the germs of a literary style which I would give much to possess myself, and I don't want to see her lose it."

The idea that children need childish books after they learn to read with any intelligence is a fallacy that has grown up with the last generation. A child of ten who has a taste for reading is the most fortunate of creatures. She has about eight years in which to lay a solid foundation of literary knowledge. Ask any man or woman who knows the whole ground of English fiction and poetry when he had the time to read "everything." He will tell you—or, more often, *she* will tell you—"between the years of ten and eighteen." Who after that has time to read Scott, Dickens, "Don Quixote," Hawthorne, Charles Lamb, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Thackeray?

An imaginative reading child will tremble with delight over these books. She will miss the meanings of many things—and in some cases happily—but like the rules in arithmetic and grammar which she commits to memory, the form will stay, and the meanings will come. Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, says that she learned so readily because she had "read" many raised books with her fingers before she actually knew the meanings of twenty words. But words and the forms of sentences were familiar things to her.

After eighteen, there comes such a press of today's books that the old ones are pushed into the background. And unhappy is that child whose mind has been fed on the milk and water of children's books, generally written by mediocre writers, when the brilliant, vivid, simple work of the masters lies dust collecting in the library.

A NEW BOOK OF MAPS.

An atlas that is comprehensive without being back breaking is a welcome addition to the student's library. "The Century Atlas" neatly fills the bill. Its maps are not of blanket sheet size, but they are numerous, and accurately graded in proportion to the subject's requirements.

Issued during the spring, this companion to the Century Dictionary places the world before us as it was up to the breaking out of the war with Spain. The history of the recent Greco-Turkish war may be traced in the battlefields, indicated by crossed swords, with the dates, these latter coming down as late as the fight at Dokomos, May 17, 1897. Indeed, almost as much history as geography may be acquired from this end of the century volume. Underlying the modern names of countries like Greece and Italy are those of the ancient divisions made immortal in history and verse.

Special attention is paid to the United States, there being a separate index for it. The divisions of Greater New York are clearly set forth. But the map that will perhaps be most frequently consulted this summer is No. 116, showing the Philippine Islands in their relation to the rest of the East Indies. The population of the Philippines is put down as being 7,000,000 in the estimate of 1897, and the cable to Hong Kong, which brought the news of the Dewey victory, is seen to land some distance north of Manila. One may also note the only railroad line in the group, running from Manila to Lingayen, the nearest port to China.

When a visiting English company produced "Kitty Clive, Actress," as a curtain raiser, very few people paid any attention to the name of the author; and yet Frankfort Moore is a well known and widely read novelist in England. He is still a young man, but he has been a journalist in every part of the globe, turning many of his experiences in East Africa and India to account in his novels. He is an Irishman, educated in an Irish college, and married to an Irishwoman, and his readers never quite lose sight of his nationality. He has brought out more than thirty novels and two books of verse, and has had eight plays produced.

* * * *

In looking over the list of Mr. Moore's works we notice some coincidences. Like Mr. Richard Harding Davis, he has published "A Journalist's Notebook." Like Mr. Harold Frederic, he has found a title in "A March Hare." Like Mr. Clyde Fitch, he has seen what a clever name "The Moth and the Flame" makes for a play. And like Mr. Louis N. Parker, "The Mayflower" has appealed to him as the theme of another. It is only just to say that Mr. Moore's titles, we believe, all appeared some years before the other authors had occasion to use practically the same ones.

ETCHINGS

THE ORIGIN OF HUMOR.

THE man had made a peculiar, significant, and complex ass of himself, and he knew it. Never before in all the world, perhaps, had any one placed himself in such a miserably absurd position, and he was morbidly sensitive to the ridiculousness of his conduct. The idle onlookers howled with uncontrollable laughter, and he could blame no one but himself, though their mirth stung him like a whip of scorpions. As soon as he could, he sneaked away to hide his shame and chagrin, and, while cursing himself with all the power of a rich and flexible vocabulary, he vowed that never again would he appear before or hold communion with his fellow men.

Years afterwards, when his heart was benumbed by many such shocks, and he could laugh at his own miseries, he sat down and wrote a full and desperate account of that first exhibition of folly. He gave every detail, and in his recklessness spared not to make the picture even more cruelly absurd than it really was. The little story was published, and every one who read was seized with uncontrollable laughter.

From that hour his fame as a humorist was assured, and everybody exclaimed, "How witty he is, and how original!" And no one knew that he had written the foolish little tale with his heart's blood, for every one but himself had forgotten the hour of folly on which it was based.

TOLERANCE.

I FOUND the poison hemlock by the stream
Down in a canyon, shadow flecked and cool,

Where pale, pure lilies bent above the pool,
And leaned my Lady Iris in a dream.

Soft from the clasping firs the light came
through

On mint's sweet tangles and close netted
vines,

On snow white bells and starry colum-
bines,

And myriad ferns that in the mosses grew.

High o'er these graces stood this noxious
thing

With rank, low spreading leaves and flaunt-
ing bloom,

Sought not by bee or bird—usurping room
Wherein some all beloved flower might spring.

But not less sweet were lilies by the stream ;
The vines threw out their bloom, their ber-
ries red,
The butterfly its bright procession led,
And smiled the Iris still as in a dream.

Lillian H. Shuey.

AUGUST.

THE cedar shadows break in tawny spangles
That lightly into banks of coolness close ;
And wilful breezes waste, in grassy tangles,
The crimson fragments of a shattered
rose ;

A deep, late rose, that knew not June's be-
queathing

Of dripping dew and sweet, moist kiss of
dawn,

But rent, with dusk red fires, its mossy
sheathing,

And flamed in beating sunshine on the
lawn.

So, in the zenith of their rich completeness,
The warm, late, fragrant days of August
pass,

Drifting into the yesterdays' dim sweetness
Like loosened rose leaves shaken in the
grass.

Hattie Whitney.

ROUNDEL.

My thoughts are gauzy dragonflies
That woo the dark browed clematis ;
They press where honeyed treasure is
And never linger for good bys.

Blooms pale with yearning they despise
And deem unworthy of a kiss ;
My thoughts are gauzy dragonflies
That woo the dark browed clematis.

But soon her dusky fragrance dies,
They're off to taste a rose's bliss ;
So I may go, remember this,
My Clematis, no tears or sighs !
My thoughts are gauzy dragonflies.

Walter Winsor.

THE SILENT SUMMONS.

WITH fife and drum and farewell waving
hands

The volunteers are marching far away
From lands of peace with garniture of
May,

Across the frontiers of unfriendly lands.

And shall they fall upon Matanzas' sands,
 Or, o'er the world, by famed Manila
 bay?
 Or shall they come back from the ensan-
 guined fray
 With streaming banners and triumphant
 bands?
 God knows! But they have heard the sub-
 tle call
 To file with those armed legions that have
 gone
 Past Marathon, Bannockburn, and Lexing-
 ton,
 Leaving their cairns and camp fires, as a
 sign,
 Along their way toward freedom's cap-
 ital,
 Which they shall build beyond thought's
 picket line!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

THE VINTAGE OF WAR.

I.

AH, not for me the wine of Thrasymane,
 Grown on the field where Rome's grim le-
 gions stood
 Until they drenched with gore the shudder-
 ing plain;
 To me—to me, that wine still tastes of
 blood!

S. R. Elliott.

II.

Yet, know ye not where fire the soil hath
 charred,
 One moon shall scarcely fill her golden
 round
 Before the sweet white clover shall have
 starred
 With myriad beauty all the chastened
 ground!

What if the rubric of the sword have
 sealed

A more imperial harvest to yon plain?
 Each soul hath, also, some such battle-
 field—

It hath the vintage, too, of Thrasymane!

Edith M. Thomas.

THEY WERE SEVEN.

I MET a pretty summer girl—
 Eighteen years old, she said;
 She seemed to be quite in the whirl,
 A very thoroughbred.

"Have you a fiancé, sweet maid?"

I asked with courtesy.

"A fiancé? I've seven," she said,
 And wondering looked at me.

"Two of them in Chicago lie
 (In Rome as Romans doing)
 And in New York two others try
 My patience with their wooing.

"And one in Boston writes each day
 To keep me true—ha, ha!
 The other two, they simply stay
 In Philadelphia.

"Now add them up," she said, "and you
 Will find the number seven."
 "Nay, five!" said I. "Don't count the two
 Who are in that Quaker Heaven.

"You see there are but five," said I,
 "Alive and out of Heaven."
 Quick was the summer girl's reply:
 "Oh, mister, they are seven."

"But those in Philadelphia,
 Are dead—their sins forgiven—
 Like all else in that town." But still
 The summer girl would have her will,
 And said, "Nay, they are seven."

Tom Hall.

IN APPLE TIME.

In apple pickin', years ago, my father'd say
 to me,
 "There's jest a few big fellers, Jim, away up
 in the tree.

You shinny up an' git 'em. Don't let any
 of 'em fall;
 Fur fallen fruit is scercely wuth the getherin'
 at all."

I'd climb up to the very peak o' that old
 apple tree,

'N' find them apples waitin'. My! What
 bouncin' ones they'd be!

Then, with the biggest in my mouth, I'd
 clamber down again,

'N', tho' I tore my pantaloons, it didn't mat-
 ter then.

Since then, in all my ups an' downs, an' trav-
 elin' around,

I never saw good apples, boys, a lyin' on the
 ground.

Sometimes, of course, they look all right;
 the outside may be fair;

But when you come to taste 'em, you'll find
 a worm hole there.

Then leave behind the wind falls, an' the
 fruit on branches low,

The crowd grows smaller all the time, the
 higher up you go.

The top has many prizes that are temptin'
 you an' me,

But if we want to git 'em, we've got to
 climb the tree.

Ernest Neal Lyon.